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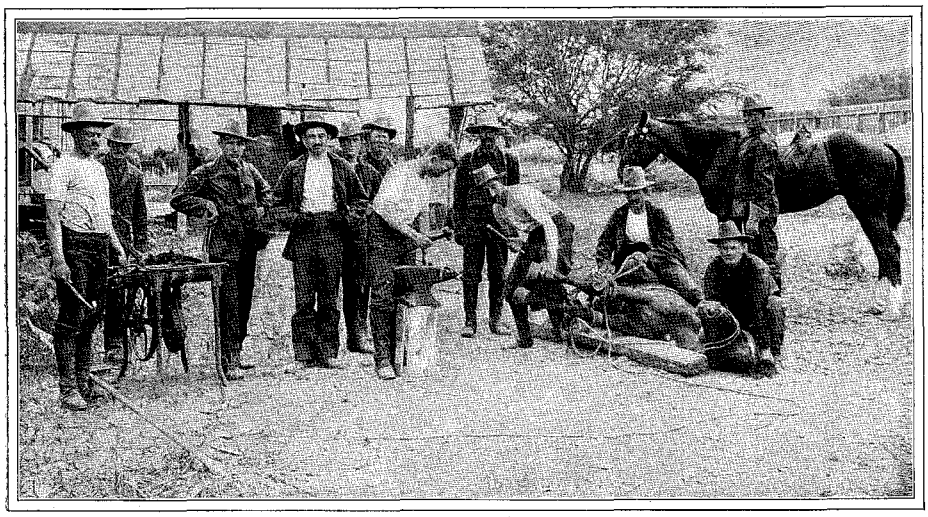

Shoeing a Bronco—Camp San Antonio, Texas.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

RAISING THE REGIMENT

The Mascot "Teddy."

DURING the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervor and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western World. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found plenty of sympathizers, especially in the navy, the army,

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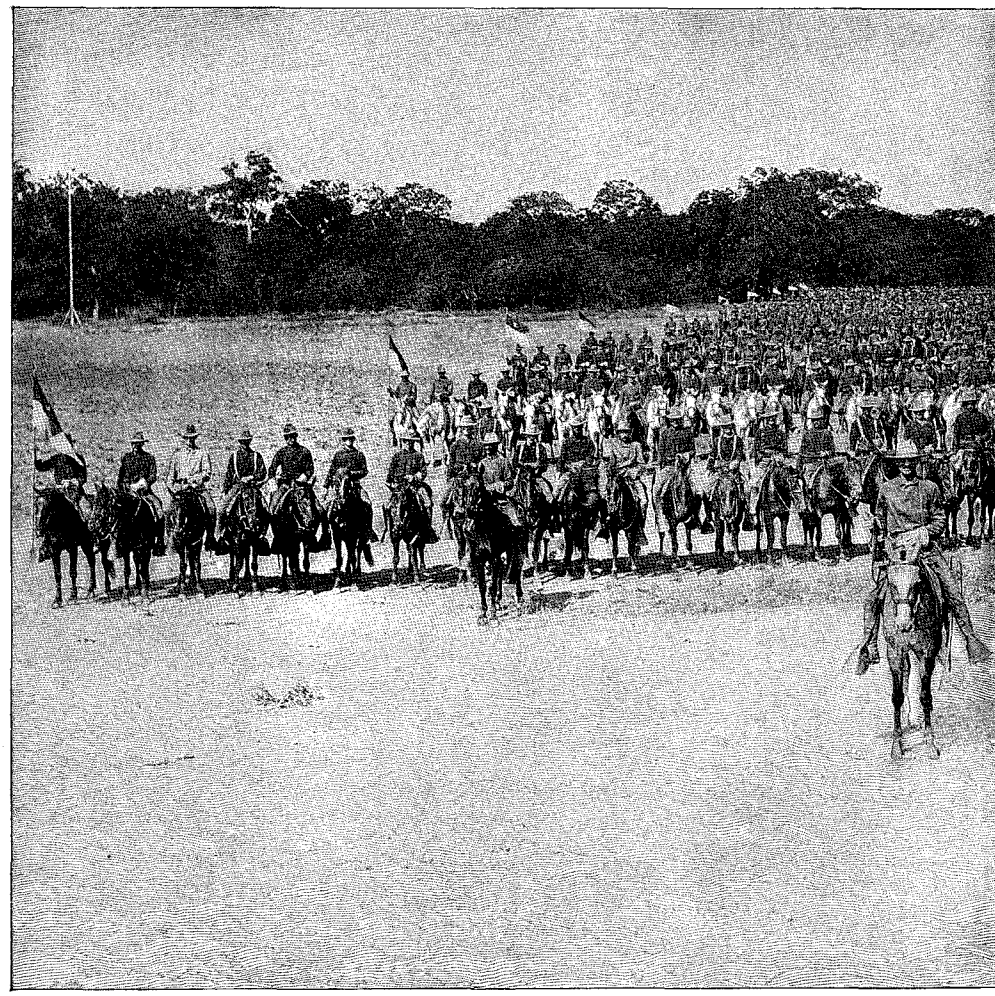

Regimental Drill of the Rough

and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis—with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battle-ships and the armored cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœuvring together, and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers—every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an

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Colonel Wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

Riders at San Antonio, Texas.

enemy was merely to carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the navy department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions—the Medal of Honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he com-

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bined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in midwinter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

Captain Bucky O'Neill.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a foot-ball in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow-skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honor and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the Maine, we felt that it was inevitable. We then at once began to try to see that we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favor.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several Generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native State of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other State, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel—now General—Francis V. Greene, of New York, the Colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorized the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have

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spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign, and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders." At first we fought against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

Captain Allyn Capron.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organizing was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment, we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Government, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats, who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the State troops, who were already organized as National Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

Wood thoroughly realized what the Ordnance Department failed to realize, namely, the inestimable advantage of smokeless powder; and, moreover, he was bent upon our having the weapons of the regulars, for this meant that we would be brigaded with them, and it was evident that they would do the bulk of the fighting if the war were short. Accordingly, by acting with the utmost vigor and promptness, he succeeded in getting our regiment armed with the Krag-

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Jorgensen carbine used by the regular cavalry.

It was impossible to take any of the numerous companies which were proffered to us from the various States. The only organized bodies we were at liberty to accept were those from the four Territories. But owing to the fact that the number of men originally allotted to us, 780, was speedily raised to 1,000, we were given a chance to accept quite a number of eager volunteers who did not come from the Territories, but who possessed precisely the same temper that distinguished our Southwestern recruits, and whose presence materially benefited the regiment.

We drew recruits from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and many another college; from clubs like the Somerset, of Boston, and Knickerbocker, of New York; and from among the men who belonged neither to club nor to college, but in whose veins the blood stirred with the same impulse which once sent the Vikings over sea. Four of the policemen who had served under me, while I was President of the New York Police Board, insisted on coming—two of them to die, the other two to return unhurt after honorable and dangerous service. It seemed to me that almost every friend I had in every State had some one acquaintance who was bound to go with the Rough Riders, and for whom I had to make a place. Thomas Nelson Page, General Fitzhugh Lee, Congressman Odell of New York, Senator Morgan; for each of these, and for many others, I eventually consented to accept some one or two recruits, of course only after a most rigid examination into their physical capacity, and after they had shown that they knew how to ride and shoot. I may add that in no case was I disappointed in the men thus taken.

Harvard being my own college, I had such a swarm of applications from it that I could not take one in ten. What particularly pleased me, not only in the Harvard but about Yale and Princeton men, and, indeed, in these recruits from the older States generally, was that they did not ask for commissions. With hardly an exception they entered upon their duties as troopers in the spirit which they held to the end, merely endeavoring to show that no work could be too hard, too disagreeable, or too dangerous for them to perform, and neither asking nor receiving any reward in the way of promotion or consideration. The Harvard contingent was practically raised by Guy Murchie, of Maine. He saw all the fighting and did his duty with the utmost gallantry, and then left the service as he had entered it, a trooper, entirely satisfied to have done his duty—and no man did it better. So it was with Dudley Dean, perhaps the best quarterback who ever played on a Harvard Eleven; and so with Bob Wrenn, a quarterback whose feats rivalled those of Dean's, and who, in addition, was the champion tennis player of America, and had, on two different years, saved this championship from going to an Englishman. So it was with Yale men like Waller, the high jumper, and Garrison and Girard; and with Princeton men like Devereux and Channing, the foot-ball players; with Larned, the tennis player; with Craig Wadsworth, the steeple-chase rider; with Joe Stevens, the crack polo player; with Hamilton Fish, the ex-captain of the Columbia crew, and with scores of others whose names are quite as worthy of mention as any of those I have given. Indeed, they all sought entry into the ranks of the Rough Riders as eagerly as if it meant something widely different from hard work, rough fare, and the possibility of death; and the reason why they turned out to be such good soldiers lay largely in the fact that they were men who had thoroughly counted the cost before entering, and who went into the regiment because they believed that this offered their best chance for seeing hard and dangerous service. Mason Mitchell, of New York, who had been a chief of scouts in the Riel Rebellion, travelled all the way to San Antonio to enlist; and others came there from distances as great.

Some of them made appeals to me which I could not possibly resist. Woodbury Kane had been a close friend of mine at Harvard. During the eighteen years that had passed since my graduation I had seen very little of him, though, being always interested in sport, I occasionally met him on the hunting field, had seen him on the deck of the Defender

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Sergeant Tiffany with flag. Lieutenant Woodbury Kane. Captain Jenkins. Lieut. H. K. Devereux.

Troop K, Rough Riders.

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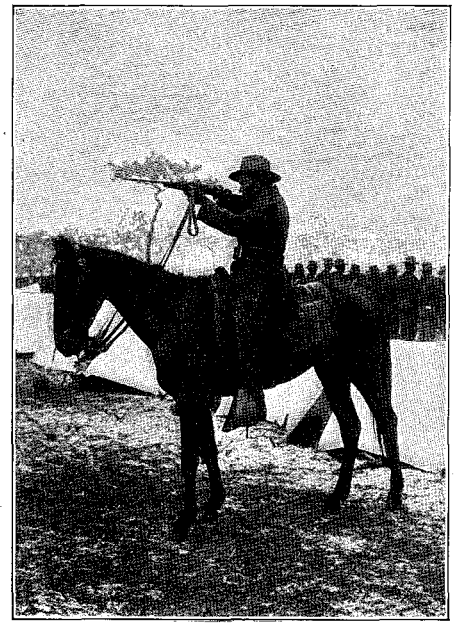
when she vanquished the Valkyrie, and knew the part he had played on the Navajoe, when, in her most important race, that otherwise unlucky yacht vanquished her opponent, the Prince of Wales's Britannia. When the war was on, Kane felt it his duty to fight for his country. He did not seek any position of distinction. All he desired was the chance to do whatever work he was put to do well, and to get to the front; and he enlisted as a trooper. When I went down to the camp at San Antonio he was on kitchen duty, and was cooking and washing dishes for one of the New Mexican troops; and he was doing it so well that I had no further doubt as to how he would get on.



A Full-blooded Choctaw.

My friend of many hunts and ranch partner, Robert Munro Ferguson, of Scotland, who had been on Lord Aberdeen's staff as a Lieutenant but a year before, likewise could not keep out of the regiment. He, too, appealed to me in terms which I could not withstand, and came in like Kane to do his full duty as a trooper, and like Kane to win his commission by the way he thus did his duty.

I felt many qualms at first in allowing men of this stamp to come in, for I could not be certain that they had counted the cost, and was afraid they would find it very hard to serve—not for a few days, but for months—in the ranks, while I, their former intimate associate, was a field-officer; but they insisted that they knew their minds, and the events showed that they did. We enlisted about fifty of them from Virginia, Maryland, and the Northeastern States, at Washington. Before allowing them to be sworn in, I gathered them together and explained that if they went in they must be prepared not merely to fight, but to perform the weary, monotonous labor incident to the ordinary routine of a soldier's life; that they must be ready to face fever exactly as they were to face bullets; that they were to obey unquestioningly, and to do their duty as readily if called upon to garrison a fort as if sent to the front. I warned them that work that was merely irksome and disagreeable must be faced as readily as work that was dangerous, and that no complaint of any kind must be made; and I told them that they were entirely at liberty not to go, but that after they had once signed there could then be no backing out.

Not a man of them backed out; not one of them failed to do his whole duty.

These men formed but a small fraction of the whole. They went down to San Antonio, where the regiment was to gather and where Wood preceded me, while I spent a week in Washington hurrying up the different bureaus and telegraphing my various railroad friends, so as to insure our getting the carbines, saddles, and uniforms that we needed from the various armories and storehouses. Then I went down to San Antonio myself, where I found the men from New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma already gathered, while those from Indian Territory came in soon after my arrival.

These were the men who made up the bulk of the regiment, and gave it its peculiar character. They came from the Four Territories which yet remain within the boundaries of the United States; that is, from the lands that have been most re-

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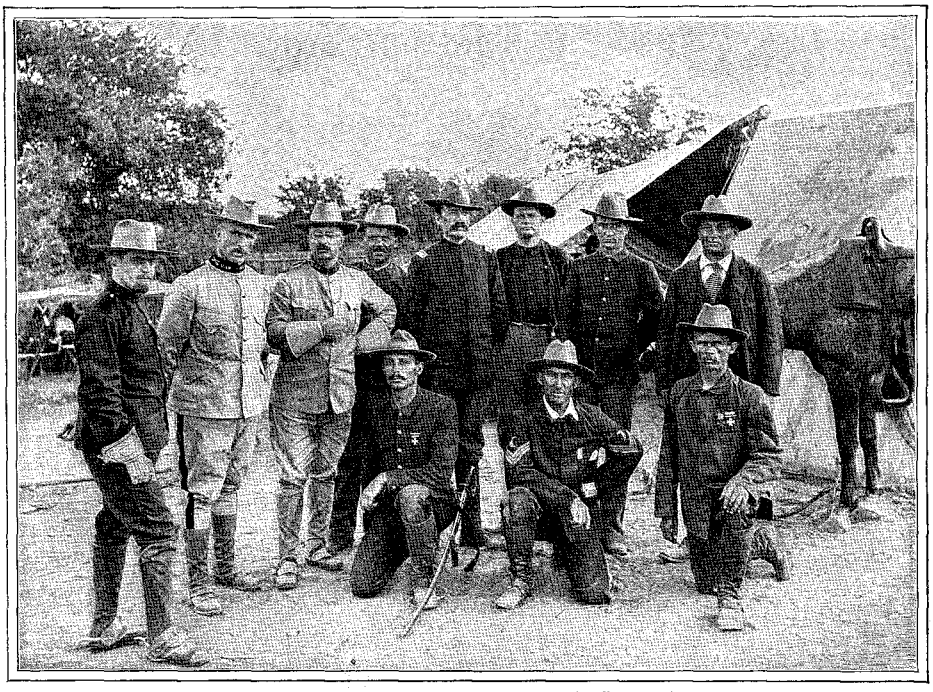

Colonel Leonard A. Wood and Staff.

cently won over to white civilization, and in which the conditions of life are nearest those that obtained on the frontier when there still was a frontier. They were a splendid set of men, these Southwesterners—tall and sinewy, with resolute, weather-beaten faces, and eyes that looked a man straight in the face without flinching. They included in their ranks men of every occupation; but the three types were those of the cow-boy, the hunter, and the mining prospector—the man who wandered hither and thither, killing game for a living, and spending his life in the quest for metal wealth.

In all the world there could be no better material for soldiers than that afforded by these grim hunters of the mountains, these wild rough riders of the plains. They were accustomed to handling wild and savage horses; they were accustomed to following the chase with the rifle, both for sport and as a means of livelihood. Varied though their occupations had been, almost all had, at one time or another, herded cattle and hunted big game. They were hardened to life in the open, and to shifting for themselves under adverse circumstances. They were used, for all their lawless freedom, to the rough discipline of the round-up and the mining company. Some of them came from the small frontier towns; but most were from the wilderness, having left their lonely hunters' cabins and shifting cow-camps to seek new and more stirring adventures beyond the sea.

They had their natural leaders—the men who had shown they could master other men, and could more than hold their own in the eager driving life of the new settlements.

The Captains and Lieutenants were sometimes men who had campaigned in the regular army against Apache, Ute, and Cheyenne, and who, on completing their term of service, had shown their energy by settling in the new communities and growing up to be men of mark. In other cases they were sheriffs, marshals, deputy-sheriffs, and deputy-marshals—men who had fought Indians, and still more often had waged relentless war upon the bands of white desperadoes. There was Bucky O'Neill, of Arizona, Captain of Troop A, the Mayor of Prescott, a famous sheriff throughout the West for his feats of victorious warfare against the Apache, no

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less than against the white road-agents and man-killers. His father had fought in Meagher's Brigade in the Civil War; and he was himself a born soldier, a born leader of men. He was a wild, reckless fellow, soft spoken, and of dauntless courage and boundless ambition; he was stanchly loyal to his friends, and cared for his men in every way. There was Captain Llewellyn, of New Mexico, a good citizen, a political leader, and one of the most noted peace-officers of the country; he had been shot four times in pitched fights with red marauders and white outlaws. There was Lieutenant Ballard, who had broken up the Black Jack gang of ill-omened notoriety, and his Captain, Curry, another New Mexican sheriff of fame. The officers from the Indian Territory had almost all served as marshals and deputy-marshals; and in the Indian Territory, service as a deputy-marshal meant capacity to fight stand-up battles with the gangs of outlaws.

Colonel Wood.

Three of our higher officers had been in the regular army. One was Major Alexander Brodie, from Arizona, afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, who had lived for twenty years in the Territory, and had become a thorough Westerner without sinking the West Pointer—a soldier by taste as well as training, whose men worshipped him and would follow him anywhere, as they would Bucky O'Neill or any other of their favorites. Brodie was running a big mining business; but when the Maine was blown up, he abandoned everything and telegraphed right and left to bid his friends get ready for the fight he saw impending.

Then there was Micah Jenkins, the Captain of Troop K, a gentle and courteous South Carolinian, on whom danger acted like wine. In action he was a perfect game-cock, and he won his majority for gallantry in battle.

Finally, there was Allyn Capron, who was, on the whole, the best soldier in the regiment. In fact, I think he was the ideal of what an American regular army officer should be. He was the fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army of the United States, and in body and mind alike he was fitted to play his part to perfection. Tall and lithe, a remarkable boxer and walker, a first-class rider and shot, with yellow hair and piercing blue eyes, he looked what he was, the archetype of the fighting man. He had under him one of the two companies from the Indian Territory; and he so soon impressed himself upon the wild spirit of his followers, that he got them ahead in discipline faster than any other troop in the regiment, while at the same time taking care of their bodily wants. His ceaseless effort was so to train them, care for them, and inspire them as to bring their fighting efficiency to the highest possible pitch. He required instant obedience, and tolerated not the slightest evasion of duty; but his mastery of his art was so thorough and his performance of his own duty so rigid that he won at once not merely their admiration, but that soldierly affection so readily given by the man in the ranks to the superior who cares for his men and leads them fearlessly in battle.

All—Easterners and Westerners, Northerners and Southerners, officers and men, cow-boys and college graduates, wherever they came from, and whatever their social

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Colonel Roosevelt.

position—possessed in common the traits of hardihood and a thirst for adventure. They were to a man born adventurers, in the old sense of the word.

The men in the ranks were mostly young; yet some were past their first youth. These had taken part in the killing of the great buffalo herds, and had fought Indians when the tribes were still on the war-path. The younger ones, too, led rough lives; and the lines in their faces told of many a hardship endured, and many a danger silently faced with grim, unconscious philosophy. Some were originally from the East, and had seen strange adventures in different kinds of life, from sailing round the Horn to mining in Alaska. Others had been born and bred in the West, and had never seen a larger town than Santa Fé or a bigger body of water than the Pecos in flood. Some of them went by their own name; some had changed their names; and yet others possessed but half a name, colored by some adjective, like Cherokee Bill, Happy Jack of Arizona, Smoky Moore, the bronco-buster, so named because cow-boys often call vicious horses "smoky" horses, and Rattlesnake Pete, who had lived among the Moquis and taken part in the snake dances. Some were professional gamblers, and, on the other hand, no less than four were or had been Baptist or Methodist clergymen—and proved first-class fighters, too, by the way. Some were men whose lives in the past had not been free from the taint of those fierce kinds of crime into which the lawless spirits who dwell on the border-land between civ-

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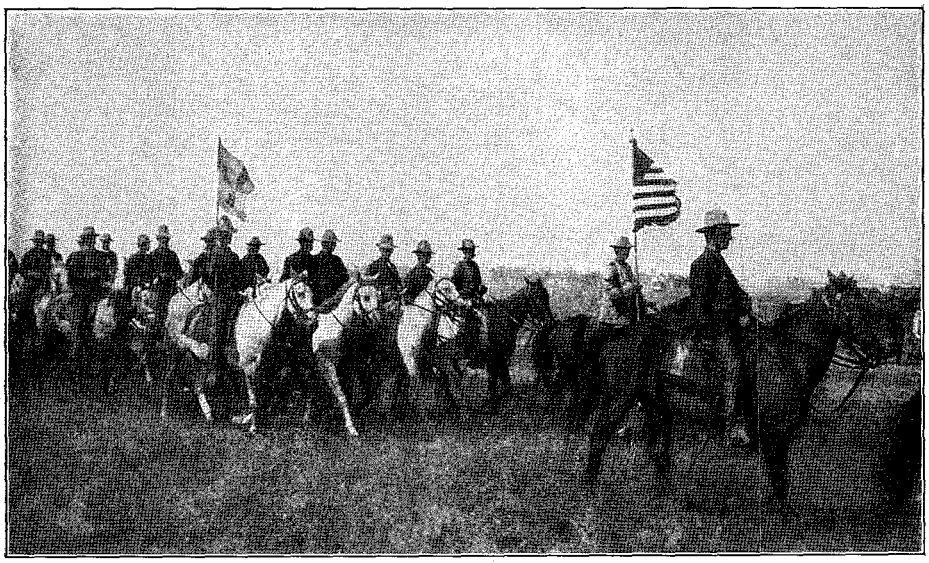

Troop H at Drill.

ilization and savagery so readily drift. A far larger number had served at different times in those bodies of armed men with which the growing civilization of the border finally puts down its savagery.

There was one characteristic and distinctive contingent which could have appeared only in such a regiment as ours. From the Indian Territory there came a number of Indians—Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Creeks. Only a few were of pure blood. The others shaded off until they were absolutely indistinguishable from their white comrades; with whom, it may be mentioned, they all lived on terms of complete equality.

Not all of the Indians were from the Indian Territory. One of the gamest fighters and best soldiers in the regiment was Pollock, a full-blooded Pawnee. He had been educated, like most of the other Indians, at one of those admirable Indian schools which have added so much to the total of the small credit account with which the White race balances the very unpleasant debit account of its dealings with the Red. Pollock was a silent, solitary fellow—an excellent penman, much given to drawing pictures. When we got down to Santiago he developed into the regimental clerk. I never suspected him of having a sense of humor until one day, at the end of our stay in Cuba, as he was sitting in the Adjutant's tent working over the returns, there turned up a trooper of the First who had been acting as barber. Eying him with immovable face Pollock asked, in a guttural voice, "Do you cut hair?" The man answered "Yes;" and Pollock continued, "Then you'd better cut mine," muttering, in an explanatory soliloquy, "Don't want to wear my hair long like a wild Indian when I'm in civilized warfare."

Another Indian came from Texas. He was a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, and wrote me telling me he was an American Indian, and that he wanted to enlist. His name was Colbert, which at once attracted my attention; for I was familiar with the history of the Cherokees and Chickasaws during the eighteenth century, when they lived east of the Mississippi. Early in that century various traders, chiefly Scotchmen, settled among them, and the half-breed descendants of one named Colbert became the most noted chiefs of the Chickasaws. I summoned the applicant before me, and found that he was an excellent man, and, as I had supposed, a descendant of the old Chickasaw chiefs.

He brought into the regiment, by the way, his "partner," a white man. The two had been inseparable companions for some years, and continued so in the regiment. Every man who has lived in the West knows that, vindictive though the hatred between the white man and the

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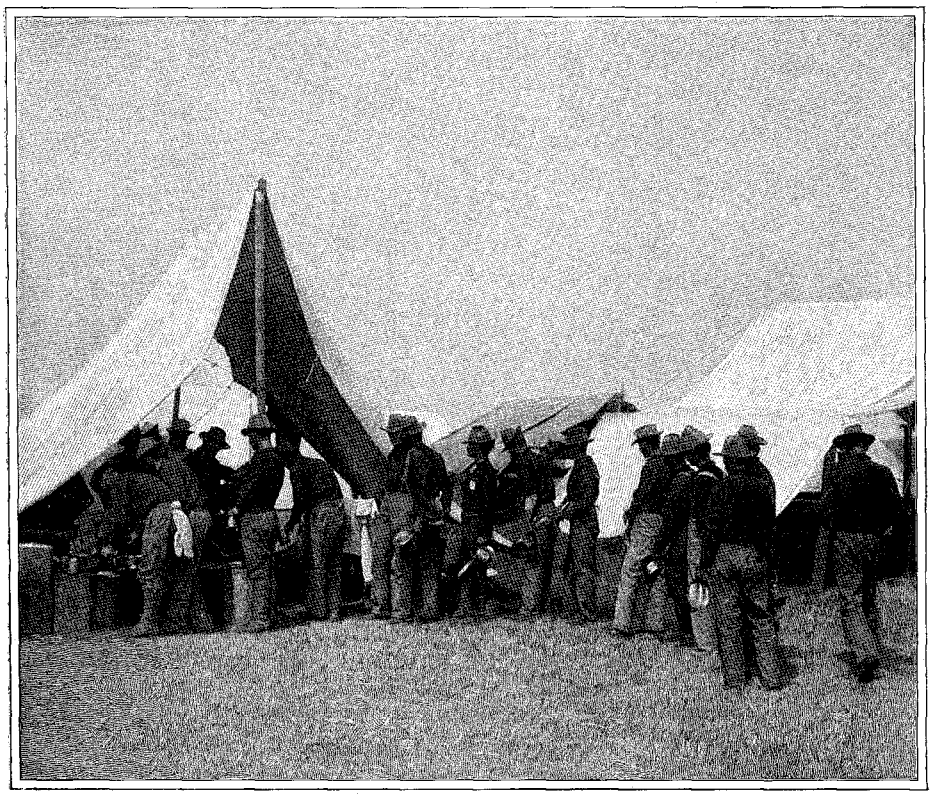
Indian is when they stand against one another in what may be called their tribal relations, yet that men of Indian blood, when adopted into white communities, are usually treated precisely like anyone else.

Colbert was not the only Indian whose name I recognized. There was a Cherokee named Adair, who, upon inquiry, I found to be descended from the man who, a century and a half ago, wrote a ponderous folio, to this day of great interest, about the Cherokees with whom he had spent the best years of his life as a trader and agent.

I don't know that I ever came across a man with a really sweeter nature than another Cherokee named Holderman. He was an excellent soldier, and for a long time acted as cook for the head-quarters mess. He was a half-breed, and came of a soldier stock on both sides and through both races. He explained to me once why he had come to the war; that it was because his people always had fought when there was a war, and he could not feel happy to stay at home when the flag was going into battle.

Two of the young Cherokee recruits came to me with a most kindly letter from one of the ladies who had been teaching in the academy from which they were about to graduate. She and I had known one another in connection with Governmental and philanthropic work on the reservations, and she wrote to commend the two boys to my attention. One was on the Academy foot-ball team and the other in the glee-club. Both were fine young fellows. The foot-ball player now lies buried with the other dead who fell in the fight at San Juan. The singer was brought to death's door by fever, but recovered and came back to his home.

There were other Indians of much wilder type, but their wildness was precisely like that of the cow-boys with whom they were associated. One or two of them needed rough discipline; and they got it, too. Like the rest of the regiment, they



In Line for Rations.

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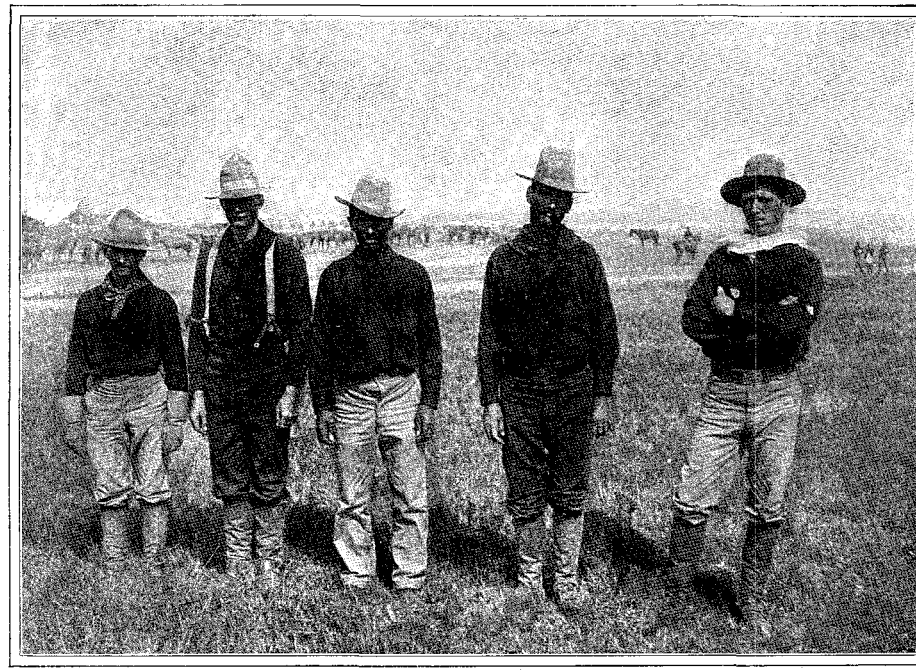

Five Bronco-Busters.

were splendid riders. I remember one man, whose character left much to be desired in some respects, but whose horsemanship was unexceptionable. He was mounted on an exceedingly bad bronco, which would bolt out of the ranks at drill. He broke it of this habit by the simple expedient of giving it two tremendous twists, first to one side and then to the other, as it bolted, with the result that, invariably, at the second bound its legs crossed and over it went with a smash, the rider taking the somersault with unmoved equanimity.

The life histories of some of the men who joined our regiment would make many volumes of thrilling adventure.

We drew a great many recruits from Texas; and from nowhere did we get a higher average, for many of them had served in that famous body of frontier fighters, the Texas Rangers. Of course, these rangers needed no teaching. They were already trained to obey and to take responsibility. They were splendid shots, horsemen, and trailers. They were accustomed to living in the open, to enduring great fatigue and hardship, and to encountering all kinds of danger.

Many of the Arizona and New Mexico men had taken part in warfare with the Apaches, those terrible Indians of the waterless Southwestern mountains—the most bloodthirsty and the wildest of all the red men of America, and the most formidable in their own dreadful style of warfare. Of course, a man who had kept his nerve and held his own, year after year, while living where each day and night contained the threat of hidden death from a foe whose goings and comings were unseen, was not apt to lose courage when confronted with any other enemy. An experience in following in the trail of an enemy who might flee at one stretch through fifty miles of death-like desert was a good school out of which to come with profound indifference for the ordinary hardships of campaigning.

As a rule, the men were more apt, however, to have had experience in warring against white desperadoes and law-breakers than against Indians. Some of our best recruits came from Colorado. One, a very large, hawk-eyed man, Benjamin Franklin Daniels, had been Marshal of Dodge City when that pleasing town was probably the toughest abode of civilized man to be found anywhere on the continent. In the course of the exercise of his rather lurid functions as peace-officer he had lost half

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of one ear—"bitten off," it was explained to me. Naturally, he viewed the dangers of battle with philosophic calm. Such a man was, in reality, a veteran even in his first fight, and was a tower of strength to the recruits in his part of the line. With him there came into the regiment a deputy-marshal from Cripple Creek named Sherman Bell. Bell had a hernia, but he was so excellent a man that we decided to take him. I do not think I ever saw greater resolution than Bell displayed throughout the campaign. In Cuba the great exertions which he was forced to make, again and again, opened the hernia, and the surgeons insisted that he must return to the United States; but he simply would not go. On one occasion he escaped from the hospital and came eight miles, half of the time on all-fours, in really excruciating agony, to catch up with the regiment; and Dr. Church fixed him up so that he was temporarily all right. The Doctor, however, as in duty bound, directed that he should go to the rear, and that night an ambulance came to take him; but Bell slipped off into the jungle, and lay out there until next morning. Then he cautiously followed in the rear of the regiment until the fight was on at San Juan. When the firing had once begun he knew he would not be sent back; and on he came to fight in the front, resolute, to have his share of the danger and honor. That he did splendidly in battle it is hardly necessary to say.

Then there was little McGinty, the bronco-buster from Oklahoma, who never had walked a hundred yards if by any possibility he could ride. When McGinty was reproved for his absolute inability to keep step on the drill-ground, he responded that he was pretty sure he could keep step on horseback. McGinty's short legs caused him much trouble on the marches, but we had no braver or better man in the fights.

One old friend of mine had come from far northern Idaho to join the regiment at San Antonio. He was a hunter, named Fred Herrig, an Alsatian by birth. A dozen years before he and I had hunted mountain sheep and deer when laying in the winter stock of meat for my ranch on the Little Missouri, sometimes in the bright fall weather, sometimes in the Arctic bitterness of the early Northern winter. He was the most loyal and simple-hearted of men, and he had come to join his old "boss" and comrade in the bigger hunting which we were to carry on through the tropic midsummer.

The temptation is great to go on enumerating man after man who stood pre-eminent, whether as a killer of game, a tamer of horses, or a queller of disorder among his people, or who, mayhap, stood out with a more evil prominence as himself a dangerous man—one given to the taking of life on small provocation, or one who was ready to earn his living outside the law if the occasion demanded it. There was tall Proffit, the sharp-shooter, from North Carolina—sinewy, saturnine, fearless; Smith, the bear hunter from Wyoming, and McCann, the Arizona bookkeeper, who had begun life as a buffalo-hunter. There was Crockett, the Georgian, who had been an Internal Revenue officer, and had waged perilous war on the rifle-bearing "moonshiners." There were Darnell and Wood of New Mexico, who could literally ride any horses alive. There were Goodwin and Taylor and Armstrong the ranger, crack shots with rifle or revolver. There was many a skilled packer who had led and guarded his trains of laden mules through the Indian-haunted country surrounding some outpost of civilization. There were men who had won fame as Rocky Mountain stage-drivers, or who had spent endless days in guiding the slow wagon-trains across the grassy plains. There were miners who knew every camp from the Yukon to Leadville, and cow-punchers in whose memories were stored the brands carried by the herds from Chihuahua to Assiniboia. There were men who had roped wild steers in the mesquite brush of the Nueces, and who, year in and year out, had driven the trail herds northward over desolate wastes and across the fords of shrunken rivers to the fattening grounds of the Powder and the Yellowstone. They were hardened to the scorching heat and bitter cold of the dry plains and pine-clad mountains. They were accustomed to sleep in the open, while the picketed horses grazed beside them near some shallow, reedy pool.

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They had wandered hither and thither across the vast desolation of the wilderness, alone or with comrades. They had cowered in the shelter of cut banks from the icy blast of the norther, and far out on the midsummer prairies they had known the luxury of lying in the shade of the wagon during the noonday rest. They had lived in brush lean-tos for weeks at a time, or with only the wagon-sheet as an occasional house. They had fared hard when exploring the unknown; they had fared well on the round-up; and they had known the plenty of the log-ranch houses, where the tables were spread with smoked venison and calf ribs and milk and bread, and vegetables from the garden-patch.

Such were the men we had as recruits: soldiers ready-made, as far as concerned their capacity as individual fighters. What was necessary was to teach them to act together, and to obey orders. Our special task was to make them ready for action in the shortest possible time. We were bound to see fighting, and therefore to be with the first expedition that left the United States; for we could not tell how long the war would last.

I had been quite prepared for trouble when it came to enforcing discipline, but I was agreeably disappointed. There were plenty of hard characters who might by themselves have given trouble, and with one or two of whom we did have to take rough measures; but the bulk of the men thoroughly understood that without discipline they would be merely a valueless mob, and they set themselves hard at work to learn the new duties. Of course, such a regiment, in spite of, or indeed I might almost say because of, the characteristics which made the individual men so exceptionally formidable as soldiers, could very readily have been spoiled. Any weakness in the commander would have ruined it. On the other hand, to treat it from the stand-point of the martinet and military pedant would have been almost equally fatal. From the beginning we started out to secure the essentials of discipline, while laying just as little stress as possible on the non-essentials. The men were singularly quick to respond to any appeal to their intelligence and patriotism. The faults they committed were those of ignorance merely. When Holderman, in announcing dinner to the Colonel and the three Majors, genially remarked, "If you fellars don't come soon, everything'll get cold," he had no thought of other than a kindly and respectful regard for their welfare, and was glad to modify his form of address on being told that it was not what could be described as conventionally military. When one of our sentinels, who had with much labor learned the manual of arms, saluted with great pride as I passed, and added, with a friendly nod, "Good-evening, Colonel," this variation in the accepted formula on such occasions was meant, and was accepted, as mere friendly interest. In both cases the needed instruction was given and received in the same kindly spirit.

One of the new Indian Territory recruits, after twenty-four hours' stay in camp, during which he had held himself distinctly aloof from the general interests, called on the Colonel in his tent, and remarked, "Well, Colonel, I want to shake hands and say we're with you. We didn't know how we would like you fellars at first; but you're all right, and you know your business, and you mean business, and you can count on us every time!"

That same night, which was hot, mosquitoes were very annoying; and shortly after midnight both the Colonel and I came to the doors of our respective tents, which adjoined one another. The sentinel in front was also fighting mosquitoes. As we came out we saw him pitch his gun about ten feet off, and sit down to attack some of the pests that had swarmed up his trousers' legs. Happening to glance in our direction, he nodded pleasantly and, with unabashed and friendly feeling, remarked, "Ain't they bad?"

It was astonishing how soon the men got over these little peculiarities. They speedily grew to recognize the fact that the observance of certain forms was essential to the maintenance of proper discipline. They became scrupulously careful in touching their hats, and always came to attention when spoken to. They saw that we did not insist upon the observance of these forms to humiliate them; that we were as anxious to learn our own duties as we were to have them learn theirs, and as scrupulous in paying respect to our

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superiors as we were in exacting the acknowledgment due our rank from those below us; moreover, what was very important, they saw that we were careful to look after their interests in every way, and were doing all that was possible to hurry up the equipment and drill of the regiment, so as to get into the war.

Rigid guard duty was established at once, and everyone was impressed with the necessity for vigilance and watchfulness. The policing of the camp was likewise attended to with the utmost rigor. As always with new troops, they were at first indifferent to the necessity for cleanliness in camp arrangements; but on this point Colonel Wood brooked no laxity, and in a very little while the hygienic conditions of the camp were as good as those of any regular regiment. Meanwhile the men were being drilled, on foot at first, with the utmost assiduity. Every night we had officers' school, the non-commissioned officers of each troop being given similar schooling by the Captain or one of the Lieutenants of the troop; and every day we practised hard, by squad, by troop, by squadron and battalion. The earnestness and intelligence with which the men went to work rendered the task of instruction much less difficult than would be supposed. It soon grew easy to handle the regiment in all the simpler forms of close and open order. When they had grown so that they could be handled with ease in marching, and in the ordinary manœuvres of the drill-ground, we began to train them in open order work, skirmishing and firing. Here their woodcraft and plainscraft, their knowledge of the rifle, helped us very much. Skirmishing they took to naturally, which was fortunate, as practically all our fighting was done in open order.

Meanwhile we were purchasing horses. Judging from what I saw I do not think that we got heavy enough animals, and of those purchased certainly a half were nearly unbroken. It was no easy matter to handle them on the picket-lines, and to provide for feeding and watering; and the efforts to shoe and ride them were at first productive of much vigorous excitement. Of course, those that were wild from the range had to be thrown and tied down before they could be shod. Half the horses of the regiment bucked, or possessed some other of the amiable weaknesses incident to horse life on the great ranches; but we had abundance of men who were utterly unmoved by any antic a horse might commit. Every animal was speedily mastered, though a large number remained to the end mounts upon which an ordinary rider would have felt very uncomfortable.

My own horses were purchased for me by a Texas friend, John Moore, with whom I had once hunted peccaries on the Nueces. I only paid fifty dollars apiece, and the animals were not showy; but they were tough and hardy, and answered my purpose well.

Mounted drill with such horses and men bade fair to offer opportunities for excitement; yet it usually went off smoothly enough. Before drilling the men on horseback they had all been drilled on foot, and, having gone at their work with hearty zest, they knew well the simple movements to form any kind of line or column. Wood was busy from morning till night in hurrying the final details of the equipment, and he turned the drill of the men over to me. To drill perfectly needs long practice, but to drill roughly is a thing very easy to learn indeed. We were not always right about our intervals, our lines were somewhat irregular, and our more difficult movements were executed at times in rather a haphazard way; but the essential commands and the essential movements we learned without any difficulty, and the men performed them with great dash. When we put them on horseback, there was, of course, trouble with the horses; but the horsemanship of the riders was consummate. In fact, the men were immensely interested in making their horses perform each evolution with the utmost speed and accuracy, and in forcing each unquiet, vicious brute to get into line and stay in line, whether he would or not. The guidon-bearers held their plunging steeds true to the line, no matter what they tried to do; and each wild rider brought his wild horse into his proper place with a dash and ease which showed the natural cavalryman.

In short, from the very beginning the horseback drills were good fun, and everyone enjoyed them. We marched out through the adjoining country to drill wherever we found open ground, practis-

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ing all the different column formations as we went. On the open ground we threw out the line to one side or the other, and in one position and the other, sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the gallop. As the men grew accustomed to the simple evolutions, we tried them more and more in skirmish drills, practising them so that they might get accustomed to advance in open order and to skirmish in any country, while the horses were held in the rear.

Our arms were the regular cavalry carbine, the "Krag," a splendid weapon, and the revolver. A few carried their favorite Winchesters, using, of course, the new model, which took the Government cartridge. We felt very strongly that it would be worse than a waste of time to try to train our men to use the sabre—a weapon utterly alien to them; but with the rifle and revolver they were already thoroughly familiar. Many of my cavalry friends in the past had insisted to me that the revolver was a better weapon than the sword—among them Basil Duke, the noted Confederate cavalry leader, and Captain Frank Edwards, whom I had met when elk-hunting on the head-waters of the Yellowstone and the Snake. Personally, I knew too little to decide as to the comparative merits of the two arms; but I did know that it was a great deal better to use the arm with which our men were already proficient. They were therefore armed with what might be called their natural weapon, the revolver.

As it turned out, we were not used mounted at all, so that our preparations on this point came to nothing. In a way, I have always regretted this. We thought we should at least be employed as cavalry in the great campaign against Havana in the fall; and from the beginning I began to train my men in shock tactics for use against hostile cavalry. My belief was that the horse was really the weapon with which to strike the first blow. I felt that if my men could be trained to hit their adversaries with their horses, it was a matter of small moment whether, at the moment when the onset occurred, sabres, lances, or revolvers were used; while in the subsequent mêlée I believed the revolver would outclass cold steel as a weapon. But this is all guesswork, for we never had occasion to try the experiment.

It was astonishing what a difference was made by two or three weeks' training. The mere thorough performance of guard and police duties helped the men very rapidly to become soldiers. The officers studied hard, and both officers and men worked hard in the drill-field. It was, of course, rough and ready drill; but it was very efficient, and it was suited to the men who made up the regiment. Their uniform also suited them. In their slouch hats, blue flannel shirts, brown trousers, leggings and boots, with handkerchiefs knotted loosely around their necks, they looked exactly as a body of cow-boy cavalry should look. The officers speedily grew to realize that they must not be over-familiar with their men, and yet that they must care for them in every way. The men, in return, began to acquire those habits of attention to soldierly detail which mean so much in making a regiment. Above all, every man felt, and had constantly instilled into him, a keen pride of the regiment, and a resolute purpose to do his whole duty uncomplainingly, and, above all, to win glory by the way he handled himself in battle.

(To be continued.)

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ON THE FEVER SHIP

By Richard Harding Davis

THERE were four rails around the ship's sides, the three lower ones of iron and the one on top of wood, and as he looked between them from the canvas cot he recognized them as the prison-bars which held him in. Outside his prison lay a stretch of blinding blue water which ended in a line of breakers and a yellow coast with ragged palms. Beyond that again rose a range of mountain-peaks, and stuck upon the loftiest peak of all a tiny block-house. It rested on the brow of the mountain against the naked sky as impudently as a cracker-box set upon the dome of a great cathedral.

As the transport rode on her anchor-chains, the iron bars around her sides rose and sank and divided the landscape with parallel lines. From his cot the officer followed this phenomenon with severe, painstaking interest. Sometimes the wooden rail swept up to the very block-house itself, and for a second of time blotted it from sight. And again it sank to the level of the line of breakers, and wiped them out of the picture as though they were only a line of chalk.

The soldier on the cot promised himself that the next swell of the sea would send the lowest rail climbing to the very top of the palm-trees or, even higher, to the base of the mountains; and when it failed to reach even the palm-trees he felt a distinct sense of ill use, of having been wronged by someone. There was no other reason for submitting to this existence, save these tricks upon the wearisome, glaring landscape; and, now, whoever it was who was working them did not seem to be making this effort to entertain him with any heartiness.

It was most cruel. Indeed, he decided hotly it was not to be endured; he would bear it no longer, he would make his escape. But he knew that this move, which could be conceived in a moment's desperation, could only be carried to success with great strategy, secrecy, and careful cunning. So he fell back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, as though he were asleep, and then opening them again turned cautiously, and spied upon his keeper. As usual, his keeper sat at the foot of the cot turning the pages of a huge paper filled with pictures of the war printed in daubs of tawdry colors. His keeper was a hard-faced boy without human pity or consideration, a very devil of obstinacy and fiendish cruelty. To make it worse, the fiend was a person without a collar, in a suit of soiled khaki, with a curious red cross bound by a safety-pin to his left arm. He was intent upon the paper in his hands; he was holding it between his eyes and his prisoner. His vigilance had relaxed, and the moment seemed propitious. With a sudden plunge of arms and legs, the prisoner swept the bed-sheet from him, and sprang at the wooden rail and grasped the iron stanchion beside it. He had his knee pressed against the top bar and his bare toes on the iron rail beneath it. Below him the blinding blue water waited for him. It was cool and dark and gentle and deep. It would certainly put out the fire in his bones, he thought; it might even shut out the glare of the sun which scorched his eyeballs.

But as he balanced for the leap, a swift weakness and nausea swept over him, a weight seized upon his body and limbs. He could not lift the lower foot from the iron rail, and he swayed dizzily and trembled. He trembled. He who had raced his men and beaten them up the hot hill to the trenches of San Juan. But now he was a baby in the hands of a giant, who caught him by the wrist and with an iron arm clasped him around his waist and pulled him down, and shouted, brutally, "Help, some of you'se, quick; he's at it again. I can't hold him."

More giants grasped him by the arms and by the legs. One of them took the hand that clung to the stanchion in both of his, and pulled back the fingers one by one, saying, "Easy now, Lieutenant—easy."

The ragged palms and the sea and block-house were swallowed up in a black

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fog, and his body touched the canvas cot again with a sense of home-coming and relief and rest. He wondered how he could have cared to escape from it. He found it so good to be back again that for a long time he wept quite happily, until the fiery pillow was moist and cool.

The world outside of the iron bars was like a scene in a theatre set for some great event, but the actors were never ready. He remembered confusedly a play he had once witnessed before that same scene. Indeed he believed he had played some small part in it; but he remembered it dimly, and all trace of the men who had appeared with him in it was gone. He had reasoned it out that they were up there behind the range of mountains, because great heavy wagons and ambulances and cannon were emptied from the ships at the wharf above and were drawn away in long lines behind the ragged palms, moving always toward the passes between the peaks. At times he was disturbed by the thought that he should be up and after them, that some tradition of duty made his presence with them imperative. There was much to be done back of the mountains. Some event of momentous import was being carried forward there, in which he held a part; but the doubt soon passed from him, and he was content to lie and watch the iron bars rising and falling between the block-house and the white surf. If they had been only humanely kind, his lot would have been bearable, but they starved him and held him down when he wished to rise; and they would not put out the fire in the pillow, which they might easily have done by the simple expedient of throwing it over the ship's side into the sea. He himself had done this twice, but the keeper had immediately brought a fresh pillow already heated for the torture and forced it under his head.

His pleasures were very simple, and so few that he could not understand why they robbed him of them so jealously. One was to watch a green cluster of bananas that hung above him twirling from the awning by a string. He could count as many of them as five before the bunch turned and swung lazily back again, when he could count as high as twelve; sometimes when the ship rolled heavily he could count to twenty. It was a most fascinating game, and contented him for many hours. But when they found this out they sent for the cook to come and cut them down, and he carried them away to his galley.

Then, one day, a man came out from the shore, swimming through the blue water with great splashes. He was a most charming man, who spluttered and dove and twisted and lay on his back and kicked his legs in an excess of content and delight. It was a real pleasure to watch him; not for days had anything so amusing appeared on the other side of the prison-bars. But as soon as the keeper saw that the man in the water was amusing his prisoner, he leaned over the ship's side and shouted, "Sa-ay, you, don't you know there's sharks in there?"

And the swimming man said, "The h—ll there is!" and raced back to the shore like a porpoise with great lashing of the water, and ran up the beach halfway to the palms before he was satisfied to stop. Then the prisoner wept again. It was so disappointing. Life was robbed of everything now. He remembered that in a previous existence soldiers who cried were laughed at and mocked. But that was so far away and it was such an absurd superstition that he had no patience with it. For what could be more comforting to a man when he is treated cruelly than to cry. It was so obvious an exercise, and when one is so feeble that one cannot vault a four-railed barrier it is something to feel that at least one is strong enough to cry.

He escaped occasionally, traversing space with marvellous rapidity and to great distances, but never to any successful purpose; and his flight inevitably ended in ignominious recapture and a sudden awakening in bed. At these moments the familiar and hated palms, the peaks and the block-house were more hideous in their reality than the most terrifying of his nightmares.

These excursions afield were always predatory; he went forth always to seek food. With all the beautiful world from which to elect and choose, he sought out only those places where eating was studied and elevated to an art. These visits were much more vivid in their detail than any he had ever before made to these same re-

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sorts. They invariably began in a carriage, which carried him swiftly over smooth asphalt. One route brought him across a great and beautiful square, radiating with rows and rows of flickering lights; two fountains splashed in the centre of the square, and six women of stone guarded its approaches. One of the women was hung with wreaths of mourning. Ahead of him the late twilight darkened behind a great arch, which seemed to rise on the horizon of the world, a great window into the heavens beyond. At either side strings of white and colored globes hung among the trees, and the sound of music came joyfully from theatres in the open air. He knew the restaurant under the trees to which he was now hastening, and the fountain beside it, and the very sparrows balancing on the fountain's edge; he knew every waiter at each of the tables, he felt again the gravel crunching under his feet, he saw the *maître d'hôtel* coming forward smiling to receive his command, and the waiter in the green apron bowing at his elbow, deferential and important, presenting the list of wines. But his adventure never passed that point, for he was captured again and once more bound to his cot with a close burning sheet.

Or else, he drove more sedately through the London streets in the late evening twilight, leaning expectantly across the doors of the hansom and pulling carefully at his white gloves. Other hansoms flashed past him, the occupant of each with his mind fixed on one idea—dinner. He was one of a million of people who were about to dine, or who had dined, or who were deep in dining. He was so famished, so weak for food of any quality, that the galloping horse in the hansom seemed to crawl. The lights of the Embankment passed like the lamps of a railroad station as seen from the window of an express; and while his mind was still torn between the choice of a thin or thick soup or an immediate attack upon cold beef, he was at the door, and the *chasseur* touched his cap, and the little *chasseur* put the wicker guard over the hansom's wheel. As he jumped out he said, "Give him half a crown," and the driver called after him, "Thank you, sir."

It was a beautiful world, this world outside of the iron bars. Everyone in it contributed to his pleasure and to his comfort. In this world he was not starved nor manhandled. He thought of this joyfully as he leaped up the stairs, where young men with grave faces and with their hands held negligently behind their backs bowed to him in polite surprise at his speed. But they had not been starved on condensed milk. He threw his coat and hat at one of them, and came down the hall fearfully and quite weak with dread lest it should not be real. His voice was shaking when he asked Ellis if he had reserved a table. The place was all so real, it must be true this time. The way Ellis turned and ran his finger down the list showed it was real, because Ellis always did that, even when he knew there would not be an empty table for an hour. The room was crowded with beautiful women; under the light of the red shades they looked kind and approachable, and there was food on every table, and iced drinks in silver buckets. It was with the joy of great relief that he heard Ellis say to his underling, "Numero cinque, sur la terrace, un couvert." It was real at last. Outside, the Thames lay a great gray shadow. The lights of the Embankment flashed and twinkled across it, the Tower of the House of Commons rose against the sky, and here inside the waiter was hurrying toward him carrying a smoking plate of rich soup with a pungent intoxicating odor.

And then the ragged palms, the glaring sun, the immovable peaks, and the white surf stood again before him. The iron rails swept up and sank again, the fever sucked at his bones, and the pillow scorched his cheek.

One morning for a brief moment he came back to real life again and lay quite still, seeing everything about him with clear eyes and for the first time, as though he had but just that instant been lifted over the ship's side. His keeper, glancing up, found the prisoner's eyes considering him curiously, and recognized the change. The instinct of discipline brought him to his feet with his fingers at his sides.

"Is the Lieutenant feeling better?"

The Lieutenant surveyed him gravely.

"You are one of our hospital stewards."

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Why ar'n't you with the regiment?"

"I was wounded, too, sir. I got it same time you did, Lieutenant."

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"Am I wounded? Of course, I remember. Is this a hospital ship?"

The steward shrugged his shoulders. "She's one of the transports. They have turned her over to the fever cases."

The Lieutenant opened his lips to ask another question; but his own body answered that one, and for a moment he lay silent.

"Do they know up North that I—that I'm all right."

"Oh, yes, the papers had it in—there was pictures of the Lieutenant in some of them."

"Then I've been ill some time?"

"Oh, about eight days."

The soldier moved uneasily, and the nurse in him became uppermost.

"I guess the Lieutenant hadn't better talk any more," he said. It was his voice now which held authority.

The Lieutenant looked out at the palms and the silent gloomy mountains and the empty coast-line, where the same wave was rising and falling with weary persistence.

"Eight days," he said. His eyes shut quickly, as though with a sudden touch of pain. He turned his head and sought for the figure at the foot of the cot. Already the figure had grown faint and was receding and swaying.

"Has anyone written or cabled?" the Lieutenant spoke, hurriedly. He was fearful lest the figure should disappear altogether before he could obtain his answer. "Has any one come?"

"Why, they couldn't get here, Lieutenant, not yet."

The voice came very faintly. "You go to sleep now, and I'll run and fetch some letters and telegrams. When you wake up, may be I'll have a lot for you."

But the Lieutenant caught the nurse by the wrist, and crushed his hand in his own thin fingers. They were hot, and left the steward's skin wet with perspiration. The Lieutenant laughed gayly.

"You see, Doctor," he said, briskly, "that you can't kill me. I can't die. I've got to live, you understand. Because, sir, she said she would come. She said if I was wounded, or if I was ill, she would come to me. She didn't care what people thought. She would come anyway and nurse me—well, she will come.

"So, Doctor — old man —" He plucked at the steward's sleeve, and stroked his hand eagerly, "old man—" he began again, beseechingly, "you'll not let me die until she comes, will you? What? No, I know I won't die. Nothing made by man can kill me. No, not until she comes. Then, after that—eight days, she'll be here soon, any moment? What? You think so, too? Don't you? Surely, yes, any moment. Yes, I'll go to sleep now, and when you see her rowing out from shore you wake me. You'll know her; you can't make a mistake. She is like —no, there is no one like her—but you can't make a mistake."

That day strange figures began to mount the sides of the ship, and to occupy its every turn and angle of space. Some of them fell on their knees and slapped the bare deck with their hands, and laughed and cried out, "Thank God, I'll see God's country again!" Some of them were regulars, bound in bandages; some were volunteers, dirty and hollow-eyed, with long beards on boy's faces. Some came on crutches; others with their arms around the shoulders of their comrades, staring ahead of them with a fixed smile, their lips drawn back and their teeth protruding. At every second step they stumbled, and the face of each was swept by swift ripples of pain.

They lay on cots so close together that the nurses could not walk between them. They lay on the wet decks, in the scuppers, and along the transoms and hatches. They were like shipwrecked mariners clinging to a raft, and they asked nothing more than that the ship's bow be turned toward home. Once satisfied as to that, they relaxed into a state of self-pity and miserable oblivion to their environment, from which hunger nor nausea nor aching bones could shake them.

The hospital steward touched the Lieutenant lightly on the shoulder.

"We are going North, sir," he said. "The transport's ordered North to New York, with these volunteers and the sick and wounded. Do you hear me, sir?"

The Lieutenant opened his eyes. "Has she come?" he asked.

"Gee!" exclaimed the hospital steward. He glanced impatiently at the blue mountains and the yellow coast, from which the transport was drawing rapidly away.

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"Well, I can't see her coming just now," he said. "But she will," he added.

"You let me know at once when she comes."

"Why, cert'nly, of course," said the steward.

Three trained nurses came over the side just before the transport started North. One was a large, motherly looking woman, with a German accent. She had been a trained nurse, first in Berlin, and later in the London Hospital in Whitechapel, and at Bellevue. The nurse was dressed in white, and wore a little silver medal at her throat; and she was strong enough to lift a volunteer out of his cot and hold him easily in her arms, while one of the convalescents pulled his cot out of the rain. Some of the men called her "nurse;" others, who wore scapulars around their necks, called her "Sister;" and the officers of the medical staff addressed her as Miss Bergen.

Miss Bergen halted beside the cot of the Lieutenant and asked, "Is this the fever case you spoke about, Doctor—the one you want moved to the officers' ward?" She slipped her hand up under his sleeve and felt his wrist.

"His pulse is very high," she said to the steward. "When did you take his temperature?" She drew a little morocco case from her pocket and from that took a clinical thermometer, which she shook up and down, eying the patient meanwhile with a calm, impersonal scrutiny. The Lieutenant raised his head and stared up at the white figure beside his cot. His eyes opened and then shut quickly, with a startled look, in which doubt struggled with wonderful happiness. His hand stole out fearfully and warily until it touched her apron, and then, finding it was real, he clutched it desperately, and twisting his face and body toward her, pulled her down, clasping her hands in both of his, and pressing them close to his face and eyes and lips. He put them from him for an instant, and looked at her through his tears.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "sweetheart, I knew you'd come."

As the nurse knelt on the deck beside him, her thermometer slipped from her fingers and broke, and she gave an exclamation of annoyance. The young Doctor picked up the pieces and tossed them overboard. Neither of them spoke, but they smiled appreciatively. The Lieutenant was looking at the nurse with the wonder and hope and hunger of soul in his eyes with which a dying man looks at the cross the priest holds up before him. What he saw where the German nurse was kneeling was a tall, fair girl with great bands and masses of hair, with a head rising like a lily from a firm, white throat, set on broad shoulders above a straight back and sloping breast—a tall, beautiful creature, half-girl, half-woman, who looked back at him shyly, but steadily.

"Listen," he said.

The voice of the sick man was so sure and so sane that the young Doctor started, and moved nearer to the head of the cot. "Listen, dearest," the Lieutenant whispered. "I wanted to tell you before I came South. But I did not dare; and then I was afraid something might happen to me, and I could never tell you, and you would never know. So I wrote it to you in the will I made at Baiquiri, the night before the landing. If you hadn't come now, you would have learned it in that way. You would have read there that there never was anyone but you; the rest were all dream people, foolish, silly—mad. There is no one else in the world but you; you have been the only thing in life that has counted. I thought I might do something down here that would make you care. But I got shot going up a hill, and after that I wasn't able to do anything. It was very hot, and the hills were on fire; and they took me prisoner, and kept me tied down here, burning on these coals. I can't live much longer, but now that I have told you I can have peace. They tried to kill me before you came; but they didn't know I loved you, they didn't know that men who love you can't die. They tried to starve my love for you, to burn it out of me; they tried to reach it with their knives. But my love for you is my soul, and they can't kill a man's soul. Dear heart, I have lived because you lived. Now that you know—now that you understand—what does it matter?"

Miss Bergen shook her head with great vigor. "Nonsense," she said, cheerfully. "You are not going to die. As soon as

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we move you out of this rain, and some food cook——"

"Good God!" cried the young Doctor, savagely. "Do you want to kill him?"

When she spoke the patient had thrown his arms heavily across his face, and had fallen back, lying rigid on the pillow.

The Doctor led the way across the prostrate bodies, apologizing as he went. "I am sorry I spoke so quickly," he said, "but he thought you were real. I mean he thought you were someone he really knew——"

"He was just delirious," said the German nurse, calmly.

The Doctor mixed himself a Scotch and soda and drank it with a single gesture.

"Ugh!" he said to the ward-room. "I feel as though I'd been opening another man's letters."

The transport drove through the empty seas with heavy, clumsy upheavals, rolling like a buoy. Having been originally intended for the freight-carrying trade, she had no sympathy with hearts that beat for a sight of their native land, or for lives that counted their remaining minutes by the throbbing of her engines. Occasionally, without apparent reason, she was thrown violently from her course; but it was invariably the case that when her stern went to starboard, something splashed in the water on her port side and drifted past her, until, when it had cleared the blades of her propeller, a voice cried out, and she was swung back on her home-bound track again.

The Lieutenant missed the familiar palms and the tiny block-house; and seeing nothing beyond the iron rails but great wastes of gray water, he decided he was on board a prison-ship, or that he had been strapped to a raft and cast adrift. People came for hours at a time and stood at the foot of his cot, and talked with him and he to them—people he had loved and people he had long forgotten, some of whom he had thought were dead. One of them he could have sworn he had seen buried in a deep trench, and covered with branches of palmetto. He had heard the bugler, with tears choking him, sound "taps;" and with his own hand he had placed the dead man's campaign hat on the mound of fresh earth above the grave. Yet here he was still alive and he came with other men of his troop to speak to him; but when he reached out to them they were gone—the real and the unreal, the dead and the living—and even She disappeared whenever he tried to take her hand, and sometimes the hospital steward drove her away.

"Did that young lady say when she was coming back again?" he asked the steward.

"The young lady! What young lady?" asked the steward, wearily.

"The one who has been sitting there," he answered. He pointed with his gaunt hand at the man in the next cot.

"Oh, that young lady. Yes, she's coming back. She's just gone below to fetch you some hardtack."

The young volunteer in the next cot whined grievously.

"That crazy man gives me the creeps," he groaned. "He's always waking me up, and looking at me as though he was going to eat me."

"Shut your head," said the steward. "He's a better man crazy than you'll ever be, with the little sense you've got. And he has two Mauser holes in him. Crazy, eh? It's a damned good thing for you that there was about four thousand of us regulars just as crazy as him, or you'd never seen the top of the hill."

One morning there was a great commotion on deck, and all the convalescents balanced themselves on the rail, shivering in their pajamas, and pointed one way. The transport was moving swiftly and smoothly through water as flat as a lake, and making a great noise with her steam-whistle. The noise was echoed by many more steam-whistles; and the ghosts of out-bound ships and tugs and excursion steamers ran past her out of the mist and disappeared, saluting joyously. All of the excursion steamers had a heavy list to the side nearest the transport, and the ghosts on them crowded to that rail and waved handkerchiefs and cheered. The fog lifted suddenly, and between the iron rails the Lieutenant saw high green hills on either side of a great harbor. Houses and trees and thousands of masts swept past like a panorama; and beyond was a mirage of three cities, with curling smoke-wreaths and sky-reaching buildings, and a great swinging bridge, and a giant statue of a woman waving a welcome home.

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The Lieutenant surveyed the spectacle with cynical disbelief. He was far too wise and far too cunning to be bewitched by it. In his heart he pitied the men about him who laughed wildly, and shouted, and climbed recklessly to the rails and ratlines. He had been deceived too often not to know that it was not real. He knew from cruel experience that in a few moments the tall buildings would crumble away, the thousands of columns of white smoke that flashed like snow in the sun, the busy shrieking tug-boats, and the great statue would vanish into the sea, leaving it gray and bare. He closed his eyes and shut the vision out. It was so beautiful that it tempted him; but he would not be mocked, and he buried his face in his hands. They were carrying the farce too far, he thought. It was really too absurd; for now they were at a wharf which was so real that, had he not known by previous suffering, he would have been utterly deceived by it. And there were great crowds of smiling, cheering people, and a waiting guard of honor in fresh uniforms, and rows of police pushing the people this way and that; and these men about him were taking it all quite seriously, and making ready to disembark, carrying their blanket-rolls and rifles with them.

A band was playing joyously, and the man in the next cot, who was being lifted to a stretcher, said, "There's the Governor and his staff; that's him in the high hat." It was really very well done. The Custom-house and the Elevated Railroad and Castle Garden were as like to life as a photograph, and the crowd was as well handled as a mob in a play. His heart ached for it so that he could not bear the pain, and he turned his back on it. It was cruel to keep it up so long. His keeper lifted him in his arms, and pulled him into a dirty uniform which had belonged, apparently, to a much larger man—a man who had been killed probably, for there were dark-brown marks of blood on the tunic and breeches. When he tried to stand on his feet, Castle Garden and the Battery disappeared in a black cloud of night, just as he knew they would; but when he opened his eyes from the stretcher, they had returned again. It was a most remarkably vivid vision. They kept it up so well. Now the young Doctor and the hospital steward were pretending to carry him down a gang-plank and into an open space; and he saw quite close to him a long line of policemen, and behind them thousands of faces, some of them women's faces—women who pointed at him and then shook their heads and cried, and pressed their hands to their cheeks, still looking at him. He wondered why they cried. He did not know them, nor did they know him. No one knew him; these people were only ghosts.

There was a quick parting in the crowd. A man he had once known shoved two of the policemen to one side, and he heard a girl's voice speaking his name, like a sob; and She came running out across the open space and fell on her knees beside the stretcher, and bent down over him, and he was clasped in two young, firm arms.

"Of course it is not real, of course it is not She," he assured himself. "Because She would not do such a thing. Before all these people She would not do it."

But he trembled, and his heart throbbed so quickly that he could scarcely breathe.

She was pretending to cry.

"They wired us you had started for Tampa on the hospital ship," She was saying, "and Aunt and I went all the way there before we heard you had been sent North. We have been on the cars a week. That is why I missed you. Do you understand? It was not my fault. I tried to come. Indeed, I tried to come."

She turned her head and looked up fearfully at the young Doctor.

"Tell me, why does he look at me like that?" she asked. "He doesn't know me. Is he very ill? Tell me the truth." She drew in her breath quickly. "Of course you will tell me the truth."

When she asked the question he felt her arms draw tight about his shoulders. It was as though she was holding him to herself, and from someone who had reached out for him. In his trouble he turned to his old friend and keeper. His voice was hoarse and very low.

"Is this the same young lady who was on the transport—the one you used to drive away?"

In his embarrassment, the hospital steward blushed under his tan, and stammered:

"Of course it's the same young lady," the Doctor answered, briskly. "And I

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won't let them drive her away." He turned to her, smiling gravely. "I think his condition has ceased to be dangerous, madam," he said.

People who in a former existence had been his friends, and Her brother and Her aunt, gathered about his stretcher and bore him through the crowd and lifted him into a carriage filled with cushions, among which he sank lower and lower. Then She sat beside him, and he heard Her brother say to the coachman, "Home, and drive slowly and keep on the asphalt."

The carriage moved forward, and She put her arm about him and his head fell on her shoulder, and neither of them spoke. The vision had lasted so long now that he was torn with the joy that after all it might be real. But he could not bear the awakening if it were not, so he raised his head fearfully and looked up into the beautiful eyes above him. His brows were knit, and he struggled with a great doubt and an awful joy.

"Dearest," he asked, "is it real?"

"Is it real?" she repeated.

Even as a dream, it was so wonderfully beautiful that he was satisfied if it could only continue so, if for but a little while.

"Do you think," he begged again, trembling, "that it is going to last much longer?"

She smiled, and, bending her head slowly, kissed him.

"It is going to last — always," she said.

THOUGH WE REPENT

By Louise Chandler Moulton

THOUGH we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care,
And let us find again what now we lack?

Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,
The flowers we threw away once more to wear—
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

Who can repulse a stealthy ghost's attack—
Silence a voice that doth the midnight dare—
Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod of despair—
Set free a tortured soul from memory's rack?
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

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THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

EARLY ENGINEERING EXCURSIONS

INTRODUCTION

THE following pages contain the first instalment of a series of selections from the correspondence of the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, which is to be continued in these columns throughout the whole or the greater part of the current year. The task of preparing Mr. Stevenson's Life and Letters for publication has been entrusted to me by his representatives, in accordance with his own wish repeatedly expressed during his lifetime, and I am now engaged upon the work. In the meantime it has been arranged that a portion of the letters shall appear in advance in the pages of this Magazine, to which Mr. Stevenson was for so long one of the most valued contributors.

Mr. Stevenson, while he lived, was often charged by his friends with being a bad correspondent, and was always amiably ready to admit the charge. Nevertheless, when those of his letters which had been preserved came to be collected after his death, they turned out to be very numerous, dating from almost all periods of his life, and written in all manner of moods to a great variety of correspondents. From the letters chosen for publication, those here selected have been grouped mainly according to subject, having regard only in a secondary degree to order of dates. The group given in this number consists of some of the letters written by Stevenson to his parents in 1868 and 1869, in the course of excursions undertaken by way of training for his intended profession as an engineer. In the former year, 1868, he was sent to watch two important harbor works in course of construction by the family firm, namely, the breakwater at Anstruther on the coast of Fife, and that at Wick, in the northern extremity of Caithness. In 1869 he accompanied his father on board the Pharos, the official steamer of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, on a tour of inspection to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and related his experiences in long journal letters to his mother.

Some of these letters, as is natural from the circumstances of their origin, exhibit touches of a guide-book quality; nor will the reader expect to find in them the full charm and color of the writing of the R. L. S. of after years. But, on the other hand, it is interesting to perceive how lively a power of observation and expression, what a degree of maturity, alike in intelligence, character, and reading, this Scottish lad of eighteen or nineteen already possessed. In one particular, it must be confessed, namely, in spelling, he shows himself remarkably boyish. But Stevenson in truth never learnt to spell quite in a grown-up manner; and for this master of English letters a catarrh was apt to be a "cattarrh," and a neighbor a "nieghbor," and literature "litterature" to the end. To reproduce all these trips and slips in print would be mere pedantry; and the normal orthography has been adopted, except where he himself is aware of his difficulties and laughs over them.

The letters here given will be found to contain the writer's first notes and observations on several matters turned afterward to literary account in his Essays. Readers familiar with "Memories and Portraits," and with the later "Random Memories," first published in this Magazine in 1888, are acquainted already with the "chamber scented with dry rose-leaves at Anstruther;" with the two little Italian vagabonds who ran behind the coach in Caithness; with the storm-shattered breakwater of Wick, "the chief disaster of my father's life;" and with the memories of Medina Sidonia, at the Fair Isle.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

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First sheet: Thursday.
Second sheet: Friday. [July, 1868.]

'KENZIE HOUSE (or whatever it is called), ANSTRUTHER.

MY DEAR FATHER: My lodgings are very nice, and I don't think there are any children. There is a box of mignonette in the window and a factory of dried rose-leaves, which make the atmosphere a trifle heavy, but very pleasant.

When you come, bring also my paint-box—I forgot it. I am going to try the travellers and jennies, and have made a sketch of them and begun the drawing. After that I'll do the staging.

This morning I walked over with M. and young B—— to the Quarry, where M. and I bathed: B—— unbuttoned his waistcoat, and then funked.

Mrs. Brown "has suffered herself from her stommick, and that makes her kind of think for other people." She is a motherly lot. Her mothering and thought for others displays itself in advice against hard-boiled eggs, well-done meat, and late dinners, these being my only requests. Fancy—I am the only person in Anstruther who dines in the afternoon.

If you could bring me some wine when you come, 'twould be a good move: I fear *vin D'Anstruther;* and having procured myself a severe attack of gripes by two days' total abstinence on chilly table beer, I have been forced to purchase Green Ginger ("Somebody or other's 'celebrated'"), for the benefit of my stomach, like St. Paul.

There is little or nothing doing here to be seen. By heightening the corner in a hurry to support the staging they have let the masons get ahead of the divers and wait till they can overtake them. I wish you would write and put me up to the sort of things to ask and find out. I received your registered letter with the £5; it will last for ever.

To-morrow I will watch the masons at the pier-foot and see how long they take to work that Fife-ness stone you ask about; they get sixpence an hour; so that is the only datum required.

It is awful how slowly I draw, and how ill: I am not nearly done with the travellers, and have not thought of the jennies yet. When I'm drawing I find out something I have not measured, or, having measured, have not noted, or, having noted, cannot find; and so I have to trudge to the pier again ere I can go farther with my noble design.

I had a ride to-day on B.'s pony. He gave me rather a dismal account of its temper, mouth, et cætera. M. told me I must not believe it all, for B. was "not a very daring horseman," he thought. His own groom was more explicit.

"Has Mr. B. a good seat?" I asked.

"Him? Hech no! By G——, he's a puir show i' the saidle, him!"

M. says the divers can't work when the tide's out because of the weight. It has occurred to me that a great part of the weight at least might be taken off; it seems such a pity to lose all the time.

I haven't *seen* fruit since I left. Love to all.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

[ANSTRUTHER] Tuesday, July, 1868.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Tell Papa that his boat-builders are the most illiterate folk with whom I ever had any dealing. From beginning to end of their specification, there was no stop, whether comma, semicolon, colon, or point; and to tell whether the adjectives belonged to the previous or the subsequent noun was work for five experienced boat-builders. However, I made daylight of it, copied it, and sent it to Porringer; it took me and Mitchell two hours to understand the part called "the specification," and there were several parts in the "offer" or "tender" which had to be copied as well. So confused, indeed, and so insufficient was the whole thing that the saving clause, smuggled in in the tender, "and things not fully specified needful for efficient service," forms its whole value.

Have you sent the Essays off? Do see to it. Can you find and send to me the last lines of Longfellow's *Golden Legend,* beginning—

"It is Lucifer, son of the air," and so on. "Since God put him there, he is God's minister for some good end."

Wednesday.

To-night I went with the youngest M. to see a strolling band of players in the town-hall. A large table placed below the gallery with a print curtain on either side

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of the most limited dimensions was at once the scenery and the proscenium. The manager told us that his scenes were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in. Though I knew, or at least felt sure, that there were no such scenes in the poor man's possession, I could not laugh, as did the major part of the audience, at this shift to escape criticism. We saw a wretched farce, and some comic songs were sung. The manager sang one, but it came grimly from his throat. The whole receipt of the evening was 5*s.* and 3*d.*, out of which had to come room, gas, and town drummer. We left soon; and I must say came out as sad as I have been for ever so long: I think that manager had a soul above comic songs. I said this to young M., who is a "Phillistine" (Matthew Arnold's Philistine you understand), and he replied, "How much happier would he be as a common working man!" I told him I thought he would be less happy earning a comfortable living as a shoemaker than he was starving as an actor, with such artistic work as he had to do. But the Phillistine wouldn't see it. You observe that I spell Philistine time about with one and two l's.

As we went home we heard singing, and went into the porch of the school-house to listen. A fisherman entered and told us to go in. It was a psalmody class. One of the girls has a glorious voice. We stayed for half an hour.—I remain your affectionate son, R. L. Stevenson.

Anstruther, July, 1868.

Kenzie House, Anstruther,
Toosda' [July, 1868].

I am utterly sick of this gray, grim, sea-beaten hole. I have a little cold in my head, which makes my eyes sore; and you can't tell how utterly sick I am, and how anxious to get back among trees and flowers and something less meaningless than this bleak fertility.

Papa need not imagine that I have a bad cold or am stone blind from this description, which is the whole truth.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Fortune called in a dog-cart, Fortune's beard and Mrs. F.'s brow glittering with mist-drops, to ask me to come next Saturday. Conditionally, I accepted. Do you think I can cut it? I am only anxious to go slick home on the Saturday. Write by return of post and tell me what to do. If possible, I should like to cut the business and come right slick out to Swanston.—I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. Stevenson.

In the interval between July and September, R. L. S. had spent some time with his family at their home in the Pentlands, and then gone north with his father to watch the harbor works in progress at Wick, where he was presently left by himself. The following is the second letter written home after his father had left.

[New Harbor Hotel, Pulteney] Wick,
Friday, September 11, 1868.

My dear Mother: To go on with my description:—Wick lies at the end or elbow of an open triangular bay, hemmed on either side by shores, either cliff or steep earth-bank, of no great height. The gray houses of Pulteney extend along the southerly shore almost to the cape; and it is about half-way down this shore—no six-sevenths way down—that the new breakwater extends athwart the bay. . . . Certainly Wick in itself possesses no beauty: bare, gray shores, grim gray houses, grim gray sea; not even the gleam of red tile; not even the greenness of a tree. The southerly heights, when I came here, were black with people, fishers waiting on wind and night. Now all the S.Y.S. (Stornoway boats) have beaten out of the bay, and the Wick men stay indoors or wrangle on the quays with dissatisfied fish-curers, knee-high in brine, mud and herring refuse. The day when the boats put out to go home to the Hebrides, the girl here told me there was "a black wind;" and on going out I found the epithet as justifiable as it was picturesque. A cold, *black* southerly wind, with occasional rising showers of rain; it was a fine sight to see the boats beat out a-teeth of it.

In Wick I have never heard anyone greet his neighbor with the usual "Fine day" or "Good morning." Both come shaking their heads, and both say, "Breezy, breezy!" And such is the atrocious quality of the climate, that the remark is almost invariably justified by the fact.

The streets are full of the Highland fishers, lubberly, stupid, inconceivably lazy and heavy to move. You bruise against

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them, tumble over them, elbow them against the wall—all to no purpose; they will not budge; and you are forced to leave the pavement every step.

To the south, however, is as fine a piece of coast scenery as I ever saw. Great black chasms, huge black cliffs, rugged and over-hung gullies, natural arches, and deep green pools below them, almost too deep to let you see the gleam of sand among the darker weed: there are deep caves too. In one of these lives a tribe of gypsies. The men are *always* drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villainous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch, or hulking about the cove "in the horrors." The cave is deep, high, and airy, and might be made comfortable enough. But they just live among heaped bowlders, damp with continual droppings from above, with no more furniture than two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. In winter the surf bursts into the mouth and often forces them to abandon it.

An *émeute* of disappointed fishers was feared, and two ships of war are in the bay to render assistance to the municipal authorities. This is the Ides; and, to all intents and purposes, said Ides have passed. Still there is a good deal of disturbance, many drunk men, and a double supply of police. I saw them sent for by some people and enter an inn, in a pretty good hurry: what it was for I do not know.

You would see by papa's letter about the carpenter who fell off the staging: I don't think I was ever so much excited in my life. The man was back at his work, and I asked him how he was; but he was a Highlander, and—need I add it?—dickens a word could I understand of his answer. What is still worse, I find the people here about—that is to say, the Highlanders, not the northmen—don't understand *me*.

I have lost a shilling's worth of postage stamps, which has damped my ardor for buying big lots of 'em: I'll buy them one at a time as I want 'em for the future.

The Free Church minister and I got quite thick. He left last night about two in the morning, when I went to turn in. He gave me the enclosed.—I remain your affectionate son, R. L. STEVENSON.

WICK, September 5, 1868, Monday.

MY DEAR MAMMA: This morning I got a delightful haul: your letter of the fourth (surely mis-dated); Papa's of same day; Virgil's "Bucolics," very thankfully received, and Aikman's "Annals,"* a precious and most acceptable donation, for which I tender my most ebullient thanksgivings. I almost forgot to drink my tea and eat mine egg.

It contains more detailed accounts than anything I ever saw, except Wodrow, without being so portentously tiresome and so desperately overborne with foot-notes, proclamations, acts of Parliament, and citations as that last history.

I have been reading a good deal of Herbert. He's a clever and a devout cove; but in places awfully twaddley (if I may use the word). Oughtn't this to rejoice Papa's heart—

> Carve or discourse; do not a famine fear.
> Who carves is kind to two, who talks to all.

You understand? The "fearing of famine" is applied to people gulping down solid vivers without a word, as if the ten lean kine began to-morrow.

Do you remember condemning something of mine for being too obtrusively didactic. Listen to Herbert—

> Is it not verse except enchanted groves
> And sudden arbors shadow coarse-spun lines?
> Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
> *Must all be veiled, while he that reads divines*
> *Catching the sense at two removes?*

You see "except" was used for "unless" before 1630.

Tuesday.

The riots were a hum. No more has been heard; and one of the war-steamers has deserted in disgust.

The "Moonstone" is frightfully interesting: isn't the detective prime? Don't say anything about the plot; for I have only read on to the end of Betteredge's narrative, so don't know anything about it yet.

I thought to have gone on to Thurso to-night, but the coach was full; so I go to-morrow instead.

To-day I had a grouse: great glorification.

* Aikman's "Annals of the Persecution in Scotland."

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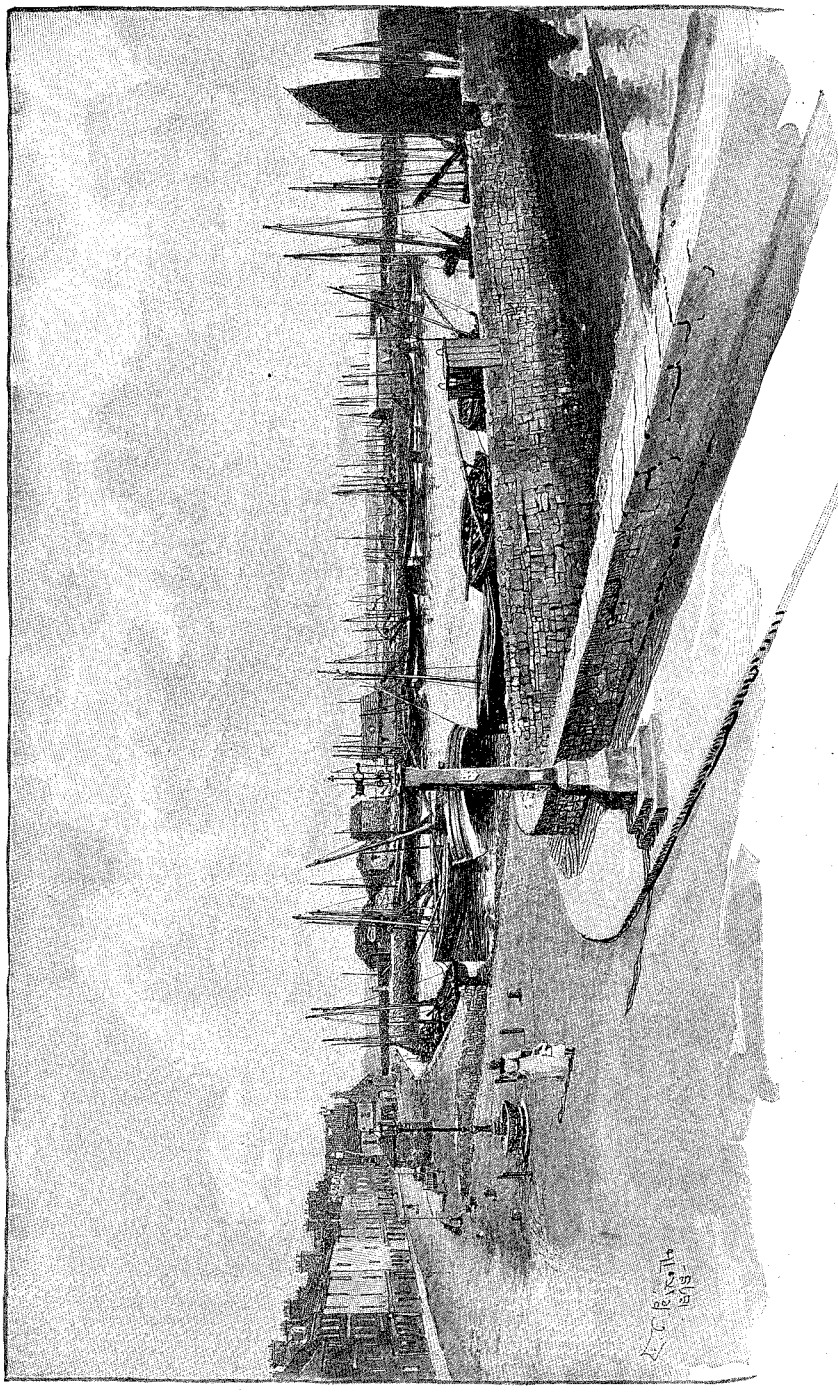

Shore Street and Harbor, Anstruther.
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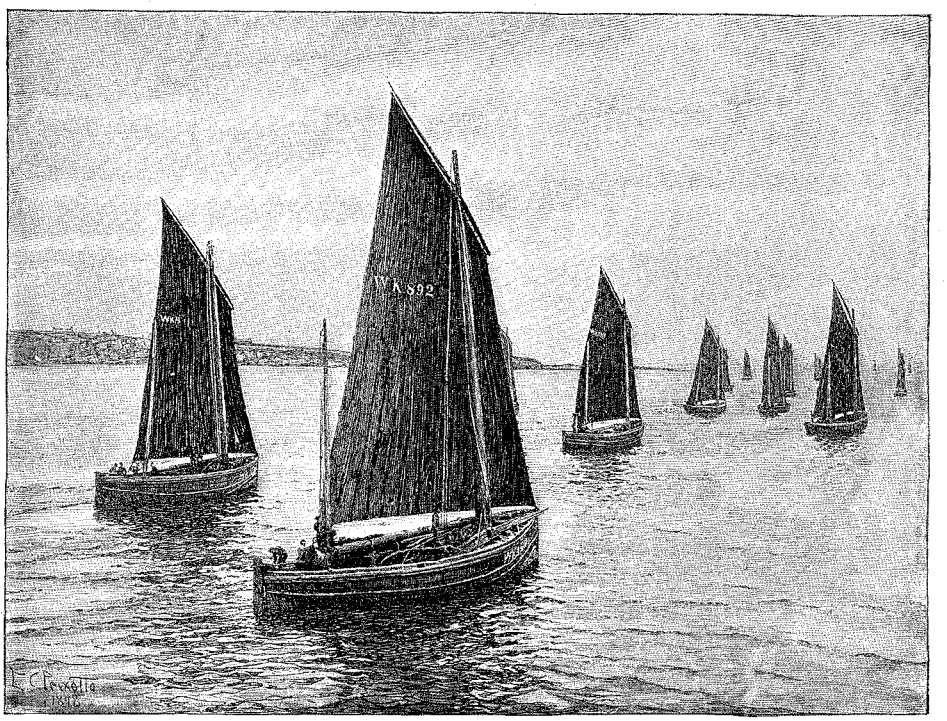

Fishing Boats Going Out, Wick.
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There is a drunken brute in the house who disturbed my rest last night. He's a very respectable man in general, but when on the "spree" a most consummate fool. When he came in he stood on the top of the stairs and preached in the dark with great solemnity and no audience from 12 P.M. to half-past one. At last I opened my door. "Are we to have no sleep at all for that *drunken brute?*" I said. As I hoped, it had the desired effect. "Drunken brute!" he howled, in much indignation; then after a pause, in a voice of some contrition, "Well, if I am a drunken brute, it's only once in the twelvemonth!" And that was the end of him; the insult rankled in his mind; and he retired to rest. He is a fish-curer, a man over fifty, and pretty rich too. He's as bad again to-day; but I'll be shot if he keeps me awake; I'll douse him with water if he makes a row. —Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

NEW HARBOR HOTEL, PULTENEY,
September 14, 1868.

MY DEAR MOTHER: My trip to Thurso took up so much of my time that I have been rather remiss in my correspondence. I had good fun there. There was a Colonel M——, an awful swearer, who was very good fun, and five bagmen, with whom I dined the second day. The bagmen told some good stories. As this is Sunday, I shall say no more on that head. Colinton for length of service is a joke to Wick. Two hours morning and evening. This afternoon we had two hours all but three minutes. I did not look at my watch at the sermon till I was pretty tired, certainly not less than twenty minutes; and the discourse lasted three-quarters of an hour and two or three minutes after that! O Lillo! Lillo!

The girl here tells me that she was a fortnight in bed of the Wick Revival. She had been in the country, and went to a week-day evening service. A fearful sermon was given, and a woman near the pulpit began screaming in a dreadful manner. It worked so strongly on her that she took a trembling fit, and had to be helped home.

I asked if she knew any of the people who had made a row during the period, and if there were any change in 'em. She knew scores of them, she said, young men

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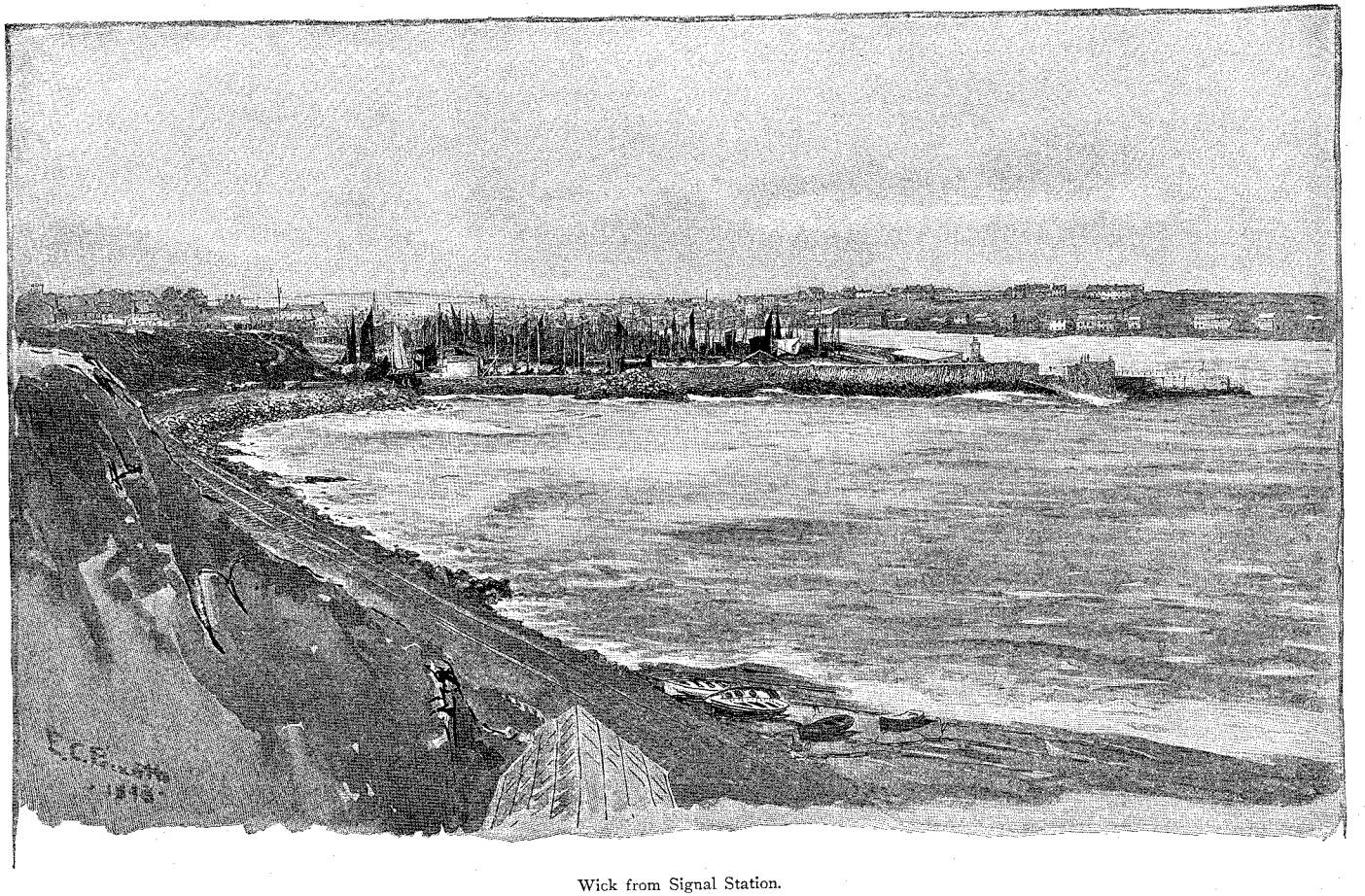

Wick from Signal Station.

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and young women, and, if anything, they were worse—a statement I can quite believe from all I have heard and seen.

After all, this is a mere stirring of emotional fibre, like one crying over a novel.

> Tyrants no more their savage nature kept
> And foes to virtue wondered why they wept.

Aye, aye, but wait till to-morrow morning and see how his savage nature is then! For some good things on this, see one of Bulwer Lytton's essays: "On the *sympathetic* (?) temperament." See what a very Sunday letter 'tis!

It has been bitterly cold to-day.

Monday.

And is bitterly ditto to-day. I have drawn the table up to the fire, and my hands are sore and stiff. We had a fire in the office.

Account of one of my days? Very well. Breakfast: movable feast, 9 to 9.30—tea, herring, finnan haddock, eggs, rolls, salt butter, to which I am now entirely acclimatized. After breakfast: breakwater, drawing, general loafing and inspection. One P.M. lunch: sherry, Latheron cheese, rolls, salt butter. After lunch: breakwatering again. Five: dinner, heaps o' things. (*N.B.* — Curds called "yearned milk" hereaway.) After dinner, letters, algebra, reading, smoking, waiting for bedtime; now and then a walk. 9.30 or 10, tea, rolls, butter, cheese. Nightcap in requisition about 11 or 11.30 or 10.30.

Tell Myrrha that when she came to envying G—— his hand, I wept—positively wept—so just, so well founded did that envy appear—so truly did I respond the wish at that moment, then laboring in the depths. I lost, I fear, some of the choicest witticisms of the epistle. Indeed, my state of mind put me deeply in mind of the Sweet Singer's description of a storm at sea—*vide* Psalmn (any more dumb consonants required? It would look better thus Psawlmn) 107. Don't you think, by the by, that David must have been sick; it *is* so lifelike. "They go down into the depths." O yes, but what about their stommiks? "They reel to and fro like a drunken man." I declare I can almost hear a faint voice

Girniegoe Castle and Coast near Wick.
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Tinkler's Cave, Near Wick.
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cry "Steward!" at that part. You see that Myrrha's letter has produced a healthy effect upon my spirits; but I'm not going to mention her again, it costs such labor to spell it. Fancy, I had to ring the bell and ask the girl how she spelt "myrrh." I question much if she told me right. But what between it and the *Psalmmns*, my mind about spelling is lost.—I remain your affectionate son, R. L. S.

WICK, September, 1868,
Saturday, 10 A.M.

MY DEAR MOTHER: The last two days have been dreadfully hard, and I was so tired in the evenings that I could not write. In fact, *last* night I went to sleep immediately after or very nearly so. My hours have been 10—2 and 3—7 out in the lighter or the small boat, in a long, heavy roll from the nor'-east. When the dog was taken out, he got awfully ill, and combed to particulars promiscuously, involving many kicks and much swabbing; one of the men, Geordie Grant by name and sirname, followed *shoot* with considerable *éclat*; but, wonderful to relate! I kept well. My hands are all skinned, blistered, discolored, and engrained with tar, some of which latter has established itself under my nails in a position of such natural strength that it defies all my efforts to dislodge it. The worst work I had was when David (MacDonald's el-

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dest) and I took the charge ourselves. He remained in the lighter to tighten or slacken the guys as we raised the pole toward the perpendicular, with two men. I was with four men in the boat. We dropped an anchor out a good bit, then tied a cord to the pole, took a turn round the sternmost thwart with it, and pulled on the anchor line. As the great, big, wet hawser came in it soaked you to the skin: I was the sternest (used, by way of variety, for sternmost) of the lot, and had to coil it—a work which involved, from *its* being so stiff and *your* being busy pulling with all your might, no little trouble and an extra ducking. We got it up, and, just as we were going to sing "Victory!" one of the guys slipped in, the pole tottered—went over on its side again like a shot, and behold the end of our labor.

You see I have been roughing it, and though some parts of the letter may be neither very comprehensible nor very interesting to *you*, I think that perhaps it might amuse Willie Traquair, who delights in all such dirty jobs.

The first day, I forgot to mention, was like mid-winter for cold, and rained incessantly so hard that the livid white of our cold-pinched faces wore a sort of inflamed rash on the windward side. I am not a bit the worse of it, except fore-mentioned state of hands, a slight crick in my neck from the rain running down, and general stiffness from pulling, hauling, and tugging for dear life.

We have got double weights at the guys, and hope to get it up like a shot.

What fun you three must be having! I think I see—cheating at cards! I hope the cold don't disagree with you.—I remain, my dear Mother, your affectionate son, R. L. STEVENSON.

WICK, September, 1868. Sunday, PULTENEY.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Another storm: wind higher, rain thicker: the wind still rising as the night closes in and the sea slowly rising along with it; it looks like a three days' gale.

Last week has been a blank one: always too much sea.

I enjoyed myself very much last night at R.'s. There was a little dancing, much singing and supper.

Are you not well that you do not write? I haven't heard from you for more than a fortnight.

The wind fell yesterday and rose again to-day; it is a dreadful evening; but the wind is keeping the sea down as yet. Of course, nothing more has been done to the poles; and I can't tell when I shall be able to leave, not for a fortnight yet I fear, at the earliest, for the winds are persistent. Where's Myrrha? Is Cummie struck dumb about the boots? I wish you would get somebody to write an interesting letter and say how you are, for you're on the broad of your back I see. There hath arrived an inroad of farmers to-night; and I go to avoid them to M—— if he's disengaged, to the R.'s if not.

Sunday (later).

Storm without: wind and rain: a confused mass of wind-driven rain-squalls, wind-ragged mist, foam, spray, and great, gray waves. Of this hereafter: in the meantime let us follow the due course of historic narrative.

Seven P.M. found me at 9 Breadalbane Terrace, clad in spotless blacks, white tie, shirt, et cætera, and finished off below with a pair of navvies' boots. How true that the devil is betrayed by his feet! A message to Cummy at last: Why, O treacherous woman! were my dress boots withheld?

Dramatis personæ: père R., amusing, long-winded, in many points like papa; mère R., nice, delicate, likes hymns, knew Aunt Margaret ('t' ould man knew Uncle Alan); fille R., nommée Sara (no h), rather nice, lights up well, good voice, *interested* face; Miss L., nice also, washed out a little, and, I think, a trifle sentimental; fils R., in a Leith office, smart, full of happy epithet, amusing, pompous. They are very nice and very kind, asked me to come back—"any night you feel dull; and any night doesn't mean no night: we'll be so glad to see you." *C'est la mère qui parle.*

I was back there again to-night. There was hymn-singing, and general religious controversy till eight, after which talk was secular. Mrs. S. was deeply distressed about the boot business. She consoled me by saying that many would be glad to have such feet whatever shoes they had

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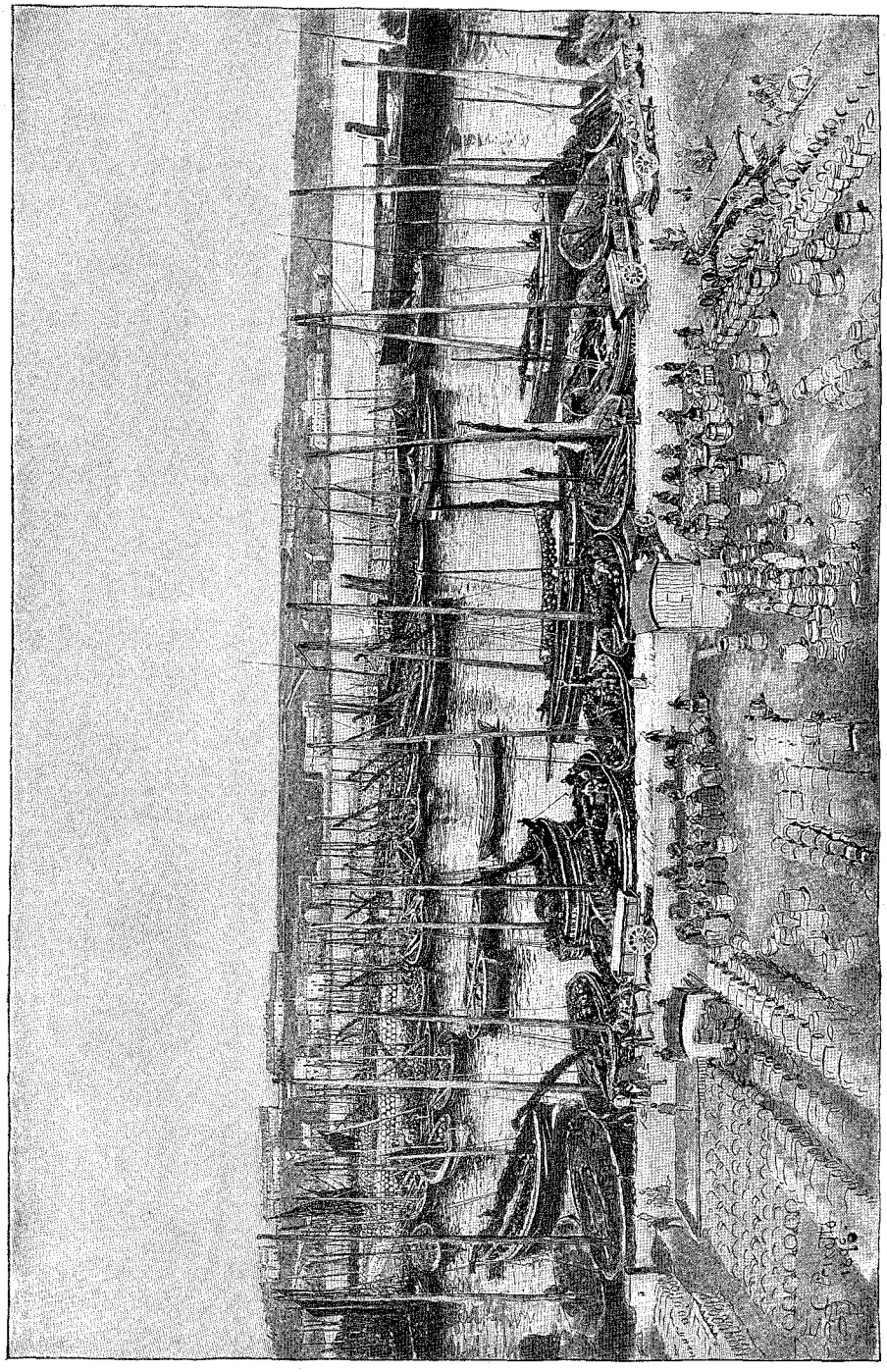

Wick Harbor in Fishing Season.

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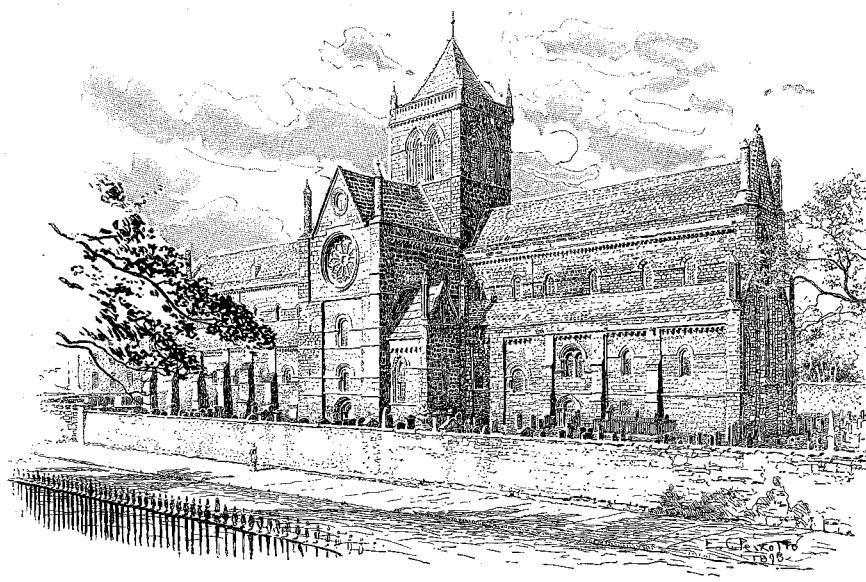

St. Magnus's Cathedral at Kirkwall, from the Southeast.

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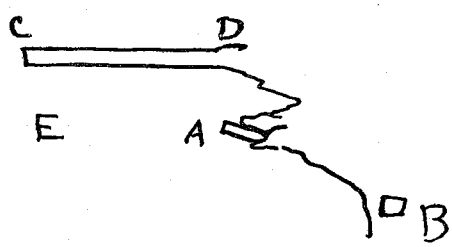
on. Unfortunately, fishers and seafaring men are too facile to be compared with! This looks like enjoyment; better speck than Anster.

I have done with frivolity. This morning I was awakened by Mrs. S. at the door. "There's a ship ashore at Shaltigoe!" As my senses slowly flooded, I heard the whistling and the roaring of wind, and the lashing at the wind of gust-blown and uncertain flams of rain. I got up, dressed, and went out. The mingled spray and rain blinded you.



C D is the new pier.

A the schooner ashore. B the salmon house.

She was a Norwegian: coming in she saw our first gauge-pole, standing at point E. Norse skipper thought it was a sunk smack, and dropped his anchor in full drift of sea: chain broke: schooner came ashore. Insured: laden with wood: skipper owner of vessel and cargo: bottom out. I was in a great fright at first lest we should be liable; but it seems that's all right.

Some of the waves were twenty feet high. The spray rose eighty feet at the new pier. Some wood has come ashore, and the roadway seems carried away. There is something fishy at the far end where the cross wall is building; but till we are able to get along, all speculation is vain.

I am so sleepy I am writing nonsense.

I stood a long while on the cope watching the sea below me; I hear its dull, monotonous roar at this moment below the shrieking of the wind; and there came ever recurring to my mind the verse I am so fond of:—

> But yet the Lord that is on high
> Is more of might by far
> Than noise of many waters is
> Or great sea-billows are.

The thunder at the wall when it first struck—the rush along ever growing higher—the great jet of snow-white spray some

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forty feet above you—and the "noise of many waters," the roar, the hiss, the "shrieking" among the shingle as it fell head over heels at your feet. I watched if it threw the big stones at the wall; but it never moved them.

Monday.

The end of the work displays gaps, cairns of ten ton blocks, stones torn from their places and turned right round. The damage above water is comparatively little: what there may be below, *on ne sait pas encore*. The roadway is torn away, cross heads, broken planks tossed here and there, planks gnawn and mumbled as if a starved bear had been trying to eat them, planks with spales lifted from them as if they had been dressed with a rugged plane, one pile swaying to and fro clear of the bottom, the rails in one place sunk a foot at least. This was not a great storm, the waves were light and short. Yet when we are standing at the office, I felt the ground beneath me *quail* as a huge roller thundered on the work at the last year's cross-wall.

How could *noster amicus M. maximus* appreciate a storm at Wick. It requires a little of the artistic temperament, of which Mr. T[homas] S[tevenson], C. E., possesses some, whatever he may say. I can't look at it practically, however: that will come, I suppose, like gray hair or coffin nails.

Our pole is snapped: a fortnight's work and the loss of the Norse schooner all for nothing!—except experience and dirty clothes.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. Stevenson.

Referring to this undertaking, in his biographical essay on his father, Stevenson has told how in the end "the sea proved too strong for men's arts, and after expedients hitherto unthought of, and on a scale hyper-Cyclopean, the work must be deserted, and now stands a ruin in that bleak, God-forsaken bay." The letters that follow belong to the next year, 1869, and are dated from the Pharos during her trip to the northern coasts and islands.

Lighthouse Steamer. Between Cantick and Hoy. 9 A.M.
Friday, June 18, 1869.

Dear Mamma: I herewith begin my journal letter, which is intended to contain an account, full, true, and particular, of all my "sore journeying and perilous peregrination."

About ten, we came on board at Scrabster, after coming to Thurso by the Castleton coach with a pretty little girl who knew everybody on the road. "That is the doctor." "That other is a farmer." At Wick, at Keiss, at Castleton, at Thurso, she was equally well-informed. It put me in mind of my similar journey last autumn with fourteen Lewis fishermen going back to the west, when we saw a still smoking whitely in the middle of a brown-looking moorland, and met two Italian music boys within a mile or so of John o' Groat's House. Our little fellow-traveller ate many peppermint drops on the way, and offered some to my father; and, whenever anything was dropped or any one wished out or in, she it was who picked it up or opened the door. Our last conversation was at Thurso, when she broke forth in hearty excitement and pointed out to us her sister who was there to meet her.

It was after sundown then, but still daylight; and we went to see Holborn Head. The man was in such a woundy fright, growing redder and breathing hard in mortal terror. Verily, *mon père* is a great man here: he putteth out his lip, and all men tremble.

We steamed across the Pentland Firth with Holborn Head behind us, Dunnet Head and Skerries on our right, and Cantick Head in front. The vessel rolled a little; but the swell was nothing. There were squalls of rain all along the shore, and not a few of them where we were. Soon after there came a great white streak between two layers of cloud in the eastward, which widened and brightened into orange and red. This was the dawn. Just then, the bell rang for midnight. It was very picturesque: the decks all lucid and shining with the early shower, the dawn brightening feebly, and the ship rolling between the two low shore-lines. Near one, we came round Cantick Head and dropped anchor in Kirk Hope with the light flashing on one side, and the dawn, orange and yellow and red, waxing brighter above a row of murkish clouds. Turned in, very sleepy.

This morning we landed and saw Can-

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tick Head light. The faces of the men were sufficient for inspection. You could see they were at their ease. The flag was hoist while we were in. We are now waiting for breakfast and running for Graemsay, with the high land of Hoy on our right.

12 noon.

We have been at High and Low Hoy Sound lights, Island of Graemsay. From the latter, which was in good order, the view was very pretty. The water a sort of dark purple with here and there a streak of vivid emerald marking the position of some sandy shoal. The picture above is not the least like—not the slightest—but I had no time. The hills behind are in Hoy and are the only Highlands of Orkney: the tower in front is the High Light mentioned above. Stromness is just opposite on the mainland, a cluster of gray houses in the upper end of a bight—not very inviting.

4.30 P.M.

We are here in Scapa How, where we anchored about two, when the captain, Mr. Andrews, papa and I, together with Mr. Henderson the steward, in quest of cheese, landed on a shoaling beach and walked across an isthmus to Kirkwall. The first sight one gets of Kirkwall is rather striking—a cluster of gray roofs with the red cathedral and a knot of umber ruin at the top, and the sea at its foot, running into a long and shallow creek which is severed from the open ocean by a ridge or bar of sand with some walls atop.

The whole aspect of the town is distinctly English. The houses, white with harl, present crowstepped gables and picturesque chimneys to the street; while on one hand, through an arched gateway, one catches a cool glimpse of a paven entrance court. Some of these arches are green with burdock and grass, and even with fern; and, to render the likeness to a village of the Riviera a thought more striking, on one occasion at least, there was a secondary arch within the first uselessly spanning the stone passage, a nest for weed and a roosting-place for fowls. The slates are grayish white without the smallest tinge of color; so it is a great relief to the general whiteness of wall and roof, to see green trees of decent size spreading in the court within. Above the doors there are inscriptions and emblems.

But the glory of Kirkwall, as of Salisbury, lies about its cathedral, which towers, with narrow gables and slope-slate roof and wonder of red stone-work and white, above the little green and the little gray town on the seaboard. You enter through the usual triple door of Gothic churches, at the foot of the tall, narrow gables with mouldings of alternate red and white, and red columns crumbled down to the consistency of Madeira cake.

From the corner of the chancel just below the square tower you get the best look of the sombre church, with its black and scarlet stonework and its Catherine wheel at the chancel end; and hence you ascend to the belfry and the top of the church. And here I must fairly give up any hope, and my hope from the first has been feeble, to give you any idea of this delightful old church. From every corner of the tower, a corkscrew staircase ascends, giving admittance into passages along the blind clerestory of nave, choir, and chancels: thence more stairs and narrower passages still—where one has to go on sidelong like a crab in a rock-cleft—leading along past the little windows of the nave, and between the double windows of the choir: thence more stairs to the dusty and limbered lofts above the groined roof and to the belfry, criss-crossed by great unpainted wooden beams and hung with the big bells, on whose mellow sides the modern sacristan rings a stormy chime; and thence, by ladder, to the outside of the tower. This is the climax: below you, like a knife-edge, the sharp ridge and swift slope of the two slate roofs, each with its broad leaden gutters, the kirkyard with its stones, the little green, the ruins, and the cluster of gray-slate roofs crouching at your feet. I wish I could let you feel, as I felt, these little stairs and passages—this network or web of dark and narrow alleys, with the very smallest windows sometimes, and sometimes with no windows at all. You expect to meet a "priest in surplice white that defunctive music knows," a sexton in hose and steeple hat, a tonsured monk, a mitred bishop worn with conflict against heathen earls and savage boors, at every corner of the dusty maze; and when you come

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forth on the surface, the roof looks like that on which Dom Claude descends and breaks his fall, ere he plunges finally to the causeway below. I know nothing so suggestive of legend, so full of superstition, so stimulating to a weird imagination, as the nooks and corners and byways of such a church as St. Magnus, in Kirkwall.

We then went down to the pier, where indeed we had a lamentable awakening and grievous revocation from middle-ages dreamland to everyday vulgarity and affectation. A London engineer has erected an iron jetty, like the ornamental bridge over the water in a cockney tea-garden—a gimcrack lane of corner lamp-posts—infinitely neat and infinitely shaky—a nurse-maid's walk, that might have done at Greenwich, projecting into the easterly surge from Pomona, the mainland of Orkney. Alas! Alas!

OFF LERWICK,
Saturday, June 19, 11.30 P.M.

Lerwick lies in the hollow angle of a winding sound between the mainland of Shetland and the Island of Bressay. As we came up we saw many people on a gravel spit at the corner, drying fish on the baked white stones. The houses present their one gable to the water, which laves their foundations, and their other to the main street, which runs parallel to the line of the shore. When we landed—about eight—this narrow way was swarming with people. It is paved from wall to wall with broad flat paving-stones; and the resemblance to a Riviera village is further heightened by the narrow side-lanes, which climb the hill-side on long flights of ruinous steps between high houses on either hand. At the north of the town stands Fort Charlotte, founded, as I hear, by Cromwell. It overhangs the water with a circuit of heavy grass-grown walls, backed by mounds, supported by ruinous buttresses and pierced by some four-arched gateways. The sea-pink blooms thickly among the lichened crevices of the old stone-work. Inside there are two whitewashed buildings, a few sheds for the exercise of the naval reserve—four hundred of whom appear every winter on their return from the whale and seal fishing, and a great black-looking tank, as old, I suppose, as the fort, and lipping with repulsive-looking water. The largest of these buildings is the jail and court-house—a long, low house with massive leaden gutters bearing the initials of George II. and the date seventeen hundred and eighty. The court is held in the upper part; and the lower windows, each shaded by a wooden hutch, have a melancholy interest in our eyes; for, not many days ago, a young man was sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment for shooting ducks at Unst, who hanged himself behind the midmost of these blank windows before the first night had come.

After seeing Fort Charlotte we took a walk with some gentlemen whom we had met and to whom Captain Graham had introduced us. Among these was Captain M'Kinnon, of the Eaglet, Revenue cutter, who gave us some interesting particulars about the degenerate modern smuggling. On their first voyage to the Faroe fishing, they never smuggle; for should they be caught, they would be detained too long to get away again; but on their second they bring home as much as they can get. They are not dishonest; but they think smuggling their right, and give the captain no little trouble. In these bright nights of the north, he cannot get near them before they have thrown everything overboard; but on some occasions he manages to catch them napping. One foggy night last summer, for example, he left the cutter behind an islet and took a circuit with his gig. They did not observe him till he was close at hand; but when they did, they lost no time. He saw them tumbling tobacco overboard out of a great big sack; and, when he boarded, the scuppers were awash with brandy and a man below was still staving in the casks. They got off easily on trial. The captain had great trouble with one man called Preaching Peter, who, whenever he got back with his spoils from Faroe, sent round handbills to announce his coming, and went about the country preaching. After he had much prayed and much preached, he gave the benediction, and then was the signal for all who knew him to crowd round. "How many gallons shall I give you?" "How many do you want?" Such was the conversation; and so he sold his smuggled spirits, and improved the people's souls while he filled his own purse.

The four gentlemen whom we had met

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came out and took grog on board, when we had some interesting talk.

George Macdonald, ill of inflammation of the knee-joint, passed here *en route* for Norway in a yacht a short time ago. The doctor, who told us this, mentioned also that leprosy and lazar houses lingered into last century in this *Ultima Thule* of the ancients; and was succeeded by small-pox so violent that it swept away one-third of the population. In Foula, out of two hundred souls, there were left six men to bury friends and relations and neighbors. Shortly afterward inoculation was brought in its more violent form, when it killed one out of every four or five; and of course it became common in Shetland. Now, there was one, Paterson, I think, a jack-of-all-trades—a tailor, a shoemaker, a fish-curer, a doctor—who bethought him of weakening the matter introduced. He dried the pus on glass plates, mixed it with camphor, hung it for long in peat smoke, and finally buried it for seven whole years. When this long ceremony was at an end, he used it, and, out of three or four thousand, lost not one life; but his useful discovery was eclipsed by vaccination, which followed so shortly after. Nowadays, the women suffer much from drinking too much tea. The collector told us that the fishers of Dunrossness take cod-liver oil with them to drink, when they go out on a fishing-cruise.

Four bells—midnight—has rung some time ago. Upstairs it is perfectly calm, the sky very dark with mottling of white and gray cirrus, and the yellow moon half out, half in the clouds above the houses of the town—the whole thing mirrored to perfection in the water of the Sound. Some fishermen are singing on the shore, probably in imitation of Italy; for they please themselves by calling Lerwick the northern Venice. This appearance is heightened by the excessive lightness.

To-morrow we shall send our letters off; so here I conclude and remain your affectionate son, R. L. Stevenson.

Off Lerwick, 11 P.M.,
Sunday, June 20, 1869.

My dear Mamma: On Saturday evening, there were some hundred boats out before the town fishing herring with the bright hook—by which means Mr. Johnston of the coast-guard told me he had caught three hundred the night before. Now the Shetland boats are crook-backed, with high stem and bow; and the appearance of this fleet upon the still, bright waters was as that of Indian canoes. It verily required the faint scent of peat smoke to remind you you were still in Scotland.

To-day, we landed and heard Mr. Sanders of the Established Church, who gave us a most excellent sermon, swarming with epigrams. As instances, "The Bible required the gloss of the great teacher: the book of Moses had to be set up in the gospel type." "Yes, my friends, we find the devil in the narrow way as an angel of light—as a preacher extolling the righteousness of the everlasting God." "Men's consciences may be elastic; but Heaven's gate is not." The seat in the gallery, kindly given us by Mr. Henry, was so low that my father wished to hold me when I stood up—true paternal solicitude.

The women, who wear on the week-days white Shetland tippets, are very well dressed on Sunday and make a resplendent show.

In the afternoon, we heard Mr. S. again, after which Mr. and Mrs. Henry took us for a walk behind the town and showed us two little ponies. One—a very pretty one, might be up to my waist: the other, much smaller, with his towsy mane, feathery head, bearded chin, and ragged tail, was a very walking jest; and a very scurvy jest too. We then said good-by and walked out a bit to see a Pict's house. The town of Lerwick stands on a low hill, circled in front by the sea, and behind by the loch of Klikomin ("Klik 'em in" is the way it's said), so that four roads alone join it to the island—one of them on an isthmus and the others on mere dykes. In this sheet of water stands the Pict's house.

From a sandy point, on which the little ripple lays curves of strange-looking emerald slime, there stretches out a causeway of rough stones, defended near the far end by two square piles of stones, with a narrow path between to act, I suppose, very much as the * that covered the drawbridge of the feudal castle. The whole islet, thus joined to the mainland, is buried

* Gap left for the word which the writer wanted, and had evidently forgotten.

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in stones and stone ramparts, with many unroofed underground chambers; and the centre is occupied by a hollow round tower not unlike to a lime-kiln. In the thickness of its walls are passages along which I had to creep on all-fours, stairs with steps three inches wide, round chambers buried in perfect darkness, and small doorways, like coal-hatches in a modern house, which seemed to have led by covered ways to the outlying subterranean rooms.

The people who built and occupied Maes-How must have been two or three feet high at the outside; and there is, I think, something singularly disgusting in the whole idea. I fancied the place swarming with little dirty devils talking outlandish jargon and brandishing their flint-head axes; and, with the natural human hatred for swarms of minute life, I confess that I brought myself to share in the horror of these old "Peghts" which is felt in Orkney and Shetland to this day.

In a note to the *Pirate* you will find a good story illustrative of this. There came a travelling missionary to the island of North Ronaldsha: and, being wearied with journeying, he went straightway to the house of the teacher and there lay down to sleep. But, as ill-luck would have it, he had been observed by the people, who instantly concluded, from his small frame and dark visage, that he was one of the old Picts, whether in the body or out of the body they could not tell; so they gathered about the house with evil intentions. The school-master feared for his guest's bodily safety, and bethinking him of my grandfather, who was then in the island, he sent a messenger for him and asked him to pacify the angry Norsemen. Unwilling to wake the fatigued man, he tried to convince them of their mistake by showing them the clumsy boots which he had left outside the door; but they would not be persuaded; and at last he was obliged to go in. Fortunately he recognized the man as having been a shopkeeper in Edinburgh before he became a missionary, and set their suspicions at rest.

We then walked up the road a small way, in a valley with a burn. The lowlands were cultivated after a skimble-skamble fashion: ruinous walls ran here and there, sometimes wandering aimlessly into the middle of the fields and there ending with as little show of reason, sometimes gathering into gross heaps of loose stones, more like an abortive cairn than an honest dry-stone dyke: for crop, it seemed that docken and the yellow wild mustard, which made bright patches every here and there, were much more plentiful than turnip or corn. Mixed up with this unwholesome-looking wilderness were thatched cottages bearing every sign of desertion and decay, except the curl of smoke from the place where the chimney should be and was not; and in some cases presenting bare gables and roofless walls to the bitter ocean breeze. The uplands were a sere yellow-brown, with rich, full-colored streaks of peat, and gray stretches of outcropping rock. The whole place looks dreary and wretched; for here, nature, as Hawthorne would have said, has not sufficient power to take back to herself what the idleness and absence of man has let go. There is no ivy for the ruined cottage; no thorn or bramble for the waste wayside.

We returned again to the water-stair beside the town-hall and waved a handkerchief for the gig, a romantic action which made me remember many old day-dreams when it was my only wish to be a pirate or a smuggler.

I forgot to say that, in the afternoon, the congregation was double the size; and that because the people, lured by the long clear night, sit up to all hours and do not rise till nine or ten.

Between SUMBURGH and FAIR ISLE, 11.50 A.M.,
Monday, June 21, 1869.

This morning we visited Sumburgh Head Lighthouse. This, the southernmost point of Shetland, as Unst is the most northerly, is joined to the mainland by a very narrow isthmus of low sand-hills and thin bent grass. There is shoal water on either hand, or the sea would soon carry it away. Inshore of this isthmus, the land is high and bare, with the huge crags of Fitful Head running out a few miles off. Among these sand-hills, on a grassy mound, stand some low and ruinous house-walls, all that remains of Jarlsboff, so often mentioned in the *Pirate*; and a little way above it, an elegant new house built by Mr. Bruce of Sumburgh. During its erection, there was much disturbance among the masons;

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and the Aberdeen men, who were members of one Trade Union, refused point blank to work with Shetland men who were not; so the curse of Bright and Broadhead is felt even in *Ultima Thule*. The people call this house, with picturesque simplicity worthy of a primitive country and verily refreshing after miles of "Laurel Groves" and "Ivy Lodges," "The new building," and "the new building of Sumburgh." By the way, is there not something grand in that name of Sumburgh—a hollow boom, as it were of bursting surf.

We pulled in to a small slip on the beach with some gray houses at its head, one of which purported to sell "Tea and Tobacco," with blotches where "Spirits and Ale" had been painted out—a silent commentary on the habits of the people. We had then two miles to walk along the narrow headland, which rises in precipitous cliffs to the east and on the west, stretches down to the sea in a gentle sweep of spring turf. Here and there, however, the voes run in on either hand with a rush of water and a screaming of gulls, and leave but a neck of land three hundred feet above the surf. For all that the spray flies over it in clouds. Down in these voes, we saw the white gulls sitting on their eggs and the young ones beginning to walk about. We then visited the light and went on board again, passing easily through a jabble of short cresting waves which, in spring tides and heavy gales, is the fatal Sumburgh Roost. The sketch [opposite] represents the outmost spur of the head from the eastward. The light is three hundred feet high.

Between FAIR ISLE and RONALDSHA,
3.45 P M.

The coast of the Fair Isle is the wildest and most unpitying that we have yet seen. Continuous cliffs from one to four hundred feet high, torn by huge voes and echoing caverns, line the bare downs with scarcely a cove of sand or a practicable cleft in the belt of iron precipice. At intervals, it runs out into strange peninsulas, square bluff headlands, and plumb faces of stone, tingled with the faint green of some sort of lichen.

Close by one of these was the long, bleak inlet into which the Duke of Medina Sidonia's vessel, the flag-ship of the great Armada, was driven in the storm. It was strange to think of the great old ship, with its gilded castle of a stern, its scroll-work and emblazonry, and with a Duke of Spain on board, beating her brains out on the iron-bound coast of the Fair Isle.

As we pulled into the cove, a tall thin gentleman and a small boy came down the beach as if to meet us. He said he was only four days old in Fair Isle, and on our asking after his name and position, replied: "I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have come here to preach His word." He had been sent over in Mr. Bruce of Sumburgh's sloop, and occupied the room which that gentleman—to whom the island belongs—keeps for himself in the minister's house. To this he showed us the way; and the minister himself, Mr. Macfarlane, led us to see whatever was interesting. The appearance from the landing-place is very picturesque; for the land, sloping gradually upward, ends in the clear-cut, sharp and singularly wild and savage outline of the cliffs. It was toward this farther side, that Mr. Macfarlane escorted us. We first saw the school-house, a dark, damp apartment, wet with rain droppings, and half-roofed with wreck-timber thrown across the rafters: it required the "tawse" and the ragged school-books to remind you where you were. On our way thence to some strange holes in the land, we heard that our first friend was one Lord Teynham—the family name Curzon. It was strange to find a nineteenth-century nobleman preaching the gospel in the desolate Fair Isle. The people are very unwilling, Mr. Macfarlane mentioned, to speak about the Armada sailors—indeed, almost the only fact they will communicate is that, when hand in hand, the shipwrecked Spaniards reached right across the island. Their reason for this is easily understood: they believe it throws discredit on their ancestors; for many of these unfortunate seamen were murdered in case of a famine, with so many extra mouths to fill. But there can be little question that the Duke himself must have consented to the deed; for how could the unarmed islanders—even now only three hundred in number—have kept head against Medina Sidonia and his sailors and soldiers? and again, if such were the case, how did so many

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We then visited the light and went on board again, sailing easily through a jubilee of short
cresting waves, which, in spring tides and
heavy gales, is the fatal Sunbrough Roost.
The sketch represents the outmost span of the
head from the eastward. The light is three hundred
feet high.

Fac-simile of a Part of a Letter Written by Stevenson in 1869.

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escape, by way of Kirkcaldy, to their own country? They seem to have left little traces, beyond a bayonet and the like, with the exception of the colored woollen work which they are said to have taught to the islanders. It must have been a strange sight—all these southerners, fresh from the oranges of Seville, living in filthy cottages on the wildest island of our northern archipelago: very rusty, I doubt not, were their cuirasses, and very ragged the lace, and ruffle, and sash of the Spanish grandee officers, ere they had done creeping among the gios and caverns of the iron-bound coast-line.

Before all this was heard, we had reached what we had come to see. The land, as I said, slopes almost continuously from the low shore on one side to the cliff top at the other; but in two places, the ground suddenly leaves your feet and you see a huge rocky tank, some seventy feet deep, with a great arched doorway into the ocean, right through the hill-side: the noise of a stone dropped in reverberates with a hollow boom and splash up the rough sides on either hand. Close by there was a fine, graceful curve of beach, surrounded by red cliffs, and strangely marked by a great red stack or isolated pillar, standing among the heaped brown sea-weed on the sweep of the bay.

On our return we entered the church, a cottage set with plain unvarnished benches and a ditto pulpit—neat and tidy, however, and seated for two hundred and fifty. Outside was a small graveyard, with headstones consisting of rough slates about a foot high thrust into the ground. On two alone are there any letters, and these two are made of wood and cut by a man in the island. They were two of the oldest men that had ever died in the place, and yet the ages were but sixty-one and sixty-four respectively. Intermarriage and bad homes make them a weak lot; and almost none of the women, as I hear, have good eyes. One of these inscriptions I had the curiosity to copy, by reason of the error it contains. "In memor*ium* of T. Wilson. Born January 5th, 1801. Died January 13th, 1865, aged sixty-four years and eight days. Time flies." My father took out his knife to alter the mistake; but Mr. Macfarlane stopped him, as the people would have looked on it as insulting the dead. *Apropos* of tombstones, the same gentleman told us that there were some lettered stones on the hill-top, but what the inscriptions meant he was unable to tell us.

From the church we proceeded to the store, where tea, teapots, linen and blankets are sold to the inhabitants; and where the inhabitants expose, on the other hand, their quaint-patterned, parti-colored, knitted socks, gloves, and mittens.

During our absence his lordship had been taking Mr. Curry about among the sick folk; and he said that of all the miserable people he had ever seen, they were the worst. Two twin old women of six-and-eighty years, literal skeletons, lived in misery and sickness in a wretched den waited on by the daughter of one, now well up in years herself. One of these had burnt her foot the day before, and the cloth she had wrapped about it, was no finer than ordinary sacking. Their only hope was in death.

Such more or less seems the condition of the people. Beyond reach of all communication, receiving such stray letters as may come not once in six long months, with diseased bodies, and wretched homes, they drag out their lives in the wildest and most barren island of the North. Their crops, raised with often hard labor from a cold and stony soil, can only support them for three months out of the twelve. Indeed, their only life is from the sea. It is the sea that brings the fish to their nets: it is the sea that strews their shore with the spoils of wrecked vessels. (Thus we saw in the minister's house a huge German musical box saved from the wreck of the Lessing.)

Seeing a great parcel of papers, we went on board again.

Tuesday, 22d.
In Snabster Roads.

This letter goes to-night; hoping all are well, believe me ever your affectionate son, R. L. Stevenson.

(To be continued.)

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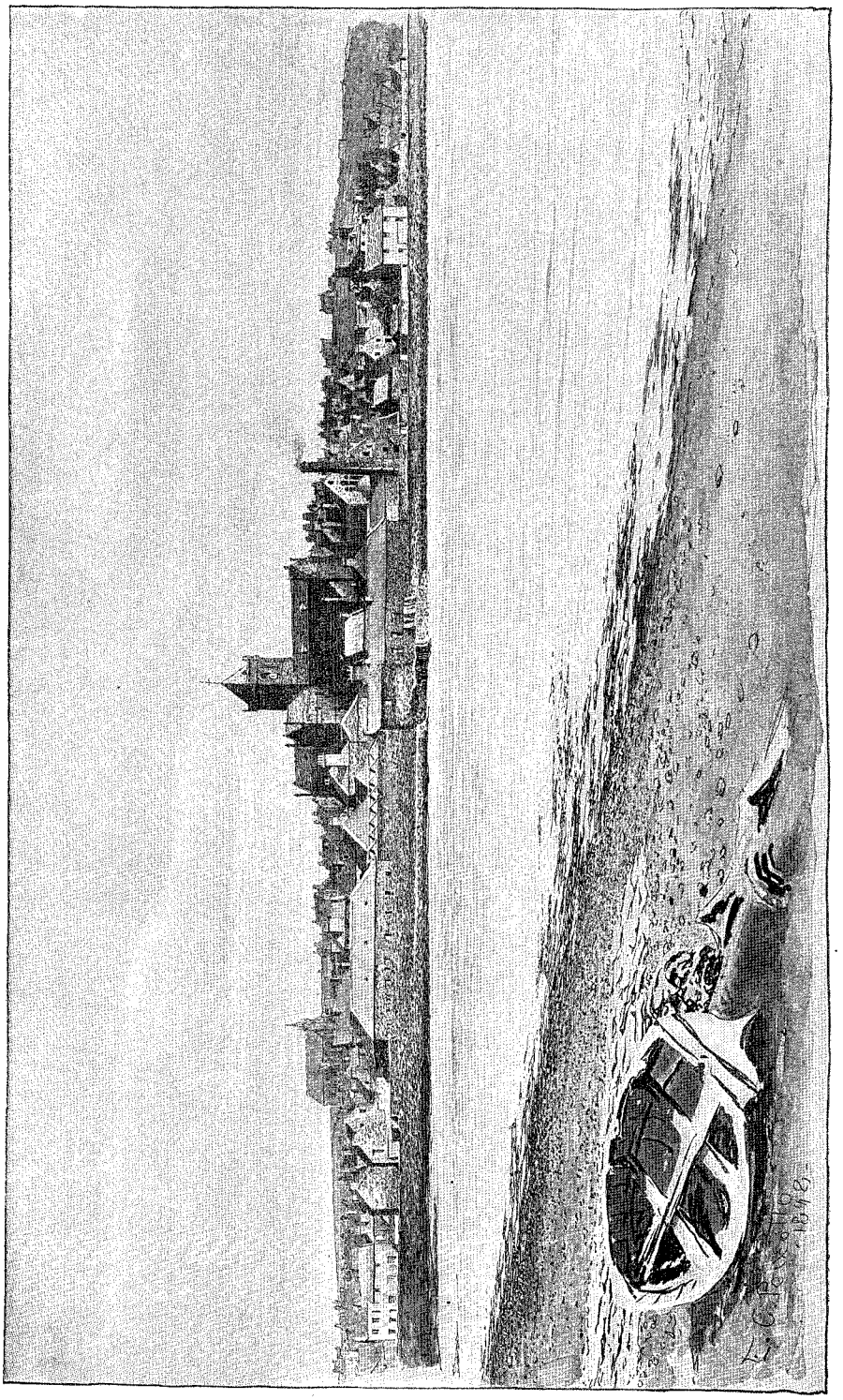

Kirkwall from the Causeway.
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THE ENTOMOLOGIST

By George W. Cable

With an Illustration by Albert Herter

I

AN odd feature of New Orleans is the way homes of all ranks, in so many sections of it, are mingled. The easy, bright democracy of the thing is what one might fancy of ancient Greeks; only, here there is a general wooden frailty.

A notable phase of this characteristic is the multitude of small, frame, ground-story double cottages fronting endwise to the street, on lots that give either side barely space enough for one row of twelve-foot rooms with windows on a three-foot alley leading to the narrow back-yard.

Thus they lie, deployed in pairs or half-dozens, by hundreds, in the variable intervals between houses and gardens of dignity and elegance; hot as ovens, taking their perpetual bath of the great cleanser, sunshine. Sometimes they open directly upon the banquette (sidewalk), but often behind as much as a fathom of front-yard, as gay with flowers as a girl's hat, and as fragrant of sweet-olive, citronelle, and heliotrope as her garments. In the right-hand half of such a one, far down on the Creole side of Canal Street, and well out toward the swamp, lived our friend the entomologist.

Just a glance at it was enough to intoxicate one's guessworks. It seemed to confess newness of life, joy, passion, temperance, refinement, aspiration, modest wisdom, and serene courage. You would say there must live two well-mated young lovers—but one can't always tell.

We first came to know the entomologist through our opposite neighbors, the Fontenettes, when we lived in the street that still bears the romantic name, Sixth. What a pity nothing rhymes to it! *Their* ground-story cottage was of a much better sort. It lay broadside to the street, two-thirds across a lot of forty feet width, in the good old Creole fashion, its front garden twelve feet deep, and its street fence, of white palings, higher than the passer's head. The parlor and dining-room were on the left, and the two main bedrooms on the right, next the garden, Mrs. Fontenette's in front, opening into the parlor, Monsieur's behind, letting into the dining-room. For there had been a broader garden on the parlor and dining-room side, but that had been sold and built on. I fancy that if Mrs. Fontenette—who was not a Creole, as her husband was, but had once been a Miss Bangs, or something, and still called blackberries "blackbries," and made root rhyme with foot—I fancy if she had been doomed to our entomologist's sort of a house she would have been too broken in spirit to have made anybody's acquaintance.

For our pretty blonde neighbor had ambitions, or *had* had, as she once hinted to me with a dainty sadness. When I somehow let slip to her that I had repeated her delicately balanced words to my wife she gave me one melting glance of reproach, and thenceforth confided in me no more beyond the limits of literary criticism and theology—and botany. I remember we were among the few roses of her small flower-beds at the time, and I was trying to show her what was blighting them all in the bud. She called them "rose-es."

They rarely bloomed for her; she was always for being the rose herself—as Monsieur Fontenette once said; but he said it with a glance of fond admiration. Her name was Flora, and yet not flowers, but their book-lore, best suited her subtle capriciousness. There hung in our hall an entire unmarred beard of the beautiful gray Spanish moss, eight feet long. I had got this unusual specimen by tiptoeing from the thwarts of a skiff with twelve feet of yellow crevasse-waters beneath, the shade of the vast cypress-forest above, and the bough whence it hung brought within hand's reach for the first time in a century. Thus I explained it one day to Mrs. Fontenette, as she touched its ends with a delicate finger.

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"Tillandsia" was her one word of response. She loved no other part of botany quite so much as its Latin.

"The Baron ought to see that," said Monsieur. He was a man of quiet manners, not over-social, who had once enjoyed a handsome business income, but had early—about the time of his marriage—been made poor through the partial collapse of the house in Havre whose cotton-buyer he had been, and, in a scant way, still was. "When a cotton-buyer geds down, he stays," was all the explanation he ever gave us. He had unfretfully let adversity cage him for life in the only occupation he knew, while the wife he adored kept him pecuniarily bled to death, without sharing his silent resigna— There I go again! Somehow I can't talk about her without seeming unjust and rude. I felt it just now, even, when I quoted her husband's fond word, that she always chose to be the rose herself. Well, she nearly always succeeded; she was a rose —with some of the rose's drawbacks.

When we asked who the Baron might be it was she who told us, but in a certain disappointed way, as if she would rather have kept him unknown awhile longer. He was, she said, a profoundly learned man, graduate of one of those great universities over in his native Germany, and a naturalist. Young? Well, eh—comparatively—yes. At which the silent husband smiled his dissent.

The Baron was an entomologist. Both the Fontenettes thought we should be fascinated with the beauty of some of his cases of moths and butterflies.

"And coleoptera," said the soft rose-wife. She could ask him to bring them to us. Take us to him?—Oh!—eh—her embarrassment made her prettier, as she broke it to us gently that the Baroness was a seamstress. She hushed at her husband's mention of shirts; but recovered when he harked back to the Baron, and beamed her unspoken apologies for the great, brave scholar who daily, silently bore up under this awful humiliation.

Toward the close of the next afternoon she brought the entomologist. I can see yet the glad flutter she could not hide as they came up our front garden-walk in an air spiced by the "four-o'clocks," with whose small trumpets—red, white, and yellow—our children were filling their laps and stringing them on the seed-stalks of the cocoa-grass. He was bent and spectacled, of course; *l'entomologie oblige;* but, oh, besides!— "Comparatively young," Mrs. Fontenette had said, and I naturally used her husband, who was thirty-one, for the comparison. Why, this man? It would have been a laughable flattery to have guessed his age to be forty-five. Yet that was really the fact. Many a man looks younger at sixty—oh, at sixty-five! He was dark, bloodless, bowed, thin, weather-beaten, ill-clad —a picture of decent, incurable penury. The best thing about him was his head. It was not imposing at all, but it was interesting, albeit very meagrely graced with fine brown hair, dry and neglected. I read him through without an effort before we had been ten minutes together; a leaf still hanging to humanity's tree, but faded and shrivelled around some small worm that was feeding on its juices. And there was no mistaking that worm; it was the avarice of knowledge. He had lost life by making knowledge its ultimate end, and was still delving on, with never a laugh and never a cheer, feeding his emaciated heart on the locusts and wild honey of entomology and botany, satisfied with them for their own sake, without reference to God or man; an infant in emotions, who time and again would no doubt have starved outright but for his wife, whom there and then I resolved we should know also. I was amused to see, by stolen glances, my wife study him. She did not know she frowned, nor did he; but Mrs. Fontenette knew it every time. We all had the advantage of him as to common sight. His glasses were obviously of a very high power, yet he could scarcely see anything till he clapped his face close down and hunted for it. When he pencilled for me the new Latin name he had given to a small, slender, almost dazzling green beetle inhabiting the Spanish moss —his own scientific discovery—he wrote it so minutely that I had to use a lens to read it. As we sat close around the library lamp, I noticed how often his poor clothing had been mended by a woman's needle. His linen was discouraging, his cravat awry and dingy, and his hands—we

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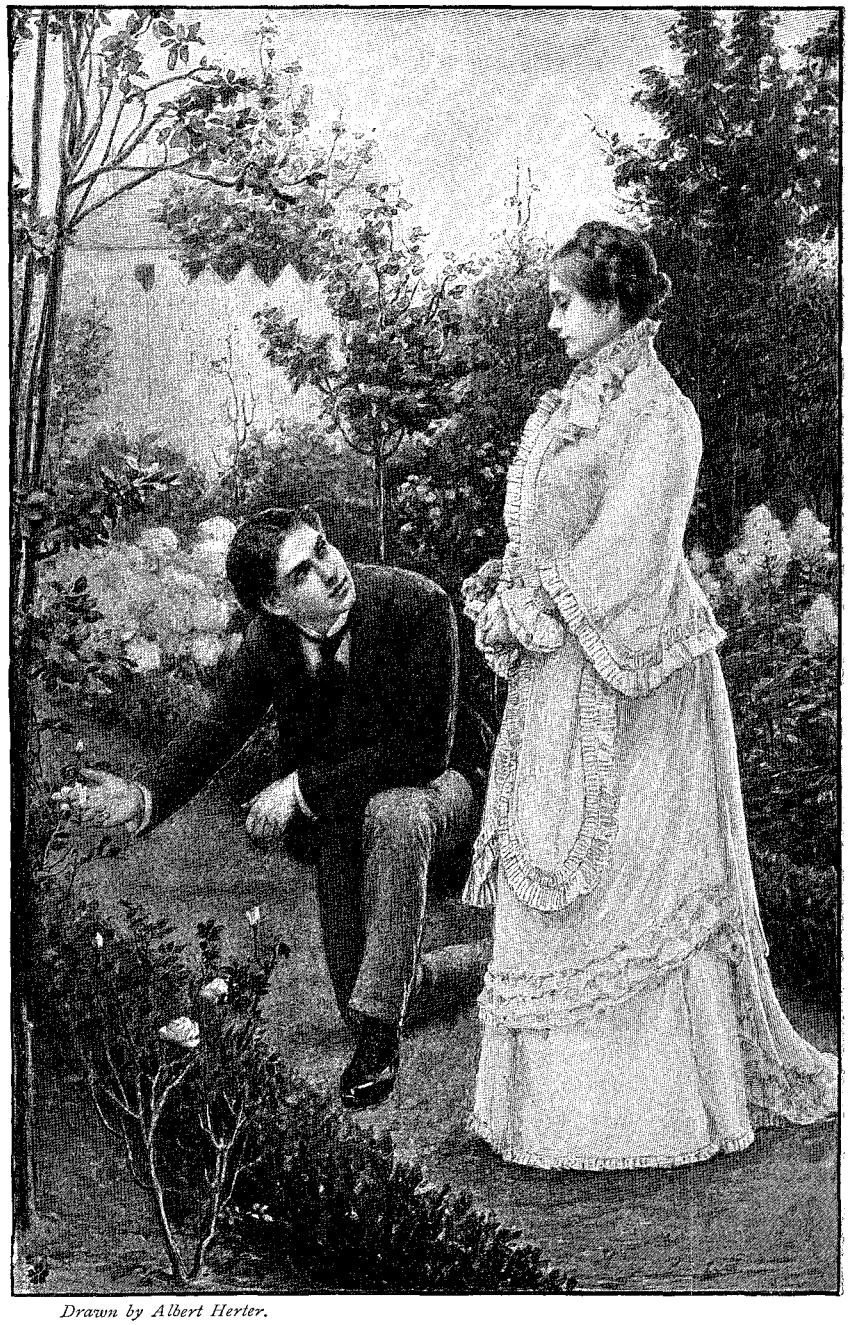

Drawn by Albert Herter.

They rarely bloomed for her; she was always for being the rose herself.—Page 50.

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had better pass his hands; yet they were slender and refined.

Also they shook, though not from any habit commonly called vicious. You could see that no vice of the body nor any lust of material things had ever led him captive. He gave one the tender despair with which we look on a blind babe.

When we expressed regret that his wife had not come with him, he only bent with a deeper greed into a book I had handed him, and after a moment laid it down disappointedly, saying that it was "fool of plundters." Mrs. Fontenette asking to be shown one of them, they reopened the book together, she all consciousness as she bent against him over the page, he oblivious of everything but the phrase they were hunting. He gave his forehead a tap of despair as he showed where the book called this same Tillandsia, or Spanish moss, a parasite.

"It iss no baraseet," he explained, in a mellow falsetto, "it iss an epipheet!"

"An air-plant!" said his fair worshipper, softly drinking in a bosomful of gladness as she made the distance between them more discreet.

Distances were all one to him. He seemed like a burnt log, still in shape but gone to ashes, except in one warm spot where glowed this self-consuming, world-sacrificing adoration of knowledge; knowledge sought, as I say, purely for its own sake and narrowed down to names and technical descriptions. Men of *perverted* principles and passions you may find anywhere; but I never had seen anyone so totally undeveloped in all the emotions, affections, tastes that make life *life*.

A few afternoons later I went to his house. For pretext I carried a huge green worm, but I went mainly to see just how unluckily he was married. He was not at home. I found his partner a small, bright, toil-worn, pretty woman of hardly twenty-eight or nine, whose two or three children had died in infancy, and who had blended wifehood and motherhood together, and was taking care of the Baron as a widow would care for a crippled son, and at the same time reverencing him as if he were a demigod. Of his utter failure to provide their daily living she confessed herself by every implication, simply—proud! What else should a demigod's wife expect? At the same time, without any direct statement, she made it clear that she had no disdain, but only the broadest charity, for men who make a living. It was odd how few her smiles were, and droll how much sweetness—what a sane winsomeness—she managed to radiate without them. I left her in her clean, bright cottage, like a nesting bird in a flowery bush, and entered my own home, declaring, with what I was gently told was unnecessary enthusiasm, that the Baron's wife was the "unluckily married" one, and the best piece of luck her husband had ever had. I had seen women make a virtue of necessity, but I had never before seen one make a conviction, comfort, and joy of it, and I should try to like the Baron, I said, if only for her sake.

Of course I became, in some degree, a source of revenue to him. Understand, there was always a genuine exchange of so much for so much; he was not a "baraseet"—oh, no!—yet he hung on. We still have, stowed somewhere, a large case of butterflies, another of splendid moths, and a smaller one of glistening beetles. Nor can I begrudge their cost, of whatever sort, even now when my delight in them is no longer a constant enthusiasm. The cases of specimens have passed from daily sight, but thenceforth, as never before, our garden was furnished with guests—pages, ladies, poets, fairies, emperors, goddesses—coming and going on gorgeous wings, and none ever a stranger more than once. My non-parasitic friend "opened a new world" to me; a world that so flattered one with its grace and beauty, its marvellous delicacy and minuteness, its glory of color and curiousness of marking, and its exquisite adaptation of form to need and function, that in my meaner depths, or say my childish shallows—I resented Mrs. Fontenette's making the same avowal for herself—I didn't believe her!

I do not say she was consciously shamming; but I could see she drank in the Baron's revelations with no more true spiritual exaltation than the quivering twilight moths drew from our veranda honeysuckles. Yet it was mainly her vanity that feasted, not any lower impulse—of which, you know, there are several—and, possibly, all her vanity craved at first

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was the tinsel distinction of unusual knowledge. One night she got into my dreams. I seemed to be explaining to Monsieur Fontenette apologetically that this newly opened world was not at all separate from my old one, but shone everywhere in it, like our winged guests in our garden, and followed and surrounded me far beyond the Baron's company, terminology, and magnifying-glass, lightening the burdens and stress of the very counting-room and exchange. Whereat he seemed to flare up!

"Ah! — you — I believe yes! But she?" he waved his hand in fierce unbelief.

I awoke concerned, and got myself to sleep again only by remembering the utter absence of vanity in the Baron himself. I lay smiling in the dark to think how much less all our verbal caressings were worth to him than the drone of the most familiar beetle, and how his life-long delving in books and nature had opened up this fairy world to him only at the cost of shutting up all others. If education means calling forth and perfecting our powers and affections, he was ten times more uneducated than his wife, even as we knew her then. He appeared to care no more for human interests, far or near, in large or small, than a crab cares for the stars. I fell asleep chuckling in remembrance of an occasion when Mrs. Fontenette, taking her cue from me, spoke to him of his plant-and-insect lore as one of the many worlds there are within *the* world, no more displacing it than light displaces air, or than fragrance displaces form or sound. He made her say it all over again, and then asked: "Vhere vas dat?"

No butterfly raptures for him; he devoured the one kind of facts he cared for, as a caterpillar devours leaves.

How Mrs. Fontenette got us entangled with some six or eight others in her project for a botanizing and butterfly-chasing picnic I do not know; but she did. On the evening before the appointed day I perfidiously crawfished out of it, and our house furnished only one delegate, whom I urged to go rather than break up the party—I never break up a party if I can avoid it. "But as for me going," I said, "my business simply won't let me!" At which our pretty neighbor expressed her regrets with a ready resignation that broke into open sunshine as she lamented the same inability in her husband. To my suggestion that the Baroness be invited, Mrs. Fontenette smiled a sweet amusement that was perfect in its way, and said she hoped the weather would be propitious; people were so timid about rain.

It was. When I came home, tardily, that afternoon, the picnickers had not returned, though the oleanders and crape-myrtles on the grounds next ours cast shadows three times their length across our lawn. In an aimless way I roamed from the house down into my small rear garden, thinking oftenest, of course, of the absentees, and admiring the refined good sense with which Monsieur Fontenette seemed to have decided to let this unperilous attack of silliness run itself out in the woman he loved with so much tenderness and with so much passion. "How much distress he is saving himself and all of us," I caught myself murmuring, audibly, out among my fig-trees. Finding two or three figs fully ripe, I strolled over the way to see him among his trees and maybe find chance for a little neighborly boasting. As our custom with each other was, I ignored the bell on his gate, drew the bolt, and, passing in among Mrs. Fontenette's invalid roses, must have moved, without intention, quite noiselessly from one to another, until I came around behind the house, where a strong old cloth-of-gold rose-vine half covered the latticed side of the cistern-shed. In the doorway I stopped in silent amaze. A small looking-glass hanging against the wooden cistern showed me—although I was in much the stronger light—Monsieur Fontenette. He was just straightening up from an oil-stone he had been using, and the reflection of his face fell full on the glass. Once before, but once only, had I seen such agony of countenance—such fierce and awful looking in and out at the same time; that was on a man who was still trying to get the best of a fight in which he knew he was mortally shot. Fontenette did not see me. I suppose the rose-vine screened me, and his glance did not rise quite to the mirror, but followed the soft thumbings with which he tried the two edges and point of as murderous a knife as ever I saw.

As softly as a shadow I drew out of

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sight, turned away, and went almost back to the gate before I let my footfall be heard, and called, "M'sieu' Fontenette!"

He hallooed from the shed in a playful sham of being a mile or so away, and emerged from the lattice and vine with that accustomed light of equanimity on his features which made him always so thoroughly good-looking. He came hitching his waistband with both hands in that innocent Creole way that belongs to the latitude, and how I knew I cannot tell you, but I did know—I didn't merely feel or think, but I knew!—*positively*—that he had that hideous thing on his person.

Against what contingency I could only ask myself and wonder, but I instantly decided to get him away from home and keep him away until the picnickers had got back and scattered. So I proposed a walk, a diversion we had often enjoyed together.

"Yes?" he said, "to pazz the time whilse they don't arrive? With the greates' of pleasu'e!"

I dare say we were both more preoccupied than we thought we were, for outside the gate we fairly ran into a lady—yes, a seamstress—the wife of the entomologist. My stars! she had seemed winning enough before, but now—what a rise in values! As we conversed it was all I could do to keep my eyes from saying: "A man with you for a wife belongs at home whenever he can be there!" But whether they spoke it or not, in some way, without word or glance, by simple radiations from the whole sweet woman, she revealed that to make that fact plain to him, to *her*, and to all of us, was what this new emphasis of charm was for. She had come, she said—and scarcely on the lips of the loveliest Creole did I ever hear a more bewitching broken English—she had come according to a half-promise made to Mrs. Fontenette to show her—"I tidn't etsectly promised, I chust said I vill some time come—"

"And Mrs. Fontenette didn't object," I playfully interrupted—

"No," said the unruffled speaker, "I chust said I vill come; yes; to show her a new vay to remoof, remoof? is sat English? So? A new way to remoof old stains."

"A new way—" responded Fontenette, with an air of gravest interest in all matters of laundry.

"Yes," she repeated, as simply as a babe, "a new vay; and I sought I come now so to go home viss mine hussbandt." There, at last, she smiled, and to make the caressing pride of her closing tone still prettier, lifted her figured muslin out sidewise between the thumb and forefinger of each hand with even more archaic grace than playfulness.

As the three of us crossed over and took seats on my veranda, we were joined by the neighbor whose garden-trees I have mentioned; the same man of whom I once told you, how he failed to strike a bargain with old Manouvrier, the taxidermist; a Missourian, in the produce business, a thoroughly good fellow, but—well—oh—! He came perspiring, flourishing a palm-leaf fan and a large handkerchief, to say I might keep all the shade his tall house and trees dropped on my side of the fence. And presently what does the simple fellow do but begin to chaff the three of us on the absence of our three partners!

I held my breath in dismay! The more I strove to change the subject the more our fat wag, fancying he was teasing me to the delight of the others, harped on the one string, until with pure apprehension of what Fontenette might presently do or say, my blood ran hot and cold. But Monsieur showed neither amusement nor annoyance, only a perfectly gracious endurance. Yet how could I know what instant that might give way, or what serpent's eggs the joker's inanities might in the next day or hour turn out to be, laid in the hot heart of the Creole gentleman? Then it was that this slender little German seamstress-wife shone forth like the first star of the breathless twilight.

Seamstress? no; she had left the seamstress totally behind her. You might have thought the finest tactics of the drawing-room—not of to-day, but of the times when gentlemen wore swords and dirks—had been at her finger-ends all her life. She took our good neighbor's giddy pleasantries as deep truths lightly put, and answered them in such graceful, mild earnest, and with such a modest, yet fetching, quaintness, that we were all preached to more effectively than we could have been by seven priests from one pulpit. Or, at any rate, that was my feeling; every note she uttered was melodiously kind, but every sentence was an arrow sent home.

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"You make me," she said, "you make me sink of se aunt of my musser, vhat she said to my musser vhen my musser iss getting married. 'Senda,' she said, 'vonce in a vhile' — is sat right, 'vonce in a vhile?'—so?—'vonce in a vhile your Rudolph going to see a voman he better had married san you. Sen he going to fall a little vay—maybe a good vay—in love viss her; and sen if Rudolph iss a scoundtrel, or if you iss a fool, sare be trouble. But if Rudolph don't be a scoundtrel and you don't be a fool he vill pretty soon straight' up himself and say, "One man can't ever'sing have, and mine Senda she is enough! . . . Sat vas my Aunt Senda."

"Your mother was named for her?"

"Yes, my musser, and me; I am name' Senda, se same. She vas se Countess von (Something) — sat aunt of my musser. She vas a fine voman."

"Still," said our joker, "you know she was only about half right in that advice."

"No," she replied, putting on a drowsy tone, "I don't know; and I sink you don't know eeser."

"I reckon I do," he insisted. "We're all made of inflammable stuff. Any *man* knows that. We couldn't, any of us, pull through life decently if we didn't let each other be each other's keeper; could we, Fontenette?"

No sound from Fontenette. "Hmm!" hummed the little woman, in such soft derision that only he and I heard it; and after a moment she said, "Yes, it is so. But, you know who is se only good keeper? Sat is love."

"And jealousy," suggested Bulk; "the blindfold boy and the green-eyed monster."

"Se creen-eyedt—no, I sink not. Chalousie have destroyed—is sat correct?—yes? Chalousie have destroyed a sow-sand sowsand times so much happiness as it ever saved—ah! see se lightening! I sink sat is se displeasure of heaven to my so bad English. Ah? see it again? Vell, I vill stop."

"You ought to be in a better world than this," laughed our fat neighbor.

"No," she chanted, "I rasser sis one. I sink mine hussbandt never be satisfied viss a vorld not full of vorms and bugs; and I am glad to stay alvays viss mine hussbandt."

"And I reckon he thinks you're big enough world for him, just yourself, doesn't he?"

"No." She seemed to speak more than half to herself. "A man—see se lightening!—a man who can be satisfied viss a vorld no bigger as I can by mineself gif him—mine Kott! I vould not haf such a man! See se lightening! but I sink sare vill be no storm; sare is no sunder viss se ligh'—Ah! sare are se trhuants!" We rose to meet them. First came the children, vaunting their fatigue, then a black maid or two, with twice their share of baskets, and then our three spouses; the Baron was mute. The two ladies called cheery, weary good-byes to another contingent, that passed on by the gate, and hail and farewell to our fat neighbor as he went home. Then they yielded their small burdens to us, climbed the veranda stairs and entered the house.

No battle, it is said, is ever fought, and I dare say no game—worth counting—is ever played, exactly as previously planned. One of our company had planned, very secretly, as he thought, a battle; another, almost openly, was already waging hers; while a third was playing a game—though probably, I admit, fighting, inwardly, her poor weak battle also; and none of the three offered an exception to this rule. The first clear proof of it—which it still gives me a low sort of pleasure to recall—was my prompt discovery, as we gathered around the tea-board, to eat the picnic's remains, that our Flora was out of humor with the Baron. It was plain that the whole day's flood of small experiences had been to her pretty vanity a Tantalus's cup. She was quick to tell, with an irritation, which she genuinely tried to conceal, and with scarcely an ounce of words to a ton of dead-sweet insinuation, what a social failure he had chosen to be. Evidently he had spent every golden hour of sweet spiritual opportunity—I speak from her point of view, or, at least, my notion of it—not in catching and communicating the charm of any scene or incident, nor in thrilling comparisons of sentiment with anyone, nor in any impartation of inspiring knowledge, nor in any mirthful exchange of compliments or gay glances over the salad and sandwiches; but in

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constantly poking and plodding through thicket and mire and solitarily peering and prying on the under sides of leaves and stems and up and down and all around the bark of every rough-trunked tree.

She made the picture amusing, none the less, and to no one more so than to the Baron's wife, whose presence among us at the board was as fragrant, so to speak, as that of a violet among its leaves and sisters. "Ah! Gustaf," she said, with a cadenced gravity more taking than mirth, "sat iss a treat-ment nobody got a right to but me. But tell me, tell se company, what new sings have you found? I know you have not hunt all se day and nossing new found."

But the Baron had found nothing new. He told us so with his mouth dripping and his nose in the trough—his plate I should say. You could hear him chew across the room. Suddenly, however, he ceased eating and began to pour forth an account of his day's observation, in response to which M. Fontenette, to my amused mystification, led us all in the interest with which we listened. The Baron forgot his food, and when reminded of it, pushed it away with a grunt and talked on and on, while we almost forgot our own.

As we rose to return to the veranda, the Creole still offered him an undivided attention, which the Baron rewarded with his continued discourse. As I gave Fontenette a light for his cigarette I held his eye for a moment with a brightness of face into which I put as significant approval as I dared; for I fancied the same unuttered word was brooding in both our hearts: "A new way to remoof old stains." Then he turned and gave all his attention once more to the entomologist, as they walked out upon the gallery together behind their wives. And the German woman courted the pretty New Englander as sweetly as the Creole courted her husband, and with twice the energy. She was a bubbling spring of information in the Baron's science; she was a well of sweet philosophy on life and conduct, and at every turn of their conversation, always letting Mrs. Fontenette turn it, she showed her own to be the better mind and the better training.

When Mrs. Fontenette, before anyone else, rose to go — maybe my dislike of her only made it seem so—but I believed she did it out of pure bafflement and chagrin. Not so believed her husband. He responded gratefully; yet lingered, still listening to the entomologist, until she fondlingly chid him for forgetting that while he had been all day in his swivel-chair, she had passed the hours in unusual fatigues! She declined his arm in our garden-walk, and positively forbade me to cut a rose for her—but with a grace almost maidenly. As I let them out, the heat-lightning gleamed again low in the west. A playfulness came into M. Fontenette's face and he murmured to me, "See se lightening."

"Yes," I replied, pressing his hand, "but I sink sare vill be no storm if sare iss no sunder."

Mrs. Fontenette gave a faint gasp of impatience and left us at a run, tripping fairily across the rough street at the only point visible to those on the veranda. Fontenette scowled unaware as he started to follow, and the next moment a short "aha!" escaped him. For, at her gate, to my unholy joy, she stumbled just enough to make the whole performance unspeakably ridiculous, and flirted into her cottage——

"In tears!" I offered to bet myself as I turned to rejoin my companions on the veranda, and wished with all my soul the goggled Baron could have seen it

But the best of eyes would not have counted this time, for he was not there. He had accepted the offer of a room, where he was giving the day's specimens certain treatments which he believed, or pretended, could not wait until he should reach his far downtown cottage. His hostess and his wife had gone with him, but now some light discussion of house adornment was drawing them to the parlor. As this room was being lighted I saw our guest, evidently through force of an early habit, turn a critical glance to the music on the piano, and as quickly withdraw it. Both of us motioned her solicitously to the music-stool.

"No, I do not play."

"Then you sing."

"No, not now, any more yet." But when she had let us tease her a wee bit just for one little German song, she went to the instrument, talking slowly as she went,

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and closing the door in the entomologist's direction as she talked.

"Siss a great vhile I haf not done siss," she concluded, as her fingers began to drift over the keys, and then she sang, very gently, even guardedly, but oh, so sweetly!

We were amazed. Here, without the slightest splendor of achievement or adventure, seemed to be the most incredible piece of real life we had ever seen. Why, I asked myself, was this woman so short even of German friends as to be condemned to a seamstress's penury? And my best guess was to lay it to the zeal of her old-fashioned—and yet not merely old-fashioned — wifehood, which could accept no friendship that did not unqualifiedly accept him; and he?—Goodness!

When she ceased neither listener spoke; the tears were in our throats. She bent her head slightly over the keys, and said, "I like to sing you anusser." We accepted eagerly, and she sang again. There was nothing of personal application in either song, yet now, near the end, where there was a purposed silence in the melody, the silence hung on and on until it was clear she was struggling with herself; but again the strain arose without a tremor, and so she finished. "Oh, no, no," she replied, to our solicitation, with the grateful emphasis of one who declines a third glass, "se sooner I stop, se better for ever'body," meaning specially herself, I fancy, speaking, as she rose, in a tone of such happy decision, and yet so melodiously, that two or three strings in the piano replied.

Her hostess took her hands and said there was one thing she could and must do; she and her husband must spend the night with us. There was a bed-chamber connected with the room where the Baron was still at work, and, really—this and that, and that and this—until in the heat of argument they called each other "My dear," and presently the ayes had it. The last word I heard from our fair guest was to her hostess at the door of her chamber, the farthest down the hall. It was as to shutting or not shutting the windows. "No," she said, "I sink sare vill be no storm, because sare is yet no sunder vis se lightening." And so it turned out. But at the same time——

My room adjoined the Baron's in front as his wife's did farther back. A door of his and window of mine stood wide open on the one balcony, from which a flight of narrow steps led down into the side garden. Thus for some time after I was in bed I heard him stirring; but by and by, with no sound to betoken it except the shutting of this door, it was plain he had lain down.

I awoke with a sense of having been some hours asleep, and in fact the full moon, shining gloriously, had passed the meridian. The balcony was lighted up by it like noon, and on it stood the entomologist, entirely dressed. The door was shut behind him. He was looking in at my window, but he did not know the room was mine, and with eyes twice as good as he had he could not have seen through my mosquito-bar. I wondered, but lay still till he had started softly down the steps. Then I sprang out of bed on the dark side, and dressed faster than a fireman. When half-clad I went and looked out a parlor window. He was trying the gate, which was locked. But he knew where the key always hung, behind the post, and turned to get it. I went back and finished dressing—stole down the inner, basement stairs and out into the deep shadows of the garden, and presently saw my guest passing in through the Fontenettes' gate, whose bolt he had drawn from the outside. As angry now as I had been amazed I hurried after. To avoid the moonlight I followed the shadows of the sidewalk-trees down to the next corner, to cross there and come back under a like cover on the other side. But squarely on the crossing I was met and stopped by a belated drunkard, who had a proposition to make to me which he thought no true gentleman, such as he was, for instance, could decline. I was alone, he asked me to notice; and he was alone; but if he should go with me, which he would be glad to do, why, then, you see, we should be together. He stuck like a bur, and it was minutes before I got him well started off in his own right direction. I slipped to the Fontenettes' gate, as near as was best, and instantly saw, between one of its posts and a very black myrtle-orange, Fontenette himself, standing as still as the trees. I was not in so deep a shade as he, but I

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might have stepped right out into the moonlight without his seeing me, so intensely was he watching his wife's front door. For there stood the entomologist. He had evidently been knocking, and was about to knock again when there came some response from within, to which he replied, in a suppressed yet eager and agitated voice, "Mine Psyche! Oh, mine Psyche! She is come to me undt she is bringing me already more as a hoondredt —vhat?" He had been interrupted from within. "Vhat you say?"

Fontenette drew his knife.

I stood ready to spring the instant he should stir to advance. I realized almost unbearably my position, stealing thus at such a moment on the heels of my neighbor and friend, but this is not a story of feelings, at any rate, not of mine.

"Vhat?" said the entomologist. "Go avay. Mien Gott! No, I vill not ko avay. Mien gloryform! Gif me first mine gloryform! Dot Psyche hass come out fon ter grysalis! she hass drawn me dot room full mit oder Psyches, undt you haf mine pottle of gloryform in your pocket yet! Yes, ko kit ut; I vait; ach!" Presently he seemed to hear from inside a second approach. Then the door opened an inch or so, and with another "Ach!" and never a word of thanks, he snatched the vial and, turning to make off with it, came nose to nose with M. Fontenette, who stood in the moonlight gateway holding a blazing match to his cigarette.

"Well, sir, good-evening again," said the Creole. I noticed the perfection of his dress; evidently he had not as yet loosed as much as a shoestring. And then I observed also that the visitor so close before him was without his shoes. "Good-evening—or, good-morning, perchance," said Fontenette. "I suepose thaz a great thing to remove those old stain' that chloro*form*, eh?"

"Ach! it iss you? Ach, you must coom—coom undt hellup me! Coom! you shall see *someding*."

"A moment," said the Creole. "May I inquire you how is that, that you call on us in yo' sock feet?"

"Ach! I am already t'e socks putting on pefore I remember I do not need t'em! But coom! coom! see a vonderfool!" He led, and Fontenette, when he had blown a cloud of smoke through his nose, followed, saying exclusively for his own ear:

"A wonder fool, yes! But a fool is no wonder to me any more; I find myself to be that kind."

When, hypocritically clad in dressing-gown and slippers, I stopped at my guest's inner door and Fontenette opened it just enough to let me in, I saw, indeed, a wonderful sight. The entomologist had lighted up the room, and it was filled, filled! with gorgeous moths as large as my hand and all of a kind, dancing across one another's airy paths in a bewildering maze or alighting and quivering on this thing and that. The mosquito-net, draping almost from ceiling to floor, was beflowered with them majestically displaying in splendid alternation their upper and under colors, or, with wings lifted and vibrant, tipping to one side and another as they crept up the white mesh, like painted and gilded sails in a fairies' regatta.

And all this life and beauty, this gay glory and tremorous ecstasy and effort was here for moth-love of one incarnate fever of frail-winged loveliness! Oh! to what unguessed archangelic observation, to what infinite seraphic compassion, may not our own swarming race, who dare not too much pity ourselves, be but just such dainty ephemera! Splendid in purposes, intelligence, and affections as these in colors and grace, glorious when on the wing, and marvellous still, riddles of wonder, even when crawling and quivering, tipping and swerving from the upright and true, like these palpitating flowers of desire, now this way and now that, forever drawn and driven by the sweet tyrannies of instinct and impulse. So rushed the thought in upon me, and if it was not of the divinest or manliest inspiration, at least it took some uncharity out of me for the moment. As in mechanical silence Fontenette obeyed the busy requests of the entomologist, I presently looked more on those two than on the winged multitude, and thought on, of the myriad true tales of love-weakness and love-wrath for which they and their two pretty mates were just now so unlucky as to stand; of the awful naturalness of such things; of the butterfly beauty and wonder—nay, rather the divine possibilities of the lives such things so naturally speed to wreck;

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and then of Tom Moore almost too playfully singing:

> Ah! did we take for Heaven above
> But half such pains as we
> Take, day and night, for woman's love,
> What Angels we should be!

But while I moralized there came a change. Beneath the entomologist's dark hand, as it searched and hurried throughout the room, the flutter of wings had ceased as under a wind of death.

"You must have a hundred and fifty of them," I said as the last victim ceased to flutter.

"Yes."

"Their sale is slow, of course, but every time you sell one, you ought to get"—I was judging by some prices he had charged me—"you ought to get two dollars." And I secretly rejoiced for "Senda."

"I not can afford to sell t'em," he replied, with his back to me.

"Why, how so?"

"No, it iss t'is kind vhat I can exshange for five, six, maybe seven specimenss fon Ahfrica undt Owstrahlia. No, I vill not sell t'em."

"Oh, I see," said I. "Fontenette, I'm going to bed." And Fontenette went too.

The next day was cloudless—in two hearts; "Senda's," and Fontenette's. As to the sky, that is another matter; one of the charms of that warm wet land is that, with all its sunshine, it is almost never without clouds. And indeed it would be truer to say of my two friends' skies, that they had clouds, but the clouds were silvered through with happy reassurances. Jealousy, we are told, once set on fire, burns without fuel; but I must think that that is oftenest, if not always, the jealousy of a selfish love. Or, rather—let me quote Senda, as she spoke the only other time she ever touched upon the subject with us. Our fat neighbor had dragged it in again as innocently as a young dog brings an old shoe into the parlor, and, the Fontenettes being absent, she had the nerve and wisdom not to avoid it. Said she: "Some of us—not all—have great power to love. Some, not all, who have sis power—to love—have also se power to trust. Me, I rasser be trustet and not loved, san to be loved and not trustet."

"How about a little of each?" asked our neighbor.

"Oh! If se *nature* iss little, sat iss, maybe, very vell—?" She spoke as kindly as a mother to her babe, but he stole a slow glance here and there, as though someone had shot him with a pea in church, and dropped the theme.

Which I, too, will do when I have noted the one thing I had particularly in mind to say, of Fontenette: that, as Senda remarked—for the above is an abridgment—"I rasser see chalousie vissout cause, san cause vissout chalousie;" and that even while I was witness of the profound ferocity of his jealousy when roused, and more and more as time passed on, I was impressed with its sweet reasonableness.

(To be continued.)

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Hired Transport.

THE BRITISH ARMY MANŒUVRES

By Captain W. Elliott Cairnes

Royal Irish Fusiliers

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WHILE the Egyptian army, led and trained by British officers and stiffened by two British brigades of picked troops, was engaged in dealing the death-blow to Mahdiism in the Soudan, the English military authorities at home were endeavoring, by exercising large bodies of troops in mimic war, to give to the staff and to the officers of the higher grades that training in the art of handling and moving large bodies of men which is now held to form an indispensable part of the education of the European soldier.

For many years English officers have looked with wistful eyes on the great annual manœuvres of enormous continental armies of Europe, and have at last succeeded in impressing on the British Government the necessity for providing some legislative measure by which private owners might be, if necessary, compelled to permit the free passage of troops over their land, provision being at the same time made for the issue of adequate compensation where damage could be proved. The powers asked for were provided by the Manœuvre Act, which, after a certain amount of opposition, finally became law in the course of the last session of Parliament. This Act provides that, by giving a few months' notice, the military authorities can acquire the right to move troops freely over any proclaimed area, to close to the public certain roads, if necessity should arise, to forbid the access of civilians to any particular points, and, finally, to make all the ordinary civilian traffic of the district subservient for the moment to the military requirements of the situation. On the other hand, this Act provides that officers should be appointed to receive all complaints of damage to crops, fences, or game, caused by the troops, a special clause further protecting the land-owner or occupier by legislating for the assembly of a committee, on which the local authorities should be represented to adjudicate on all disputed points on the close of the operations. The Act may appear rather drastic to some, but to the military authorities it had become quite clear that without it or some similar legislation it would, considering the rapid growth of the population, soon become necessary to abandon all attempts to train an army for war. In the neighborhood of Aldershot, the Curragh, and other great military centres, it was possible to train limited numbers of men in marching, shooting, and a certain amount of minor tactics, but it was quite out of the question at these stations to practise the concentration of

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large bodies of troops, or the moving and feeding of such bodies when concentrated, which latter operations have such an enormous influence on the successful conduct of a campaign. Moreover, even had sufficient ground been available at any of the military stations above mentioned, it would still have been unsuitable for manœuvres on an important scale, as familiarity with the district would have prevented the superior officers and the staff from acquiring that practice and instruction which can only be acquired by continually working over a strange country. It is true that the British army is almost invariably at war in some part of the world, and the training thus acquired by the troops engaged is invaluable, but, fortunately or unfortunately, according to one's point of view, the forces engaged are usually so small as to limit the instruction received in war's stern school to a very small circle of students; while from the same cause the general officers and staff of the army get little or no practice in the handling, organization, and moving of troops in the large masses which we should be compelled to employ if ever embroiled in a war with one of the great military powers of Europe. The fact that we have in our navy a first line of defence which should preserve our shores inviolate from the foot of the invader, does not absolutely guarantee us against an invasion, and it is well known that there is a certain school of military thought in the army, a school to which the Commander-in-Chief himself belongs, in which it is held as a doctrine that an operation of that nature in the case of war with a European power of the first class would certainly be attempted, and might, in certain eventualities, be attempted with a very fair prospect of success.

Under these circumstances it will no longer be considered surprising that we are bestirring ourselves to set our army in order, and the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, which I am about to describe, may be considered as one of the first steps taken with that end; as till the defects in our existing organization had been plainly exposed, it was evidently idle to expect that its weak points would be remedied.

It will, I hope, now be clear to the unmilitary reader why the Manœuvre Act was passed, and why, the way being thus clear, manœuvres on a scale hitherto unattempted by us were this year held in the southwest corner of England. It having been decided that manœuvres were to be held, a decision had to be come to as to the number of troops to be engaged, as to the "locale" to be selected, and as to the problems on which light was to be sought. It has for some time been regarded as an axiom that, should it become necessary to send abroad for active service a large expeditionary force, it would be sufficient if we made provision for the despatch in the first instance of two army corps, or, roughly speaking, some 70,000 men; presumably on this account it was decided that a force, which by the calling out of the reserves would be equal to these two army corps, should be concentrated for training, thus affording instruction to the regimental officers in the handling of squadrons and companies at war strength, and enabling the general and staff officers, who would be in all probability entrusted with commands in any important expedition, to acquire an insight into their duties which no amount of theory or study of books would give them. As to the "locale," as the War Department had acquired by purchase a large tract of land on Salisbury Plain on which a good deal of preliminary instruction could be given to the mounted branches of the service before the final concentration for the manœuvres, it was decided to proclaim under the Manœuvre Act a considerable portion of both Dorset and Wilts, stretching to the southward of the Plain almost as far as the sea.

So much for the forces to be employed and the ground to be worked over; now as to the problems on which information was to be sought. For very many years it has been more than suspected that, in the event of a mobilization for war, there was a probability of serious trouble in the organization and working of those departments of our army which have to deal with the duties of supply and transport. To maintain these departments on a war footing in times of peace is, from financial reasons, an impossibility, therefore it was decided that one of the first questions to be settled at these manœuvres was whether we could rely on supplementing our military transport in case of need

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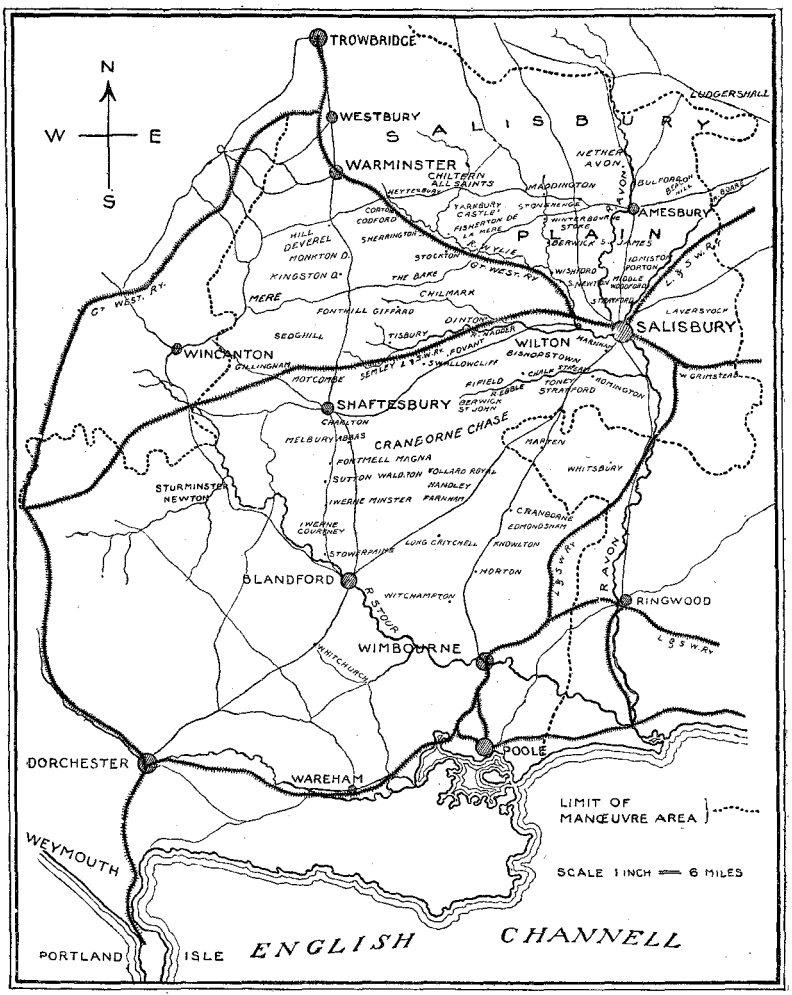

The Field of the Manœuvres.

by civilian transport hired from some of our great contractors. This was the chief problem on which light was sought; and as I tell the story of the operations, you will be able to judge for yourselves how far the experiment may be regarded as having succeeded. Minor experiments were also tried with a new kind of cap, which during the manœuvres was worn by the staff, and also with several new articles of equipment, including among other things two kinds of valise equipment, both on the German model, one being fastened to the wearer by two leather braces, and the other having, in addition, a kind of yoke. I may as well say here that the former was on the whole preferred by the wearers, as it has the great advantage of being easily slipped off and on, allowing a rest to be obtained during short halts.

Details of this kind having been decided, it became necessary to take steps to insure an adequate water-supply for the troops at the places where it was proposed to form camps on the manœuvre area, and here at one time it appeared that there was some danger of a breakdown. Very fortunately, considering the tropical character of the weather during the operations, these doleful anticipations were not realized; and the troops were at all times able to procure enough water to keep them in health, though the supply was at some places rather restricted. However, the scarcity of water, though it was to some

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extent overcome, yet was an insuperable difficulty in the way of allowing commanders a free hand as to the localities to be occupied by their troops every night, and it became necessary to fix on the sites for the different camps several weeks beforehand, and to so frame the schemes for each day's operations as to permit of these selected camps being occupied from night to night without entailing undue fatigue on the troops engaged. This unavoidably involved a good deal of unreality, which was not lessened by the fact that it was also found to be necessary to regard the baggage-trains and advance parties of the opposing forces as neutral, a convention which occasionally led to some rather amusing contretemps, the offensive movements of one of the combatants being, for instance, on more than one occasion, hampered owing to the presence of their enemy's baggage-train on the only road available. I think I have now given sufficient preliminary explanation to make my account of the operations intelligible, so, merely stating that the manœuvre period proper was preceded by a series of formal drills on a large scale, in which the different units were exercised by the officers who were to command them during the operations, I will now go on to describe, as clearly as I can, the manœuvres as I witnessed them.

The map which accompanies this article [p. 63] will give a fair idea of the lie of the country over which the contending armies struggled for supremacy for the week to which the operations were limited, though the scale is of necessity so small that I have had to omit the names of some of the little villages which acquired a fictitious importance while the war was still in progress. However, I think I have put in sufficient detail to enable anyone to follow the operations from day to day. It will be noticed that the country, especially in the neighborhood of Salisbury, is split up by a number of streams. These streams, which are locally dignified by the name of rivers, are in reality insignificant obstacles to the movements of troops, though for purposes of instruction they were on some occasions assumed to be unfordable, and flow, as a rule, in a devious course through deep valleys eaten out by the action of the water on the chalk. The general nature of the country is undulating, rolling downs and sheltered valleys, with villages clustered along the courses of the numerous streams, and dotted here and there, especially in the southern portion of the manœuvre area, are the more pretentious houses of the county magnates, surrounded by their parks and game preserves. The roads follow, as a rule, the course of the streams, with the result that they are sheltered from the wind but not from the sun, a circumstance which our troops found to be exceedingly unpleasant in those tropical September days. In no part of the manœuvre area can the country be described as strongly fenced. Slight hedges marked the boundaries of different properties in many places, while on the downs barbed wire seemed to be the favorite method of fencing. The hedges offer no obstacle to the movements of any branch of the service, and with the barbed wire the soldiers had a very short way of dealing, the uprights, as a rule, being pulled out of the ground, and the whole fence rolled up bodily and hurled to one side. For damage of this sort, compensation was, of course, promptly forthcoming.

Now for a description of the contending forces: for the purposes of the manœuvres about 53,000 men, 10,000 horses, and 220 guns were concentrated; these troops were divided into a Northern, or defending army, under the Duke of Connaught, and a Southern, or invading army, under Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., with the result that each commander could dispose of three batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, fifteen field batteries, about four and a half cavalry regiments, including one of yeomanry, and thirty-seven battalions of infantry, twelve of which in each army belonged to the militia. Among the infantry of the Duke's army were three battalions of foot-guards and two of Royal Marines, and right well did the "sea-soldiers" bear themselves on the trying days to which all members of both armies were exposed. The Duke was also fortunate in having under his orders a very large proportion of the troops belonging to his own Aldershot command, who had been trained under his own eye, and with whose capabilities he must have been well acquainted. In his mounted troops also he was fortunate, having in his cavalry

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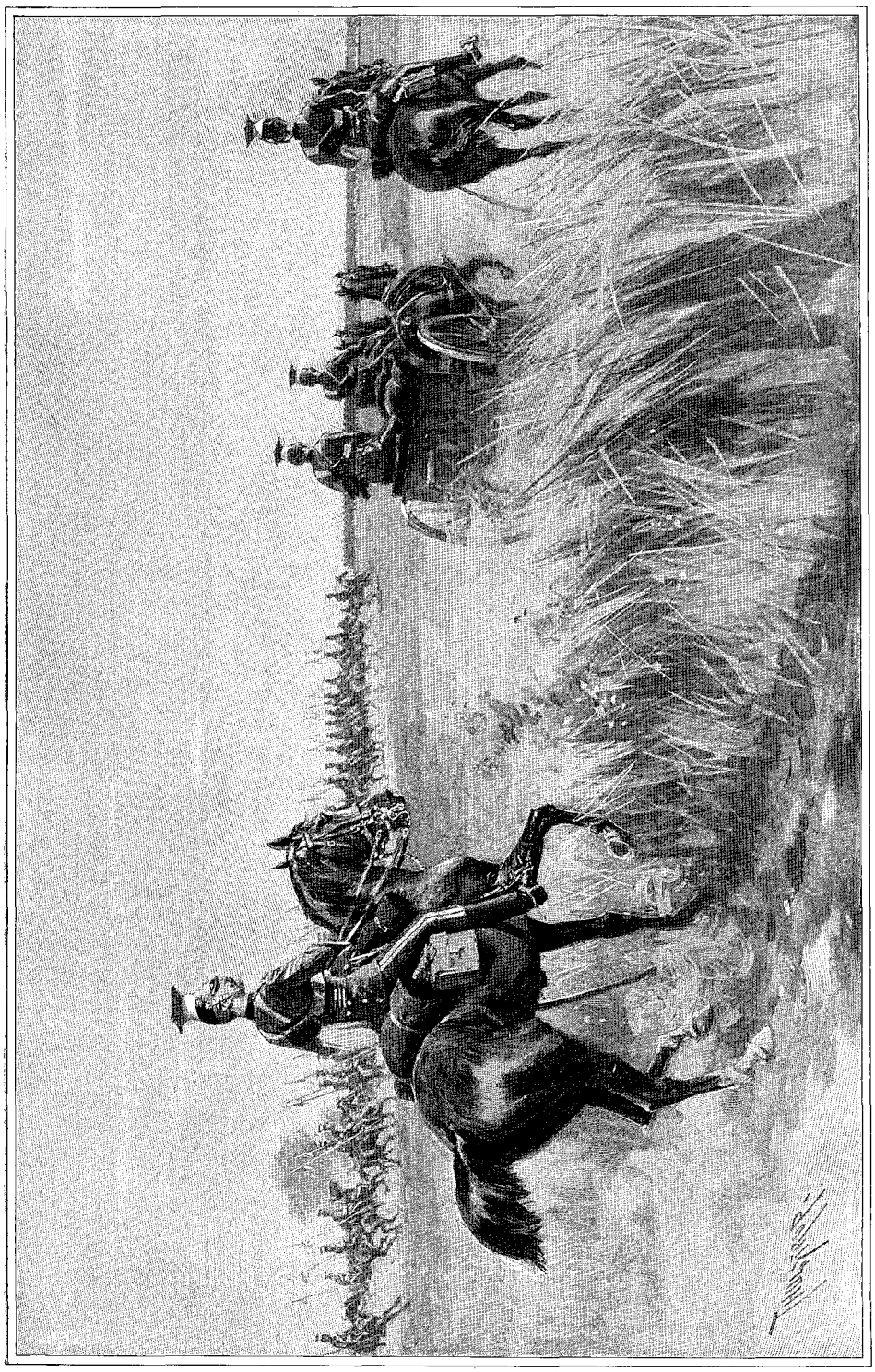

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

Twelfth Lancers with Machine Gun, showing Lancers in the Background Preparing to Charge.

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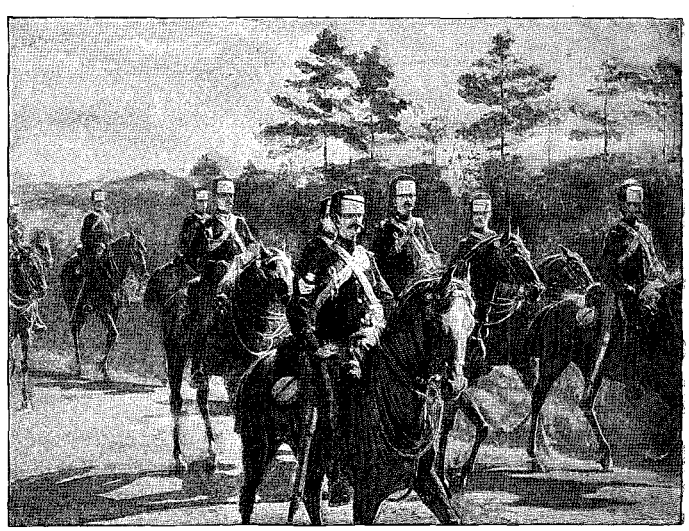
Regimental Cook at Work.

brigade three regiments of light cavalry, the Twelfth Lancers, and the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Hussars, who may fairly claim to represent the flower of the British army.

In addition to the troops already mentioned, each commander had, attached to his cavalry brigade, two companies of that very useful force, mounted infantry, who did excellent service during the brief campaign, and both armies were supplied with telegraph and bridging detachments of the Royal Engineers, who also placed a balloon for purposes of reconnoissance at the disposal of each general. The new Army Medical Corps was also represented, and the unusual heat of the weather kept them fairly busy, especially during the last few days of the operations. As distinguishing marks, the army of the Duke wore white covers on their caps, the invaders retaining their usual headgear. In addition to the great number of men and horses which I have enumerated, it must be remembered that there was a long train of wagons of every description, from the smart and well-horsed army service wagon to the ramshackle, nondescript vehicle, with ill-fed and unevenly matched animals provided either locally or by some London contractor. There were hundreds of these wagons with each army, all but the military carts, which formed a very small minority, being driven by civilian drivers, the majority of whom had had no previous experience of working with troops, and were quite unable to comprehend the exceeding importance of punctuality, and in some cases even of sobriety. In this heterogeneous mass of hired transport was to be found to a great extent the *raison d'être* of the manœuvres; our military authorities wanted to ascertain the resources at the disposal of the great carrying firms, and it is needless to say that these resources were tested to the utmost in the course of the operations. It will be perfectly clear that the feeding alone of these great masses, moving as they were from day to day, was in itself no light undertaking, especially as the British soldier is no Spartan in his tastes, but has a strongly expressed pref-



Fifteenth Hussars on Road from Salisbury to Bower Chalke.

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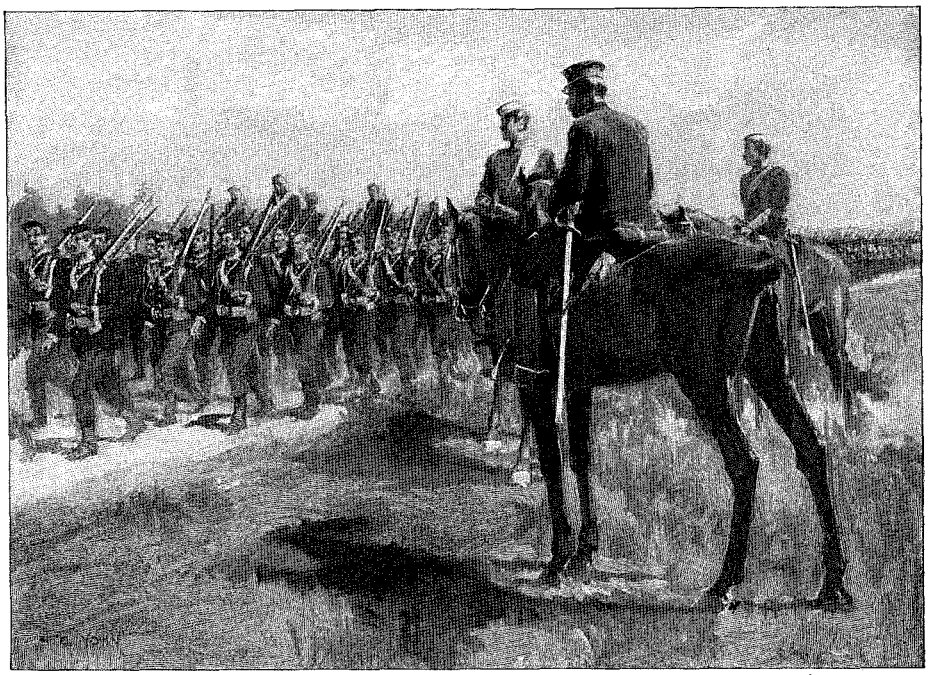

Brigadier Watching his Troops Pass.

erence for fresh beef and good beer, while the moving of the tents and impedimenta of these hosts was a Herculean task. Some idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the fact that over four thousand tents had to be moved every day in addition to the equipment of the numerous messes and the private baggage of all the regimental officers, which was limited on the average to a weight of eighty pounds per officer. Add to this that the roads very soon became several inches deep in a thick chalky dust, that they were very narrow, that the gradients were very severe, that the weather was the hottest ever experienced in England, and that experience in grappling with such conditions was almost totally lacking, and few people will cease to wonder at the manner in which a total breakdown was averted.

I have already given the numbers of men, guns, and horses engaged on each side; I ought now to say a word or two about their organization. Each force was regarded as a complete army corps, and consequently consisted of three divisions, the divisions numbering a squadron of cavalry, three field batteries, and two infantry brigades of six battalions each. These battalions were not at their full strength, but mustered only sixteen officers and five hundred men; the remainder, chiefly recruits and sick, being left at their stations. In addition, each army corps had its cavalry brigade of three regiments with horse artillery and mounted infantry, and its corps troops, the latter consisting of two horse and six field batteries, a cavalry regiment, and a battalion of infantry, besides details. In command of these divisions were some of the generals of the highest reputation in the British army, among them being Sir William Butler, Thynne, Clery, Kelly, Kenny, Gossett, and others of equal distinction. All these officers added to their reputation during the manœuvres, the mistakes in leading on the part of any of the divisional commanders being very few and far between.

When I decided to witness these manœuvres I had to make up my mind as to the best way of seeing all that there was to be seen from a spectacular point of view, and at the same time of getting an insight into the manner in which the opposing forces were handled by their commanders, while I was also anxious to see the hired transport at work in order to be able to form an opinion as to its utility in case of mobilization for war.

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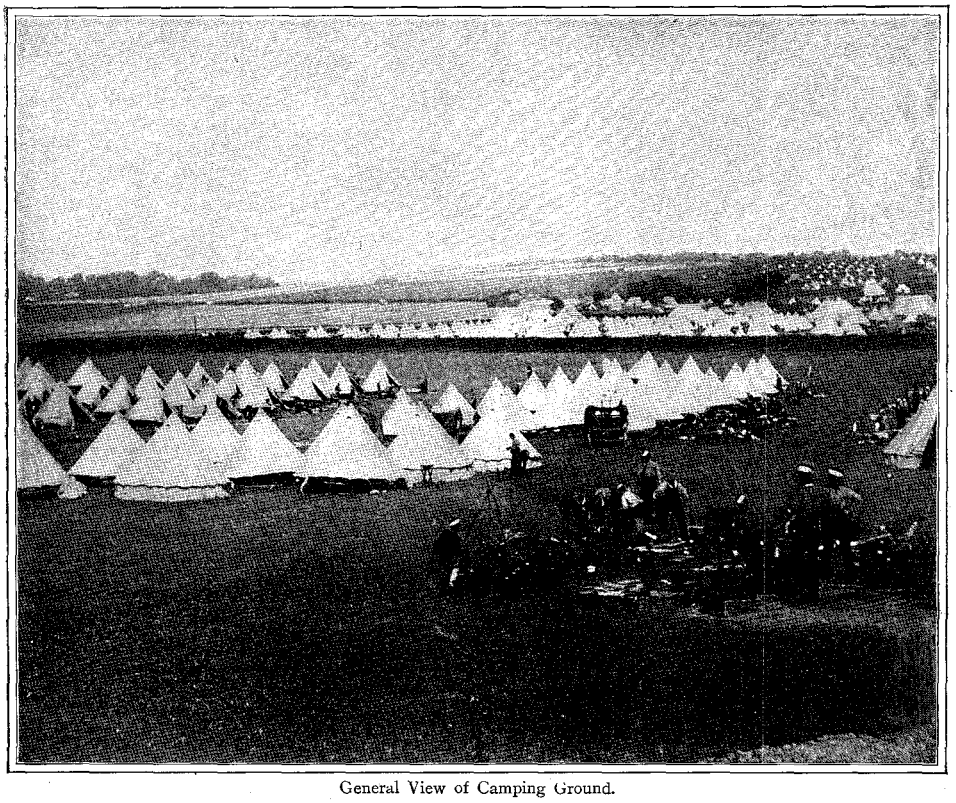
I came to the conclusion that I would best attain these ends by taking up my quarters with one of the opposing forces, and making occasional excursions into the enemy's country to see how things were going from their point of view. As the probable tactics of an invader would be of most interest, I decided to throw in my lot with Buller, and in pursuance of this resolution I joined his army on the eve of the manœuvres, finding his three divisions encamped on a line running roughly east and west through Blandford. At this time the Red or Northern army was about twenty-one miles away, occupying camps along the line of the river Nadder, between Tisbury and Wilton. Passing through Salisbury on my way to Blandford, I found it decidedly *en fête;* flags were hanging from all the windows, the greater part of the population was in the streets, up every by-street children were playing at soldiers, and, in short, the sleepy old cathedral town was fairly awake for the first time for many years. Everyone was delighted that the soldiers had come; everyone hoped that they would come again, though old folks who remembered the last manœuvres on the plain in '72 shook their heads doubtfully, and suggested that the farmers would probably make such heavy claims for damage done to their crops and fences, that the Government would be forced to go elsewhere. At Blandford it was just the same. The people all welcomed the military with effusion, and every farmer and yokel for miles round had put all his womenkind into a cart and brought them to feast their eyes on the medley of strange uniforms and the curious doings of the new arrivals who had whitened the downs for miles round with their rows of canvas tents. As I passed through the camps the air was full of martial music, the braying of the brass bands and the warlike screams of the bagpipes making a musical medley which was not entirely agreeable. Buller had been exercising his men in a last field day, the scheme consisting in employing



General View of Camping Ground.

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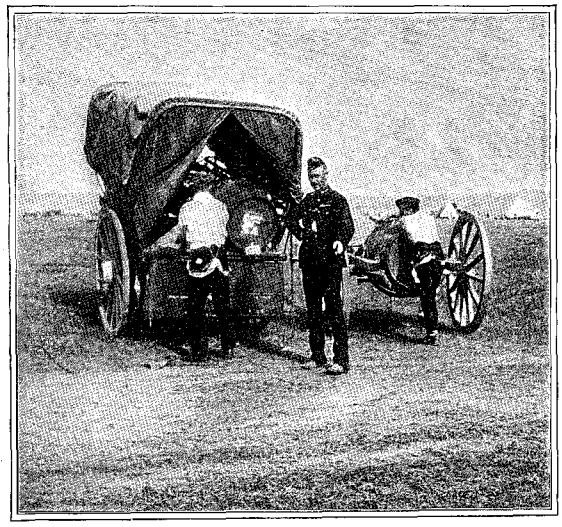
the greater part of his command in a formal attack against a position held by the remainder, and the weary troops were now returning to camp. As battalion after battalion strode past I had a good look at the men, and was much struck with their bearing and physique. Remember that these men were Britain's "boy soldiers," whose physical shortcomings have furnished copy for most of the London papers for months past. Most generals would be proud to lead boys like these; as they passed me they had been under arms for over eight hours, they had marched many miles under a scorching sun, they had had nothing to eat or drink since dawn except the drain of tepid water in their water-bottles, but their bearing was erect and manly and they strode along under their heavy kits as though they had only come on parade half an hour before. The militia compared very well with the line; they were not perhaps quite so well set up, but the men were older and more seasoned looking, and the scraps of colored ribbon on many jackets hinted at the presence in their ranks of soldiers who had fought under the Union Jack in Burmah, Egypt, and on the Indian frontier. The camps were very clean and well kept, and it was evident that all that was possible had been done to make the men as comfortable as possible. After the troops had been dismissed, dinners were issued to the different messes, and on these being disposed of, "feet inspection parade" concluded the day's work. This inspection of feet is a comparatively recent introduction into our service, and its object is to insure that perfect cleanliness without which the soldier cannot keep his feet in good order for marching. At this parade also, men whose feet are chafed or blistered are "spotted," and the necessary simple remedies are applied, thus healing in time what might if neglected turn into a crippling sore. A stroll through the camps brought me a good deal of information. I soon discovered



Refreshment for the Troops.

Infantry Range Finder at Work.

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The Royal Highlanders.

that the hired transport had not been an unequivocal success up to date; in the lines of one battalion I heard a tale of a regiment waiting in the rain from noon till seven at night for their tents, which had only to be brought to them a distance of some seven miles, and I also heard many complaints that there was on occasion a scarcity of beer and mineral waters. This complaint is not difficult to understand. Tommy Atkins is at all times a thirsty individual, and I have no doubt whatever that the thirst which he can develop under this scorching sun on these chalky downs would dry up the sources of supply of any contractor in the wide world.

The general idea governing the coming operations was now out, and I give it below "in extenso."

"An invading force (Blue) has landed between Weymouth and St. Albans Head to co-operate in an attack on London with another force (imaginary), which is disembarking on the southern shore of the Bristol Channel (sixty miles distant). The rolling stock of the railway having been withdrawn, the Blue force is unable to use the railways, and they are available for the Red force only for purposes of supply."

The above was the only clew to the operations which had at that time become public property, but it was known that hostilities were to commence on the morrow, and speculation was rife in the camps as to the form the opening day would take. The general belief was that the first day would be a cavalry day pure and simple, as it is evidently the rôle of the mounted branch to locate the position of the enemy and his strength, so that the commander can base his plans on a knowledge of his movements.

When the "Special Idea" on which the invaders were to work became known, an

Dragoons Going Home.

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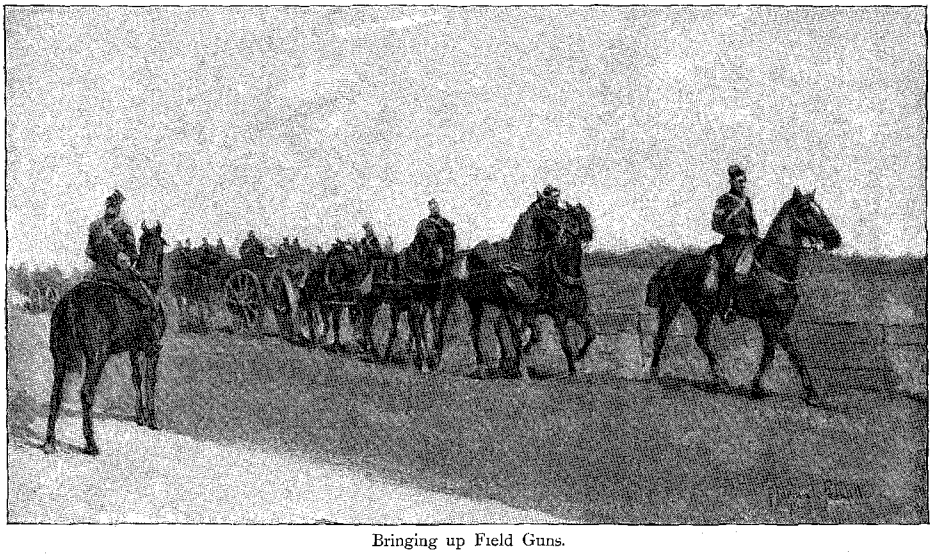

Bringing up Field Guns.

idea emanating from the directing staff presided over by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, it was evident that a cavalry field day was intended.

The Special Idea for Blue, or the invaders, was as follows: "On the afternoon of August the 31st the commander of the advanced troops receives at Blandford the following order: From the general officer commanding the Southern army to the officer commanding advanced troops near Blandford. Head-quarters, Blue army, Dorchester, 4.30 P.M., Aug. 31, 1898. No. 1. I learn Salisbury is being strongly intrenched. You will, therefore, await near Blandford news of our troops which are disembarking in the Bristol Channel before committing yourself to a further advance northward. Send out your cavalry to-morrow toward Salisbury to clear up the situation in that direction. (Signed) &c."

This order evidently committed our cavalry to an advance toward Salisbury, and as the Duke, as we afterward learned, received orders to reconnoitre toward Blandford with his mounted troops, a collision between the hostile forces appeared to be inevitable. Anxious to see as much as I could of the cavalry work, I made an early start on the Thursday morning, the first day of hostilities, and was well repaid by the little cavalry combat which in course of time developed itself at my feet. The Southern cavalry brigade, under Colonel French, looked uncommonly fit and well as they moved past me out of their camp; the stalwart troopers of the Household cavalry, on their big black horses, the Royal Dragoons, smart in their scarlet serges, and the natty horsemen of the celebrated Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales's Own, formed together a body of cavalry equal, man for man and horse for horse, to any in the world. The Third Dragoon Guards, a regiment recently serving in South Africa, was despatched on a reconnoitring mission to the west to protect our left flank and to gain tidings of our imaginary allies marching from their landing-place on the Bristol Channel. Taking the Salisbury road, French moved his brigade along it as far as Tarrant Hinton, and, sending on patrols to give timely warning of an enemy's approach, halted the bulk of his force under the shelter of some rising ground. A tedious wait ensued, and I was just beginning to fear that the day would end without a collision, when our scouts came helter-skelter back on the main body, driven in by the advance of the white-capped horsemen. French, eager to meet the foe, sent forward the Tenth and part of the Royals to attack the enemy in front, the remainder of the Dragoons moving out to fall on their rear. An exciting combat followed, and, mimic war though it was, the thunder of the charging squadrons, the clink and clatter of sabre, bit, and spur, with the sunlight playing over all, were together enough to stir the blood of any

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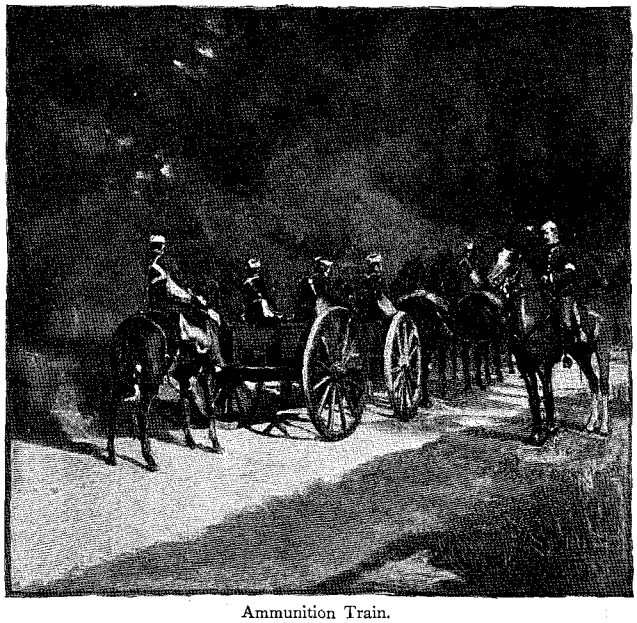
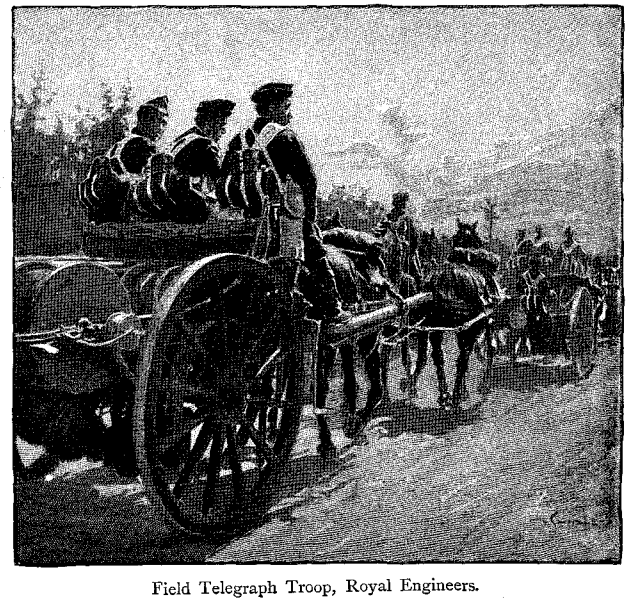


Ammunition Train.

soldier, even of those who had fleshed their swords in deadly earnest. The invaders, by their dashing onslaught, hurled back the Northerners, capturing a squadron of their hussars, but did not come off scatheless themselves, a squadron of the Royals being captured in their turn. The Whitecaps now retired, and a duel between the rival horse artillery batteries lasted with little effect for some time, till the enemy withdrew their force into the shelter of some woodlands, and French continued feeling his way cautiously to the eastward. No more fighting took place that day, though I heard that the Third Dragoon Guards had a smart little skirmish about Melbury Abbas with some of the enemy's hussars. On the whole, though the day was disappointing in the briefness of the cavalry combat, it was by no means barren of results, as the signallers with each party were able to send back by heliograph useful information of the enemy's movements to our leader at Blandford. The cavalry did not return to camp till after seven, men and horses tired by their long day under a hot sun, but in good heart and well pleased with themselves. And so ended the first day's fighting.

The position of the defending army being now tolerably clear, it was plain that the bold invaders would have either to bring them to an engagement or to "play for safety" by taking up the attention of the enemy while working to their left to effect a junction with the army from Bristol.

When the "Special Idea" for Friday's operations was issued, it was clear that the latter was the course suggested to the Blue General. If an attack on the Whitecaps were intended, the general line of advance would be through Salisbury, but the order to seize the commanding ground near Shaftesbury indicated that we were to stretch out a hand to our friends in the west. This was the scheme prepared by the director of the manœuvres: "Special



Field Telegraph Troop, Royal Engineers.

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Idea (Blue). On the afternoon of September 1st the commander of the advanced force (Blue army) receives at Blandford the following instructions from the commander of the main army: — No. 2. Dorchester, 2 P.M., 1, 9, '98. Seize the high ground about Charlton Downs tomorrow. If unable to do so, hold the enemy there with a view to prevent him interfering with the advance of the main army (imaginary) on Shaftesbury. The main army will move to Blandford tomorrow. Information has been received that the disembarkation of the force (imaginary), one army corps, at Bristol, is proceeding without opposition. (Signed) &c."

When these orders became known in camp there was much excitement in the lines of the infantry; so far they had been idle, now their turn was coming, and so the issue proved, as both guns and infantry had a heavy day before they were allowed to enter their new camping grounds on that Friday evening.

After the severe work of Thursday the cavalry deserved and needed a good night's rest, and it must have been nearly eight before French took his horsemen out to cover, with a flexible screen of scouts, the army as it marched in three columns toward Shaftesbury. On the right, the Fourth Division were directed to move along the Salisbury road at first, ultimately turning in a northerly direction through Cranborne Chase. The Fifth Division had the roughest road allotted to it, as Gossett had to lead his men along the old Shaftesbury road through Tarrant Gunville, while Thynne had to lead his Sixth Division by the new road through Fontmell Magna. By choosing a central path over the downs I thought I should be able to see most of the fighting, and so it proved. The invaders had not pushed very far before the presence of the enemy began to be felt. His cavalry, scouting boldly to the front, came into collision with the Blue horsemen, and clouds of dust lying heavily along the horizon betrayed the line of advance of his columns. For some little time a series of picturesque little cavalry skirmishes took up the attention of the spectators, of whom great numbers, some on horseback, some on foot, and more on bicycles, swarmed on every hill-top. The first more serious demonstration came soon after nine in the boom of field guns from my left, where a struggle was going on for the possession of Melbury Abbas; this could hardly be the main battle of the day, so, keeping an ear open for the thunder of guns from my right, I contented myself with moving across the downs till I could get a distant view of the struggle for that pretty little village, or rather for the high ground which commands it. I had not long to wait for a hint that the main attack was in progress. Before the contest for the village had done much more than declare itself, the heavy booming of artillery away to the eastward told me that I must hasten if I wished to see the climax of the battle. Pushing rapidly over the downs I soon obtained a panoramic view of the action. On the high ground beside me the guns of the invaders, many batteries, but how many I could not tell because of the thick clouds of smoke, were busy striving for supremacy with the long line of Northern guns in a fine position some 3,000 yards away to the North, and from each road and hollow way, Buller's hot and breathless infantry were pushing on in eagerness to the attack. That the enemy was also strong in this arm was clear; glasses showing masses of men moving forward to meet the invaders, and, though the great strength of the Red artillery made the result at least doubtful, yet no decisive result had been obtained on either side when, at half-past twelve, the "cease fire" sounded, and the battle came to an end. As is usual on these occasions both sides claimed the victory; indeed, though the umpires declared it a drawn battle, we of the Southern army counted it a decided gain in that we had practically possession of Shaftesbury. It is possible, however, that Lipton's supply arrangements had as much as Sir Redver's generalship to do with securing us that advantage. Whatever the reason, the position of our camping grounds showed that we had made a certain amount of progress, as the Southern army spent the night of September 2d camped along the line Fontmell Magna, Iwerne Minster, in advance of our old camps at Blandford, while the Red army were located on a line running roughly north and south through Fovant.

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I will now shortly describe the events of Saturday and Sunday, the former day proving in every sense a *jour manqué*, as the great battle which was confidently expected by the wiseacres among us failed to come off, the Duke withdrawing his men to their camps along the line of the Nadder before the invaders had established touch. Our orders were to advance to an imaginary line through Hindon and Fonthill Giffard, that is to say, our previous northerly course was to be altered for one in the northeasterly direction, driving the defenders before us, while the Duke was bidden to remain in observation of the invaders, and if attacked to fall back on Fovant, so as to be in a position to co-operate with an imaginary army due to reach Salisbury on the Sunday evening. Whatever the intention of the Directing staff, no battle resulted, though there was some desultory firing at long ranges by the artillery; consequently, I had ample opportunity for observing the demeanor of the men, and the various incidents of the weary march to our new camps between Fonthill Giffard and Semley. Moving at an early hour from our Friday night's camps, three divisions were confined to one narrow road, winding its devious course through high banks, every breath of air shut out by the high ground on either side. The track, cut up by the guns and horses of our advanced troops, as well as by the whole wheeled transport of the retiring Northerners, was ankle deep in a white chalky dust, which soon rose in clouds, and floated over the marching columns like a pall. The heat was intense, and though the kindly inhabitants came running to their doors with pails of water, with milk and other gifts for the parched men, the distress, especially among the younger men of the militia, was soon manifest, and, for the first time in the course of the manœuvres I saw men falling out, dead beat, by the side of the road. Though some fell out, it was not till nature was exhausted, and others, though palpably "done to a turn," struggled manfully on, pride and *esprit de corps* forbidding them to quit the ranks while a breath remained. For these weary men the crowd had much sympathy. I heard of one young lady, driving past the column in a well-appointed private carriage, who offered to carry the rifle of a fainting young militiaman. The lad was grateful, but stuck to his weapon with the words, "That is the last thing I would part with, Miss." This little incident shows, I think, that the right spirit animates these young soldiers, and I have no doubt that when the hour of trial comes they will do their duty as gallantly as did their forefathers before them. Behind the marching columns came the transport, and now I had an opportunity of seeing the working of the experimental system. I must admit at once that I was not favorably impressed. Walking beside an Army Service Corps officer for some distance, I had the benefit of his views on the hired transport, their horses, and their drivers. According to this officer, who had been dealing with them since the commencement of the manœuvres, the horses were not equal to their loads, the wagons were not suited to the army purposes, and the drivers, though he was ready to admit that the majority did their best, and that they all suffered great hardships through constant failure of their supplies, were yet unequal to their work from being quite unaccustomed to military requirements. Moreover, at awkward moments there had been several cases of insubordination, some men had got drunk and caused serious delay to a whole baggage-train, and others were not able to get the work out of their horses. The transport officer put the chief part of the difficulty to the need for moving the tents. "It is bad enough as it is, but wait and see what happens if it rains heavily before the manœuvres are over. The tents will weigh twice as heavy, the roads will be quite impassable, and there will be a complete collapse." As no rain fell, my friend's prophecy was not put to the test, but I see no reason to doubt that he was right. On Sunday the troops had a welcome day of rest, a day, moreover, which was made doubly memorable owing to the arrival on that day of the news of the great victory of Omdurman. The enthusiasm was tremendous. Nearly everyone had a friend or comrade serving in the army of the Sirdar, and the stampede for the morning papers when the hawkers arrived in camp was a sight not to be quickly forgotten. The troops all turned out and cheered again and again, the guns boomed out

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salutes, and the bands woke the unaccustomed echoes with the stirring strains of "Rule, Britannia."

I had now spent several days with the invaders, so on Monday I went over to the enemy, and had a look at the Red army. I arrived about eight o'clock near Dinton station, and stood for some time watching the whitecapped columns defiling past on the way to occupy the high ground of the Bake, in order to check Buller's advance. The men looked very fit. Bronzed, hardy, and active, finer food for powder could not be imagined, and they passed me with a swing and go which spoke volumes for their marching powers. One battalion which particularly struck me was a battalion of Highland militia, recruited from the hardy fishermen of Skye. Tough, wiry-looking men, with the gaunt, earnest faces of the highland Celt, these men were magnificent fighting material. Gaelic is their native tongue, and I was informed that only about ten per cent. could speak English. The problem set the Duke on this day was to thrust himself between the invaders and their imaginary friends from Bristol, a problem the solution of which began with a struggle for the high ground overlooking Chilmark. The Duke's infantry pushing on, gained their objective, but Buller was not going to give in without a struggle, and hurled his devoted cavalry in a succession of brilliant charges against the Red skirmishers. As a spectacle, nothing could have been more brilliant; as an operation of war, nothing could have been more costly, and French's horsemen were soon beaten back discomfited behind the friendly shelter of some woodland. If the Red cavalry had been at hand, the Blue could hardly have escaped annihilation. The great Ridge Wood, to the eastward of the Bake, was now filled with contending infantry, the rattle of the rifles being incessant all along the front. The guns were late in coming into action, but on their arrival fought with great vigor, the battle finally ceasing about 11.30 with indecisive results.

Again the men had had a trying day; and again, on their arrival in camp, the transport kept them waiting a long time for their tents.

The Northerners now fell back to their new camps round Wishford. the invaders occupying their deserted camping-grounds. On Tuesday took place one of the prettiest fights of the week. The Duke was ordered to fight a rear-guard action on the line between Wishford and Berwick St. James, and showed great judgment in the handling of his command. To carry out his object the Duke left his cavalry and horse artillery with one brigade of the First Division in position round Yarnbury Castle, and took up a covering position with the remainder of his force on the high ground above Berwick St. James. The day began with a success for the invaders. The whitecapped cavalry were caught unawares by French's brigade, were roughly handled, and lost their two horse batteries, the rest of the cavalry being compelled to seek shelter behind their infantry close by. This was the extent of Buller's success. Assuming, rashly, that the Duke's main position was about Yarnbury Castle, he developed a strong attack upon it with tremendous force, only to find that his enemy had escaped his grasp, and that he had shown his hand too soon. From my station on the high ground above Berwick I had a splendid view, and the sight of Buller's divisions deploying on the downs below for the attack on their vanished foe, was very fine. This day's proceedings probably more nearly resembled a situation which might occur in war than any of the fights which had preceded it. Wednesday, the final day, was another triumph for the Duke; but Buller could hardly be blamed for this, as he was set the hardest task in war—namely, to defend a river-line against an enemy of equal strength. Feinting with his first division on the left, a feint which succeeded in misleading his adversary, the Red commander struck heavily at his opponent with his right and would have effectually rolled him up had not the bugles bade him cease fire and return to camp to prepare for the march-past of the morrow. Such is a brief summary of the day. Of incidents, picturesque and otherwise, there was no lack. Much amusement was caused by the manner in which the Highlanders tucked up their kilts when fording the river, and the bridging operations of the Royal Engineers also attracted great attention. Of this useful corps and their work I have hitherto said but little, but evidences of their skill were to be noticed on every

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hand. To them credit is due for the arrangements for water-supply, and the rapidity with which the field-telegraph was laid over the district was also beyond praise. Their balloon detachments did useful work, and were on several occasions of the greatest value to the reconnoitring staff. Of these balloons I have made little mention, but they were daily in evidence floating over the lines of each army, and exciting the greatest wonder among the rustic population.

For the Northern army the last day was comparatively an easy one, but for their opponents it was probably the worst day of the campaign. Many battalions which had marched off at daybreak did not reach their new camps till close on sunset, and as the sun was hotter than ever, the amount of distress among the men crowding those dusty roads may be easily imagined. The transport also suffered terribly from the heat, many dead horses were to be seen along the road, and but for the kindly attentions of the country people many of the men would have been in little better case. On Thursday the whole army marched past before the Commander-in-Chief and an enormous crowd of spectators. From daybreak on that day foot-people and carriages began to take up a position on the downs, and it is computed that over 70,000 people assembled to witness the spectacle. One march past is very much like another, so I will content myself with remarking that everything went off splendidly, and that the men and horses, in spite of their hard work, looked ready to go anywhere and to do anything. On the Friday, in truth on the Thursday itself, the dispersal of the forces began, and it was amusing to hear the hearty cheers with which the troops sent rejoicing on their way the first regiment to depart. The staff arrangements for the entraining of that great number of troops were excellent, and showed great forethought, and the officers and men worked with a celerity and silence which showed their discipline and careful training. In conclusion, the manœuvres of 1898 will have served a good purpose if they effect nothing else but a remodelling of our transport system, and of the scale on which the weights to be carried for troops in the field is calculated.

So far as the feeding of the men and horses of the fighting units was concerned no justifiable complaints were heard of by me. The food was always good and the men got their full rations, though the hours at which they were issued, often left a good deal to be desired. But this again was a question of transport. One very noticeable feature of the operations was the great attention paid by regimental officers to the comfort and well-being of their men. In this respect a great improvement over former experiences was to be noticed, though I think that the British officer has always compared well so far as this point is concerned with his *confrères* in the armies of the Continent. Great strides have also been made in the tactical training of both officers and men, and I witnessed numerous instances of correct tactical appreciation of the situation, and of a bold initiative, which might have been looked for in vain some ten or fifteen years ago.

The British army is on the up grade; from year to year a sensible improvement is noticeable, and there is no doubt that, unpleasant as manœuvres are to the troops engaged, they play a very useful part in educating both officers and men for war, which is, after all, the ultimate aim and end of all armies.

A Gun Limber.

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THE MUSE'S TRAGEDY

By Edith Wharton

I

DANYERS afterward liked to fancy that he had recognized Mrs. Anerton at once; but that, of course, was absurd, since he had seen no portrait of her—she affected a strict anonymity, refusing even her photograph to the most privileged—and from Mrs. Memorall, whom he revered and cultivated as her friend, he had extracted but the one impressionist phrase:—"Oh, well, she's like one of those old prints where the lines have the value of color."

He was almost certain, at all events, that he had been thinking of Mrs. Anerton as he sat over his breakfast in the empty hotel restaurant, and that, looking up on the approach of the lady who seated herself at the table near the window, he had said to himself, "*That might be she.*"

Ever since his Harvard days—he was still young enough to think of them as immensely remote—Danyers had dreamed of Mrs. Anerton, the Silvia of Vincent Rendle's immortal sonnet-cycle, the Mrs. A. of the "Life and Letters." Her name was enshrined in some of the noblest English verse of the nineteenth century—and of all past or future centuries, as Danyers, from the stand-point of a maturer judgment, still believed. The first reading of certain poems—of the "Antinous," the "Pia Tolomei," the "Sonnets to Silvia"—had been epochs in Danyers's growth, and the verse seemed to gain in mellowness, in amplitude, in meaning as one brought to its interpretation more experience of life, a finer emotional sense. Where, in his boyhood, he had felt only the perfect, the almost austere beauty of form, the subtle interplay of vowel-sounds, the rush and fulness of lyric emotion, he now thrilled to the close-packed significance of each line, the allusiveness of each word—his imagination lured hither and thither on fresh trails of thought, and perpetually spurred by the sense that, beyond what he had already discovered, more marvellous regions lay waiting to be explored. Danyers had written, at college, the prize essay on Rendle's poetry (it chanced to be the moment of the great man's death); he had fashioned the fugitive verse of his own storm-and-stress period on the forms which Rendle had first given to English metre; and when two years later the "Life and Letters" appeared, and the Silvia of the sonnets took substance as Mrs. A., he had included in his worship of Rendle the woman who had inspired not only such divine verse but such playful, tender, incomparable prose.

Danyers never forgot the day when Mrs. Memorall happened to mention that she knew Mrs. Anerton. He had known Mrs. Memorall for a year or more, and had classified her as a cleverish woman with a crazy-quilt mind, who bored one with irrelevant anecdotes about celebrities; when one afternoon she remarked, as she put a second lump of sugar in his tea:

"Is it right this time? You're almost as particular as Mary Anerton."

"Mary Anerton?"

"Yes, I never *can* remember how she likes her tea. Either its lemon *with* sugar, or lemon *without* sugar, or cream without either, and whichever it is must be put into the cup before the tea is poured in; and if one hasn't remembered one must begin all over again. I suppose it was Vincent Rendle's way of taking his tea and has become a sacred rite."

"Do you *know* Mrs. Anerton?" gasped Danyers, awed by this acquaintance with the habits of his divinity.

"And did I once see Shelley plain? Mercy, yes! She and I were at school together—she's an American, you know. We were at a *pension* near Tours for nearly a year; then she went back to New York, and I didn't see her again until after her marriage. She and Anerton spent a winter in Rome while my husband was attached to our Legation there, and she used to be with us a great deal." Mrs. Memorall smiled reminiscently. "It was *the* winter."

"The winter they first met?"

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"Precisely—but unluckily I left Rome just before the meeting took place. Wasn't it too bad? I might have been in the 'Life and Letters.' You know he mentions that stupid Madame Vodki, at whose house he first met her."

"And did you see much of her after that?"

"Not during Rendle's life. You know she has lived in Europe almost entirely, and though I used to see her occasionally when I went abroad, she was always so engrossed, so preoccupied, that one felt one wasn't wanted. The fact is, she cared only about his friends—she separated herself almost entirely from her own people. Now, of course, it's different; she's desperately lonely; she's taken to writing to me now and then; and last year, when she heard that I was going abroad, she asked me to meet her in Venice, and I spent a week with her there."

"And Rendle?"

Mrs. Memorall smiled and shook her head. "Oh, I never was allowed a peep at *him*; none of her old friends met him, except by accident. Ill-natured people say that was the reason she kept him so long. If one happened in while he was there, he was hustled into Anerton's study, and the husband mounted guard until the inopportune visitor had departed. Anerton, you know, was really much more ridiculous about it than his wife. Mary was too clever to lose her head or, at least to show that she'd lost it—but Anerton couldn't conceal his pride in the conquest. I've seen Mary shiver when he spoke of Rendle as *our poet*. Rendle always had to have a certain seat at the dinner-table, away from the draught and not too near the fire, and a box of cigars that no one else was allowed to touch, and a writing-table of his own in Mary's sitting-room—and Anerton was always telling one of the great man's idiosyncrasies; how he never would cut the ends of his cigars, though Anerton himself had given him a gold cutter set with a star-sapphire, and how untidy his writing-table was, and how the house-maid had orders always to bring the waste-paper basket to her mistress before emptying it, lest some immortal verse should be thrown into the dust-bin."

"The Anertons never separated, did they?"

"Separated? Bless you, no. He never would have left Rendle! And besides, he was very fond of his wife."

"And she?"

"Oh, he was the kind of man who was fated to make himself ridiculous, and she always let him have his way."

From Mrs. Memorall, Danyers further learned that Mrs. Anerton, whose husband had died some years before her poet, now divided her life between Rome, where she had a small apartment, and England, where she went occasionally to stay with those of her friends who had been Rendle's. She had been engaged, for some time after his death, in editing some juvenilia which he had entrusted to her care; but that task being accomplished, she had been left without definite occupation, and Mrs. Memorall, on the occasion of their last meeting, had found her listless and out of spirits.

"She misses him too much—her life is too empty. I told her so—I told her she ought to marry."

"Oh!"

"Why not, pray? She's a young woman still—what many people would call young," Mrs. Memorall interjected with a parenthetic glance at the mirror. "Why not accept the inevitable and begin over again? All the King's horses and all the King's men won't bring Rendle to life—and besides, she didn't marry *him* when she had the chance."

Danyers winced slightly at this rude fingering of his idol. Was it possible that Mrs. Memorall did not see what an anti-climax such a marriage would have been? Fancy Rendle "making an honest woman" of Silvia; for so society would have viewed it! How such a reparation would have vulgarized their past—it would have been like "restoring" a masterpiece; and how exquisite must have been the perceptions of the woman who, in defiance of appearances, and perhaps of her own secret inclination, chose to go down to posterity as Silvia rather than as Mrs. Vincent Rendle!

Mrs. Memorall, from this day forth, acquired an interest in Danyers's eyes. She was like a volume of unindexed and discursive memoirs, through which he patiently plodded in the hope of finding embedded amid layers of dusty twaddle some pre-

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cious allusion to the subject of his thought. When, some months later, he brought out his first slim volume, in which the remodelled college essay on Rendle figured among a dozen somewhat overstudied "appreciations," he offered a copy to Mrs. Memorall; who surprised him, the next time they met, with the announcement that she had sent the book to Mrs. Anerton.

Mrs. Anerton in due course wrote to thank her friend. Danyers was privileged to read the few lines in which, in terms that suggested the habit of "acknowledging" similar tributes, she spoke of the author's "feeling and insight," and was "so glad of the opportunity, etc." He went away disappointed, without clearly knowing what else he had expected.

The following spring, when he went abroad, Mrs. Memorall offered him letters to everybody, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Louise Michel. She did not include Mrs. Anerton, however, and Danyers knew, from a previous conversation, that Silvia objected to people who "brought letters." He knew also that she travelled during the summer, and was unlikely to return to Rome before the term of his holiday should be reached, and the hope of meeting her was not included among his anticipations.

The lady whose entrance broke upon his solitary repast in the restaurant of the Hotel Villa d' Este had seated herself in such a way that her profile was detached against the window; and thus viewed, her domed forehead, small arched nose and fastidious lip suggested a silhouette of Marie Antoinette. In the lady's dress and movements—in the very turn of her wrist as she poured out her coffee — Danyers thought he detected the same fastidiousness, the same air of tacitly excluding the obvious and unexceptional. Here was a woman who had been much bored and keenly interested. The waiter brought her a *Secolo*, and as she bent above it Danyers noticed that the hair rolled back from her forehead was turning gray; but her figure was straight and slender, and she had the invaluable gift of a girlish back.

The rush of Anglo-Saxon travel had not set toward the lakes, and with the exception of an Italian family or two, and a hump-backed youth with an *abbé*, Danyers and the lady had the marble halls of the Villa d' Este to themselves.

When he returned from his morning ramble among the hills he saw her sitting at one of the little tables at the edge of the lake. She was writing, and a heap of books and newspapers lay on the table at her side. That evening they met again in the garden. He had strolled out to smoke a last cigarette before dinner, and under the black vaulting of ilexes, near the steps leading down to the boat-landing, he found her leaning on the parapet above the lake. At the sound of his approach she turned and looked at him. She had thrown a black lace scarf over her head, and in this sombre setting her face seemed thin and unhappy. He remembered afterward that her eyes, as they met his, expressed not so much sorrow as profound discontent.

To his surprise she stepped toward him with a detaining gesture.

"Mr. Lewis Danyers, I believe?"

He bowed.

"I am Mrs. Anerton. I saw your name on the visitors' list and wished to thank you for an essay on Mr. Rendle's poetry —or rather to tell you how much I appreciated it. The book was sent to me last winter by Mrs. Memorall."

She spoke in even melancholy tones, as though the habit of perfunctory utterance had robbed her voice of more spontaneous accents; but her smile was charming.

They sat down on a stone bench under the ilexes, and she told him how much pleasure his essay had given her. She thought it the best in the book—she was sure that he had put more of himself into it than into any other; was she not right in conjecturing that he had been very deeply influenced by Mr. Rendle's poetry? *Pour comprendre il faut aimer*, and it seemed to her that, in some ways, he had penetrated the poet's inner meaning more completely than any other critic. There were certain problems, of course, that he had left untouched; certain aspects of that many-sided mind that he had perhaps failed to seize—

"But then you are young," she concluded, gently, "and one could not wish you, as yet, the experience that a fuller understanding would imply."

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II

She stayed a month at Villa d' Este, and Danyers was with her daily. She showed an unaffected pleasure in his society; a pleasure so obviously founded on their common veneration of Rendle that the young man could enjoy it without fear of fatuity. At first he was merely one more grain of frankincense on the altar of her insatiable divinity; but gradually a more personal note crept into their intercourse. If she still liked him only because he appreciated Rendle, she at least perceptibly distinguished him from the herd of Rendle's appreciators.

Her attitude toward the great man's memory struck Danyers as perfect. She neither proclaimed nor disavowed her identity. She was frankly Silvia to those who knew and cared; but there was no trace of the Egeria in her pose. She spoke often of Rendle's books, but seldom of himself; there was no posthumous conjugality, no use of the possessive tense, in her abounding reminiscences. Of the master's intellectual life, of his habits of thought and work, she never wearied of talking. She knew the history of each poem; by what scene or episode each image had been evoked; how many times the words in a certain line had been transposed; how long a certain adjective had been sought, and what had at last suggested it; she could even explain that one impenetrable line, the torment of critics, the joy of detractors, the last line of "The Old Odysseus."

Danyers felt that in talking of these things she was no mere echo of Rendle's thought. If her identity had appeared to be merged in his it was because they thought alike, not because he had thought for her. Posterity is apt to regard the women whom poets have sung as chance pegs on which they hung their garlands; but Mrs. Anerton's mind was like some fertile garden wherein, inevitably, Rendle's imagination had rooted itself and flowered. Danyers began to see how many threads of his complex mental tissue the poet had owed to the blending of her temperament with his: in a certain sense Silvia had herself created the Sonnets to Silvia.

To be the custodian of Rendle's inner self, the door, as it were, to the sanctuary, had at first seemed to Danyers so comprehensive a privilege that he had the sense, as his friendship with Mrs. Anerton advanced, of forcing his way into a life already crowded. What room was there, among such towering memories, for so small an actuality as his? Quite suddenly, after this, he discovered that Mrs. Memor-all knew better: his fortunate friend was bored as well as lonely.

"You have had more than any other woman!" he had exclaimed to her one day; and her smile flashed a derisive light on his blunder. Fool that he was, not to have seen that she had not had enough! That she was young still—do years count?—tender, human, a woman; that the living have need of the living.

After that, when they climbed the alleys of the hanging park, resting in one of the little ruined temples or watching, through a ripple of foliage, the remote blue flash of the lake, they did not always talk of Rendle or of literature. She encouraged Danyers to speak of himself; to confide his ambitions to her; she asked him the questions which are the wise woman's substitute for advice.

"You must write," she said, administering the most exquisite flattery that human lips could give.

Of course he meant to write—why not to do something great in his turn? His best, at least; with the resolve, at the outset, that his best should be *the* best. Nothing less seemed possible with that mandate in his ears. How she had divined him; lifted and disentangled his groping ambitions; laid the awakening touch on his spirit with her creative *Let there be light!*

It was his last day with her, and he was feeling very hopeless and happy.

"You ought to write a book about *him*," she went on, gently.

Danyers started; he was beginning to dislike Rendle's way of walking in unannounced.

"You ought to do it," she insisted. "A complete interpretation—a summing-up of his style, his purpose, his theory of life and art. No one else could do it so well."

He sat looking at her perplexedly. Suddenly—dared he guess?

"I couldn't do it without you," he faltered.

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"I could help you—I would help you, of course."

They sat silent, both looking at the lake.

It was agreed, when they parted, that he should rejoin her six weeks later in Venice. There they were to talk about the book.

III

LAGO D' ISEO, August 14th.

WHEN I said good-by to you yesterday I promised to come back to Venice in a week: I was to give you your answer then. I was not honest in saying that; I didn't mean to go back to Venice or to see you again. I was running away from you—and I mean to keep on running! If *you* won't, *I* must. Somebody must save you from marrying a disappointed woman of—well, you say years don't count, and why should they, after all, since you are not to marry me?

That is what I dare not go back to say. *You are not to marry me.* We have had our month together in Venice (such a good month, was it not?) and now you are to go home and write a book—any book but the one we—didn't talk of!—and I am to stay here, attitudinizing among my memories like a sort of female Tithonus. The dreariness of this enforced immortality!

But you shall know the truth. I care for you, or at least for your love, enough to owe you that.

You thought it was because Vincent Rendle had loved me that there was so little hope for you. I had had what I wanted to the full; wasn't that what you said? It is just when a man begins to think he understands a woman that he may be sure he doesn't! It is because Vincent Rendle *didn't love me* that there is no hope for you. I never had what I wanted, and never, never, never will I stoop to wanting anything else.

Do you begin to understand? It was all a sham then, you say? No, it was all real as far as it went. You are young—you haven't learned, as you will later, the thousand imperceptible signs by which one gropes one's way through the labyrinth of human nature; but didn't it strike you, sometimes, that I never told you any foolish little anecdotes about him? His trick, for instance, of twirling a paper-knife round and round between his thumb and forefinger while he talked; his mania for saving the backs of notes; his greediness for wild strawberries, the little pungent Alpine ones; his childish delight in acrobats and jugglers; his way of always calling me *you* —— *Dear you,* every letter began —— I never told you a word of all that, did I? Do you suppose I could have helped telling you, if he had loved me? These little things would have been mine, then, a part of my life—of our life—they would have slipped out in spite of me (it's only your unhappy woman who is always reticent and dignified). But there never was any "our life;" it was always "our lives" to the end.

If you knew what a relief it is to tell someone at last you would bear with me, you would let me hurt you! I shall never be quite so lonely again, now that someone knows.

Let me begin at the beginning. When I first met Vincent Rendle I was not yet thirty. That was twenty years ago. From that time until his death, five years ago, we were fast friends. He gave me fifteen years, perhaps the best fifteen years, of his life. The world, as you know, thinks that his greatest poems were written during those years; I am supposed to have "inspired" them, and in a sense I did. From the first, the intellectual sympathy between us was almost complete; my mind must have been to him (I fancy) like some perfectly tuned instrument on which he was never tired of playing. Someone told me of his once saying of me that I "always understood;" it is the only praise I ever heard of his giving me. I don't even know if he thought me pretty, though I hardly think my appearance could have been disagreeable to him, for he disliked to be with ugly people. At all events he fell into the way of spending more and more of his time with me. He liked our house; our ways suited him. He was nervous, irritable; people bored him and yet he dreaded solitude. He took sanctuary with us. When we travelled he went with us; in the winter he took rooms near us in Rome. In England or on the Continent he was always with us for a good part of the year. In small ways I was able to help him in his work; he grew dependent on me. When we were apart

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he wrote to me continually—he liked to have me share in all he was doing or thinking; he was impatient for my criticism of every new book that interested him; I was a part of his intellectual life. The pity of it was that I wanted to be something more. I was a young woman and I was in love with him—not because he was Vincent Rendle, but just because he was he!

People began to talk, of course—I was Vincent Rendle's Mrs. Anerton; when the Sonnets to Silvia appeared, it was whispered that I was Silvia. Wherever he went, I was invited; people made up to me in the hope of getting to know him; when I was in London my door-bell never stopped ringing. Elderly peeresses, aspiring hostesses, love-sick girls and struggling authors overwhelmed me with their assiduities. I hugged my success, for I knew what it meant—they thought that Rendle was in love with me! Do you know, at times they almost made me think so too? Oh, there was no phase of folly I didn't go through. You can't imagine the excuses a woman will invent for a man's not telling her that he loves her—pitiable arguments that she would see through at a glance if any other woman used them! But all the while, deep down, I knew he had never cared. I should have known it if he had made love to me every day of his life. I could never guess whether he knew what people said about us—he listened so little to what people said; and cared still less, when he heard. He was always quite honest and straightforward with me; he treated me as one man treats another; and yet at times I felt that he *must* see that with me it was different. If he did see, he made no sign. Perhaps he never noticed—I am sure he never meant to be cruel. He had never made love to me; it was no fault of his if I wanted more than he could give me. The Sonnets to Silvia, you say? But what are they? A cosmic philosophy, not a love-poem; addressed to Woman, not to a woman!

But then, the letters? Ah, the letters! Well, I'll make a clean breast of it. You have noticed the breaks in the letters here and there, just as they seem to be on the point of growing a little—warmer? The critics, you may remember, praised the editor for his commendable delicacy and good taste (so rare in these days!) in omitting from the correspondence all personal allusions, all those *détails intimes* which should be kept sacred from the public gaze. They referred, of course, to the asterisks in the letters to Mrs. A. Those letters I myself prepared for publication; that is to say, I copied them out for the editor, and every now and then I put in a line of asterisks to make it appear that something had been left out. You understand? The asterisks were a sham—*there was nothing to leave out.*

No one but a woman could understand what I went through during those years—the moments of revolt, when I felt that I must break away from it all, fling the truth in his face and never see him again; the inevitable reaction, when not to see him seemed the one unendurable thing, and I trembled lest a look or word of mine should disturb the poise of our friendship; the silly days when I hugged the delusion that he *must* love me, since everybody thought he did; the long periods of numbness, when I didn't seem to care whether he loved me or not. Between these wretched days came others when our intellectual accord was so perfect that I forgot everything else in the joy of feeling myself lifted up on the wings of his thought. Sometimes, then, the heavens seemed to be opened.

All this time he was so dear a friend! He had the genius of friendship, and he spent it all on me. Yes, you were right when you said that I have had more than any other woman. *Il faut de l'adresse pour aimer*, Pascal says; and I was so quiet, so cheerful, so frankly affectionate with him, that in all those years I am almost sure I never bored him. Could I have hoped as much if he had loved me?

You mustn't think of him, though, as having been tied to my skirts. He came and went as he pleased, and so did his fancies. There was a girl once (I am telling you everything), a lovely being who called his poetry "deep" and gave him "Lucile" on his birthday. He followed her to Switzerland one summer, and all the time that he was dangling after her (a little too conspicuously, I always thought, for a Great Man), he was writing to me about his theory of vowel-combinations—or was it his experi-

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ments in English hexameter? The letters were dated from the very places where I knew they were sitting by waterfalls together while he thought out adjectives for her hair. He talked to me about it quite frankly afterward. She was perfectly beautiful, and it had been a pure delight to watch her; but she *would* talk, and her mind, he said, was "all elbows." And yet, the next year, when her marriage was announced, he went away alone, quite suddenly . . . and it was just afterward that he published "Love's Viaticum." Men are queer!

After my husband died—I am putting things crudely, you see—I had a return of hope. It was because he loved me, I argued, that he had never spoken; because he had always hoped some day to make me his wife; because he wanted to spare me the reproach—Rubbish! I knew well enough, in my heart of hearts, that my one chance lay in the force of habit. He had grown used to me; he was no longer young; he dreaded new people and new ways; *il avait pris son pli.* Would it not be easier to marry me?

I don't believe he ever thought of it. He wrote me what people call "a beautiful letter;" he was kind, considerate, decently commiserating; then, after a few weeks, he slipped into his old way of coming in every afternoon, and our interminable talks began again just where they had left off. I heard later that people thought I had shown "such good taste" in not marrying him.

So we jogged on for five years longer. Perhaps they were the best years, for I had given up hoping. Then he died.

After his death—this is curious—there came to me a kind of mirage of love. All the books and articles written about him, all the reviews of the "Life," were full of discreet allusions to Silvia. I became again the Mrs. Anerton of the glorious days. Sentimental girls and dear lads like you turned pink when somebody whispered, "That was Silvia you were talking to." Idiots begged for my autograph—publishers urged me to write my reminiscences of him—critics consulted me about the reading of doubtful lines. And I knew that, to all these people, I was the woman whom Vincent Rendle had loved.

After awhile that fire went out too and I was left alone with my past. Alone—quite alone; for he had never really been with me. The intellectual union counted for nothing now. It had been soul to soul, but never hand in hand, and there were no little things to remember him by.

Then there set in a kind of Arctic winter. I crawled into myself as into a snow-hut. I hated my solitude and yet dreaded anyone who disturbed it. That phase, of course, passed like the others. I took up life again, and began to read the papers and consider the cut of my gowns. But there was one question that I could not be rid of, that haunted me night and day. Why had he never loved me? Why had I been so much to him, and no more? Was I so ugly, so essentially unlovable, that though a man might cherish me as his mind's comrade, he could not care for me as a woman? I can't tell you how that question tortured me. It became an obsession.

My poor friend, do you begin to see? I had to find out what some other man thought of me. Don't be too hard on me! Listen first—consider. When I first met Vincent Rendle I was a young woman, who had married early and led the quietest kind of life; I had had no "experiences." From the hour of our first meeting to the day of his death I never looked at any other man, and never noticed whether any other man looked at me. When he died, five years ago, I knew the extent of my powers no more than a baby. Was it too late to find out? Should I never know *why?*

Forgive me—forgive me. You are so young; it will be an episode, a mere "document," to you so soon! And, besides, it wasn't as deliberate, as cold-blooded, as these disjointed lines have made it appear. I didn't plan it, like a woman in a book. Life is so much more complex than any rendering of it can be. I liked you from the first—I was drawn to you (you must have seen that)—I wanted you to like me; it was not a mere psychological experiment. And yet in a sense it was that too—I must be honest. I had to have an answer to that question; it was a ghost that had to be laid.

At first I was afraid—oh, so much afraid—that you cared for me only because I was Silvia, that you loved me because you

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thought Rendle had loved me. I began to think that there was no escaping my destiny.

How happy I was when I discovered that you were growing jealous of my past; that you actually hated Rendle! My heart beat like a girl's when you told me that you meant to follow me to Venice.

After our parting at Villa d' Este my old doubts reasserted themselves. What did I know of your feeling for me, after all? Were you capable of analyzing it yourself? Was it not likely to be two-thirds vanity and curiosity, and one-third literary sentimentality? You might easily fancy that you cared for Mary Anerton when you were really in love with Silvia—the heart is such a hypocrite! Or you might be more calculating than I had supposed. Perhaps it was you who had been flattering *my* vanity in the hope (the pardonable hope) of turning me, after a decent interval, into a pretty little essay with a margin.

When you arrived in Venice and we met again—do you remember the music on the lagoon, that evening from my balcony? —I was so afraid that you would begin to talk about the book — the book, you remember, was your ostensible reason for coming. You never spoke of it, and I soon saw that your one fear was that *I* might do so—might remind you of your object in being with me. Then I knew that you cared for me; yes, at that moment really cared! We never mentioned the book once, did we, during that month in Venice?

I have read my letter over; and now I wish that I had said this to you instead of writing it. I could have felt my way then, watching your face and seeing if you understood. But, no, I could not go back to Venice; and I could not tell you (though I tried) while we were there together. I couldn't spoil that month—my one month. It was so good, for once in my life, to get away from literature.

You will be angry with me at first—but, alas! not for long. What I have done would have been cruel if I had been a younger woman; as it is, the experiment will hurt no one but myself. And it will hurt me horribly (as much as, in your first anger, you may perhaps wish), because it has shown me, for the first time, all that I have missed.

SONG

By Richard Hovey

Love me, love me not—
What is that to me?
I have not forgot
When we two were three.

She who loved us twain
Well enough to die—
Can we love again
While her ghost stands by?

Love me, love me not—
I can love no more,
For the empty cot
And the open door.

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THE PEACH

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

I

BEFORE my uncle turned serious and began to put on flesh, he spent some years in the critical study of mankind, his researches compelling him to divide his time between Paris and Monte Carlo. For purposes of taking deep soundings in the sea of humanity he kept his steam-yacht in the Mediterranean, and it used to be said that the holding ground on the north shore of that pleasant lake was spoiled by the empty champagne bottles dropped overboard from the Merry Wives.

It was during this period of research and experiment that my uncle, very early one morning, kicked open the green baize doors of the Municipal Casino, in Nice, and emerged upon the Place Massena. Had it not been carnival time his appearance might have caused remark, since he wore a Pierrot costume of white satin, his face was floured, and his hair was covered by a smoothly fitting skull-cap. At my uncle's heels there followed a troop of male and female maskers who, with shrill cries, besought him not to leave them. Various propositions were advanced—"one more dance"—"a little supper at the London House"—"a drive to Cimella to ring up the monks"—but against all these my uncle, who by this time had entered a cab, turned a smiling but resolute face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in excellent French, waving his hand over the back of the voiture, "and thou especially, Hortense," and he threw a kiss to a tall girl in pink—"it lacerates my heart to leave you. But what would you; we are still young and the world is very small. Count Lenormand, I kiss your hands. Hortense, thy lips. To the harbor, coachman." The cab started when a young man in ordinary dress sprang forward and cried—"And me, Monsieur?" "Ah," said my uncle, "I had forgotten, jump in;" and the two drove off together, followed by cheers, laughing adieus, and perhaps a tear or two, for my uncle had great possessions. At the harbor the Merry Wives lay so close to the quay that one had only to cross the gang-plank to reach her deck.

"Captain Sparrow," said my uncle to the officer who saluted him at the gangway. "This gentleman is so good as to give me a half-hour of his company, after that you may get under way." If the captain observed anything unusual in his owner's costume he gave no sign, but saluting again he turned on his heel and walked toward the engine-room hatch. The after-deck was covered with rugs and skins. On a large table were two softly shaded lamps, books, and a collection of pipes. Scattered about were several lounging-chairs. My uncle touched a bell and directed the steward who answered it to bring brandy and soda.

"Monsieur," said the young man, "before I partake of your hospitality I should tell you my name;" and he handed my uncle a visiting-card, upon which the latter read by the lamp-light the words "Sebastien Grantaire."

"Your name, Monsieur," said my uncle, "is a new one to me, and I do not recall your face, but I have an idea that I can guess the affair that gives me the pleasure of your acquaintance. When you spoke to me at the ball I said to myself—it has arrived. It is in behalf of a certain lady that you are here, is it not?"

The stranger shook his head with a smile.

"No, Monsieur," he replied, "I bear no challenge."

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur," said my uncle.

"Perhaps," he resumed after a moment's pause, "it is that a cathedral is to be restored, and that an opportunity is afforded."

"No, Monsieur, I have no subscription paper."

"One more guess," said my uncle, "and I am done. It is that a noble family, hav-

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Who, with shrill cries, besought him not to leave them.—Page 85.

ing met with reverses, is obliged to part with a Rembrandt or a Correggio. Ah, I have it at last."

"You are wrong again, Monsieur. I have not come to sell you pictures, but to lay the world at your feet."

"Have you it with you?" asked my uncle.

"Yes," said Grantaire, and putting his hand in his breast he drew forth a small green morocco portfolio which he placed upon the table.

My uncle eyed it curiously for a moment. "I see that the world is flat," he remarked.

"Monsieur," asked Grantaire, "what is

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it that all mankind dreads but cannot escape?"

"The police," replied my uncle, promptly.

"No," said Grantaire, "it is death, and with this," and he placed his hand on the portfolio, "I shall abolish death. Do you desire greater wealth than you already possess? Do you long for power? You shall have such riches as the world never saw heaped up, and such power as never yet man wielded. I have spent fifteen years and a fortune seeking it. Listen a moment. When Miserob the Armenian, early in the fifth century, wished to translate the Bible, he sent his students to Alexandria to learn the Greek tongue. One of them brought this back with him. Miserob gave it to Moses of Khorene, who placed it in the Vatican library in the year 437. When the Popes went to Avignon in 1309 it went with them, and when they returned to Rome, Gregory XI. carried it back. When the Duke of Bourbon sacked the Vatican in 1527, and was shot by Benvenuto Cellini, one of his soldiers stole it, sold it to the royal library at Fontainebleau in 1534, and stole it back again the next day. This soldier caused me much trouble, Monsieur. He pawned it once in Paris, and twice in Marseilles, under an assumed name, and chancing to die at Corbie in Picardy, the monk who shrived him took it from his bosom. This monk placed it in the library of the monastery, and it appears in the catalogue of 1638. In 1794, it was removed to the town library of Amiens, where it was unnoticed. Four years ago I was made care-taker at Amiens, and day before yesterday I found it. It had been stolen for fourteen hundred years, and I had no scruples. Why should I? It had cost me the best years of my life, and 500,000 francs to find it. Who is the rightful owner? The library at Alexandria. Where is that library? Cæsar burned it."

"That was a long time ago, Monsieur," remarked my uncle.

"So long," said Grantaire, "that the statute has run. It is mine by right of discovery, and history begins from this day."

My uncle struck a match and lit a pipe. "Monsieur Grantaire," he asked, "what is *it?*"

The Frenchman sprang from his chair. "Haven't I told you?" he exclaimed; then, leaning over, he whispered in my uncle's ear, "It is a map showing the exact location of the Garden of Eden, and a manuscript by Miserob, who visited it."

Just then Captain Sparrow came aft and asked if he should get under way.

"Does it matter whether you stay here or go on to Monaco?" asked my uncle of Grantaire.

"No," he replied; "the little bag I brought aboard is my luggage."

My uncle nodded to the captain, who gave an order and went upon the bridge. The boatswain's whistle sounded, the crew cast off the hawsers, a bell jingled in the engine-room, the screw began to slowly beat the water, and the Merry Wives glided out of the harbor. Just then the sun peeped over the boot of Italy, and the water and the sky turned from gray to pink and then to blue; a faint breeze sprang up from the east, bringing with it the scent of roses and of pines, the bugles sounded from Villafranca, and my uncle leaned over and blew out the lamps, for it was morning.

II

WHEN Grantaire came on deck at four bells the yacht lay at anchor under the palace of Monaco. An awning had been stretched over the after-deck, and under this breakfast was laid. The steward had just placed the melons on the table when my uncle came up the hatch. "Ah, Monsieur," he said, "I dreamed of the Garden of Eden all night, and we wake to find it on our port bow," and he waved his hand toward Monte Carlo. "Yes," he continued, as they took their seats, "here you have sky, water, trees, flowers, music, pigeon-shooting, gambling, and every two-footed beast that walks the earth, besides there are no taxes. Does not that make a paradise? Why did you spend so much money for your map when you could have bought a Baedecker for four francs?"

"Monsieur," replied Grantaire, "I fear that you do not take me seriously. Have you a Bible?"

"Steward," said my uncle, "is there a Bible on board?"

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I spent three years in that sweet spot.—Page 92.

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"Yes, sir," replied the steward; "when we was fittin' in Southampton the mate won one at a Salvation Army raffle."

"Ask the mate to loan it to me," said my uncle, "and meanwhile, Monsieur, try these eggs *à la Bercy*."

The steward came back with the book. Grantaire took it and crossed himself. "This," he said, solemnly, "is the Word of God."

Then he read the following from the Book of Genesis:

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat;

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

He paused a moment and resumed:

And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever:

Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden the Cherubim and the flame of a sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.

He closed the book and said: "Do you understand now what I have obtained? Do you see that what the world has been seeking for ages I have found in a search of only fifteen years? Don't you understand that the man who finds the Garden of Eden will find there growing the Tree of Life, and that he who finds the tree may eat of the fruit thereof?"

My uncle buttered a muffin with great care. "Monsieur," he said at length, "do you believe what you have just read?"

"Yes," replied Grantaire. "My mother taught me to believe it when I was a child, and I have met no man since who was wise enough to give me a substitute. Besides, Miserob found the garden and the tree."

"It does not seem to have worked in his case," said my uncle. "He is quite dead, is he not?"

"Yes, he died fourteen hundred years ago, but he did not eat of the fruit."

"And you, Monsieur, if you were to find the tree, would you disobey the divine injunction and eat thereof; would your mother approve of that?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied Grantaire, "man was told that he might freely eat of every tree in the garden save only of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. He was not forbidden to eat of the tree of life."

My uncle smoked silently for some minutes; then he said, somewhat abruptly, "Tell me what you wish and why you have come to me."

"Monsieur," said Grantaire, "I wish money for my journey, and I come to you because you are young and venturesome and the richest man of your years in France to-day."

My uncle rose from the table, and the quartermaster, who had been waiting this signal that breakfast was over, hauled down the meal pennant. Grantaire remained in his seat. My uncle took a turn up and down the deck, returned Captain Sparrow's good-morning, and then went on the bridge. He came down again and walked aft to where Grantaire was sitting.

"Monsieur," he said, "how much will it cost?"

"As you would travel," replied Grantaire, "with a caravan, bearers, a chef, a valet and an ice machine, it would take a million francs. As I shall go, a hundred thousand will suffice."

"Have you any money?" asked my uncle.

"Two louis," replied Grantaire; and he laid them on the table.

"They will buy you an umbrella for your journey," said my uncle. "You were wise to come to me, for as you say, I am very, very young. I have also more money than is good for me. I decline to furnish 100,000 francs, but I will make you a sporting proposition. I came here this morning to gamble. I have 50,000 francs in my cabin. I never lose more. I will divide with you, and we will go to Monte Carlo after lunch; if you win 75,000 francs, there you are."

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"And if I lose?" asked Grantaire.

"Why, in that event," said my uncle, "there you are also."

At luncheon there were some hot-house peaches on the table. Grantaire took one up and said: "By the way, Monsieur, I am convinced that I shall find the fruit to be more like a peach than an apple, which in its palatable form is artificial."

"Excuse me," said my uncle, somewhat impatiently, "but the launch is at the gangway, and if you are ready, I am. Here are the 25,000 francs."

While in the launch, Grantaire said: "This is the nineteenth of the month and my birthday."

They landed just east of the station, and crossing the tracks mounted the long flight of steps to the terrace. When they entered the casino, Grantaire went into the bureau and asked for a card of admission. He called my uncle's attention to the fact that it was numbered 1906. Then they left their hats and Grantaire's bag in the vestiaire. Grantaire's hat check was number 719. They went into the large room where the four roulette tables are.

"Good luck to you," said my uncle, and turned to the left. Grantaire went toward the table on the right.

"Now," said my uncle to himself, "I'll give him a chance to bolt and close the incident."

But Grantaire did not bolt. He took his stand behind the players until someone rose to leave, then he threw a louis on the table and claimed the vacant seat. My uncle went over and stood where he could watch him. Grantaire handed the croupier two notes for 1,000 francs each and received the gold for them. Then he placed eight louis on the number nineteen, and 1,200 francs on the line between nineteen and twenty-two, thus playing the "transverse." He next laid 3,000 francs on the middle dozen. The croupiers and the players began to watch him. Next he placed 6,000 francs on "black," the same on "passe" and the same on "impaire"; the remainder, 2,620 francs, he laid in the square at the bottom of the first column of figures. The croupiers unfolded the notes and called their amounts. The players from the other tables crowded about, and my uncle had hard work to keep his place.

"Make your play, ladies and gentlemen," called the croupier, then, after a moment's pause, he spun the wheel and threw the ball. There was silence until the ball began to hit against the partitions of the slowing wheel. "Nothing more goes," called the croupier, and then the seconds became hours. Suddenly the click of the ball ceased—it had settled into one of the partitions. "Dix neuf, passe, impaire et noir," called the croupier. Grantaire sat unmoved while the croupiers counted out his several bets and when they finally pushed over to him 41,890 francs, he gathered them up but left his stakes upon the table and added to them from his winnings sufficient to cover the other "transverse," the "corners," the "couples" and the "cross," and he also completed his stake upon the first column.

No one else made a bet. The croupier bowed to Grantaire and asked, "Is Monsieur quite ready?"

"Quite," replied Grantaire, and the wheel started. There was the same strained silence broken only by the clicking of the ball, and when that ceased, before the croupier could announce the result the crowd shouted. The ball had stopped in number nineteen. The croupier counted out to Grantaire 78,650 francs. He gathered up all the money on the table and left his seat. He walked into the entrance-hall and consulted a railway time-table which hung on one of the pillars. My uncle joined him there.

"Ah, Monsieur," said Grantaire, "a train leaves for the East in six minutes. I have won 120,540 francs. I return you the 25,000 which you so kindly loaned me, and the 20,540 as interest," and he thrust a roll of notes into my uncle's hand. They walked toward the station.

"Monsieur," said my uncle, "I admired your courage when you left your stake upon the table."

Grantaire took off his hat. "It was nothing," he said, "compared with yours when you loaned me the 25,000 francs. May I ask why you have never asked to see the map?"

My uncle laughed. "I was afraid," he answered, "that if I saw it I should go with you."

Just then the engine whistled, and the two men shook hands.

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"I shall report to you in New York," said Grantaire, and ran down the steps.

III

EIGHT years afterward, on an afternoon in early June, the Merry Wives passed Whitestone bound west. The yacht being feminine had changed her name and was now the Beatrix. Captain Sparrow was on the bridge and my uncle was dozing in a steamer-chair under the after-awning. On the table, among the books and flowers, lay a pair of small gloves and a fan. A green parrot hung in a gilded cage.

"Jack," came a voice from the after hatch. My uncle smiled and half opened his eyes.

"Here," he replied.

"Jack," the voice continued, "throw me down your keys."

My uncle fished his key-ring out of his trousers pocket and tossed it down the hatch; then he resumed his slumbers, but not for long, for soon there emerged from the companionway a white sailor hat, then a comely, smiling face, then a blue serge gown and finally, as my aunt stepped onto the deck, a white shoe and a few inches of black silk stocking.

"Jack," she said, "see what I found in the little drawer in your dressing-table," and she held out a visiting-card to which were pinned a number of French bank-notes. "Who is Sebastian Grantaire?"

"I declare," said my uncle, "I had forgotten all about it," and he took the notes from my aunt and counted them. "Twenty thousand five hundred," he said. Then he took a small purse from his pocket from which he abstracted two louis. "These," he said, "go with them, and make up the 20,540 francs." And then he told my aunt the story.

"Jack," said she, "it seems to me that you did very strange things when you were studying in Europe."

"Nothing," replied he, "to what I have done since."

"What?" asked my aunt.

"There's my total reformation, for one thing," said my uncle, who grew demonstrative.

"Don't," said my aunt, straightening her hat, "some of the men will see you."

"They don't mind," said my uncle, and he did it again.

When the Beatrix dropped her anchor off the yacht-station at Twenty-sixth Street, my uncle and my aunt went ashore in the gig, and were met at the float by a servant who, as he shut the door of the brougham handed in a bundle of letters. My uncle opened the first one, read it, settled back into the corner and dropped the hand which held the paper onto his knee. My aunt, who had been looking out of her window, surprised him in this attitude.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked.

My uncle handed her the letter. It was in French, and she read it aloud.

> If Monsieur will take the elevated railway this evening and will descend at 155th Street as if to proceed to the Polo Grounds, he will learn the gratitude of SEBASTIAN GRANTAIRE.
>
> Friday, June fourth.

They sat silent for some moments, then my aunt drew close to my uncle and said, "Jack, I'm afraid; just think, we were talking of him only an hour ago, and you had not thought of him before in eight years; and now the first thing you get when you reach home is his letter, and he wants you to go way up to the Polo Grounds to-night. Shall you go, Jack?"

"Of course I shall," he replied, "and I'll have Grantaire in to lunch to-morrow. Perhaps you can get on to his game—he's too deep for me."

This attribute to my aunt's superior astuteness silenced her objections, and my uncle went down the steps of the elevated at 155th Street that evening at just six minutes past nine and started to walk toward Eighth Avenue. He had not gone far when a shadow clambered down from the rocks and stood in the road until my uncle came up, then the shadow raised its hat and said, "Monsieur, I felt sure that you would come."

"Grantaire," asked my uncle, somewhat nervously, "is that you?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied the shadow, "that opens a philosophical question which has baffled the ages. There are good things to be said on both sides of it; and to be frank with you, I don't know. I only know that eight years ago you loaned me 25,000 francs, and if I were

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Grantaire then I am Grantaire now, but who knows? Come."

They turned off from the road across the rocks.

"Where are you going?" asked my uncle.

"But a step," replied Grantaire; "my house is yonder."

In a few moments they stopped at one of those composite huts found only in the upper part of Manhattan Island. While Grantaire was working at the lock my uncle looked about him and saw over at the south the illuminated tents of "The Greatest Show on Earth," pitched on the Polo Grounds, and the faint breeze brought to his ears the music of the circus. Grantaire entered the hut and turned up the lamp. My uncle followed him, and then for the first time saw his companion's face. Grantaire was an old man. His hair and beard were white, his flesh had wasted and turned yellow, and his eyes were only glittering black beads, without pupil or iris, that rested on my uncle for an instant and then turned away.

"Monsieur," said Grantaire, his eyes averted, his fingers ceaselessly playing upon the arms of his chair, "to-night I am in a position to repay the loan you made me."

"You forget," said my uncle, "that you paid it to me the same day at Monte Carlo, and left with me in addition 20,540 francs, which I now return to you." And he placed them on the table.

"As you please," said Grantaire, "they will help to pay postage. To-morrow, when my secret is known, I shall have a correspondence. When I said that I was in a position to repay your loan I did not mean that I actually had the money; I meant that I had the power to command money. I have found the Tree of Life. Shall I tell you where I found it?"

My uncle thought a moment and then said, "No; tell me what you found. Don't tell me your route. If I knew that I might wake some morning with an irresistible desire to travel."

"I found," said Grantaire, "after a six months' journey over mountain-ranges and across deserts, two small volcanoes that were marked upon my map as the 'Cherubim with the Flaming Sword,' and traversing a short valley which lay between them I entered the Garden of Eden. I spent three years in that sweet spot as the trusted guest of a tribe of grave and gentle men whose whole world is bounded by the hills which circle them. All beyond is, to them, the desert.

"In the midst of the garden is a group of small trees which is guarded night and day. The fruit is never touched, and where it falls it lies. No one ever enters the grove except the chief or high priest, and his family. I need not tell you that those trees are the descendants of the Tree of Life, but the inhabitants of the garden do not know it. All that they know is that their fathers, from time immemorial, have guarded the grove, and that, for some reason, it is sacred.

"For three years I lived in the shadow of the trees, but I never passed the line of guards which encircled them. Then, one night in the autumn of the fourth year, when the ripe fruit had begun to fall, I stole away from the valley, passed the Cherubim and the Flaming Sword, which seemed to menace me, and once more crossed the desert that separates Eden from the world."

"And the Tree of Life," cried my uncle—"you did not eat of it after all?"

"No," answered Grantaire, "I have never tasted of it, but I shall to-night, and so shall you."

He took up the lamp, crossed the room to a door, opened it, and my uncle followed him into a rudely constructed hothouse, framed with scantling, and covered with the glass-sash which market gardeners use for their frames.

The glass was thickly whitewashed. There was a stove at one end, and a litter of matting, straw, and broken packing-boxes covered the floor. In the centre stood a large wooden box painted green, and in the box a tree about four feet high was growing.

My uncle had scarcely time to note these things when he heard Grantaire say something in a strange language, and a woman came out of the shadow and stood in the light. She was clothed in some graceful, flowing garment, her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her yellow hair hung about her waist. My uncle had not known that the world possessed anything so beautiful. She stood a moment,

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She came across the desert with me.—Page 95.

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Then the roof fell in.—Page 95.

knelt at my uncle's feet, and then went back to her seat in the shadow.

"I told her," said Grantaire, "that you and she are the only friends I have in the world. You may speak freely; she knows only her own tongue."

"Who is she?" my uncle whispered.

Grantaire did not reply at once. Finally

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he said: "She is Lilith, the daughter of the high priest. She took the fruit after I had besought her for two years, and she came across the desert with me. Do you think the good God will ever forgive me? She brought away two of the fruit and I planted the pits when we reached Marseilles. I was right, you see, the tree is more like a peach than an apple. Both of the pits sprouted and grew until we were half-way across the Atlantic, then one of them died. Lilith and I have watched the other every moment during the last four years, turn and turn about, and I have asked you to come here to-night, for it has borne fruit and the fruit is ripe. I have beggared myself, spent twenty-three years of my life, and"—glancing toward the form in the shadow—"have been a scoundrel, but I have gained immortality. Why should I bother about my soul if it is never to leave my body, and what can happen to my body when death shall have no more dominion over me?"

"I never exactly understood," said my uncle, "how this fruit is to secure to you what you claim. How will it make you rich? How will it give you power?"

Grantaire became excited at once. "What would you give me if the young wife, which the newspapers say you have taken, were dying and I could save her life? Multiply that sum by half the population of the earth, and what do you get? How much would the French Government have paid me in 1870 if I could then have made her soldiers proof against the German bullets? How much would the life insurance companies of the world give me to render all their risks a nullity? And as for power—is there any limit to him who holds life and death in his hand, and who can make the history of the world? Come," he cried—"The harvest is ripe, let us eat."

He walked toward the tree, still carrying the lamp. My uncle followed, and among the shining leaves saw a highly colored fruit, somewhat oblong in shape, and very like a peach. Grantaire stood a moment holding the lamp above his head and peering about the room as though dreading interruption. The lamp shook and flared. Finally he reached his hand toward the fruit, but drew it back again and taking his handkerchief from his pocket he wiped his forehead. Then he muttered to himself: "And now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat and live forever"—and then he thrust out his hand quickly and plucked the fruit.

A low moan came from the woman crouched in the shadow. Grantaire, still carrying the lamp, walked over to her and offered her the fruit. She shuddered, drew back, and hid her face in her hands. With a shrug of his shoulders, Grantaire came back and held out the fruit to my uncle, who put his hands behind him and shook his head.

"Coward!" hissed Grantaire; "most men fear to die—it appears that you are afraid to live;" and he raised the fruit to his lips.

Just then there was a faint rustling in the straw at the foot of the tree. Grantaire heard it and glanced down, and my uncle, who was watching his face, saw it suddenly grow gray.

Then my uncle looked down also and saw slowly gliding out from the straw a little green and black field snake that twined itself about the stem of the tree.

"Look!" screamed Grantaire—"Satan, who tempted man aforetime to lose his soul is here to see he does not win it back again"—and he flung the lamp, with all his force, straight at the glistening coil.

There was a crash—silence—and then all was fire. My uncle put his arms across his face and burst through the glass. Burned and cut he turned and saw for a moment that Grantaire was bending over the tree, evidently trying to shield it with his body, and that the woman was kneeling at his feet, her arms clasped about his knees. Then the roof fell in, the flames shot up, and my uncle saw no more.

Some days after, my uncle, plastered and bandaged, opened his eyes upon the sweet face of my aunt who was bending over him.

"What is it?" he asked, faintly.

"You have been badly hurt," she replied. "You were burned and"——

"Oh, yes," he said, "I remember now."

Then in a moment he whispered, "Poor Grantaire—I found paradise nearer home"—and he raised my aunt's hand to his lips.

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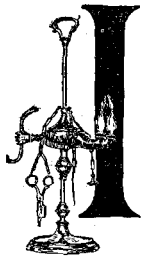
SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS

TO A YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL

By Robert Grant

I



I SHALL assume certain things to begin with. If a young man, that the dividing-line between mine and thine is so clearly defined to your own consciousness that you are never tempted to cross it. For instance, that it is your invariable practice to keep the funds of others in a separate bank-account from the money which belongs to you, and not to mix them. That you will not lie to escape the consequences of your own or others' actions. That you are not afraid to stand up and be shot at if necessary. That you do not use your knife to carry food to your mouth; say "How?" for "What?" or hold the young lady whom you are courting or to whom you are engaged by the crook of her elbow and shove her along the street as though she were a perambulator. If a young woman, that you are so pure in thought that you do not feel obliged to read diseased fiction in order to enlighten yourself as to what is immorality. That you do not bear false witness against your neighbor by telling every unpleasant story you hear to the next person you meet. That you do not repeat to an acquaintance, on the plea of duty, the disagreeable remarks or criticisms which others have made to you regarding her. That you try to be unselfish, sympathetic, and amiable in spite of everything. That you neither chew gum nor use pigments. And that you do not treat young men as demi-gods, before whom you must abase yourself in order to be exalted.

I take it for granted that you have reached the moral and social plane which this assumption implies. Manners are, indeed, a secondary consideration as compared with ethics. A man who eats with his knife may, nevertheless, be a hero. And, yet, it is not always easy to fix where manners and ethics begin. Many a finished young woman who stealthily heightens the hue of her complexion and blackens her eyebrows with paint probably regards the girl who chews gum with superior scorn. Yet tradition associates paint rather than gum with the scarlet woman. To avoid introducing the subtleties of discussion where all is so clear, it is simpler to exclude the use of either as a possible characteristic of fine womanhood. The homely adage that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear is full of meaning for democracy. Manners must go hand in hand with morals, or character will show no more lustre than the uncut and unpolished diamond, whose latent brilliancy is marred by uncouthness, so that it may readily be mistaken for a vulgar stone.

I assume, then, that you possess honesty, purity, and courage, the intention to be unselfish and sympathetic, and an appreciation of the stigma of vulgarity. If you are seeking the ideal, you will try to be, in the first place, an uncommon person. A common person is one who is content to be just like everyone else in his or her own walk of life. The laws on our statute-books are made for the benefit of common people; that is to say, they are tempered to the necessities of the weak and erring. If you stop short there you will keep out of jail, but you will be a very ordinary member of society. This sounds trite, but the application of the principle involved is progressive. It is easy to be ordinary in the higher walks of civilization and yet pass for a rather superior person. It is only necessary to be content to "do as everyone else does," and accept the bare limit of the social code under which you live as the guide of conduct.

(NOTE.—I am reminded here by my wife, Josephine that, though the statute-laws are broken by few of our friends,

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there is one law which women who claim to be highly civilized and exceedingly superior are constantly breaking—the statute which forbids them to smuggle.)

Scene: An ocean steam-ship. Two sea-chairs side by side.

Dramatis Personæ: A Refined and Gifted Instructress of Youth on the home passage from a summer's vacation abroad, and your Philosopher. A perfect sea and sky, which beget confidences.

Refined and Gifted Instructress of Youth. It's rather a bother to have friends ask you to bring in things.

The Philosopher. I always say "Certainly; but I shall be obliged to declare them." That ends it.

Refined and Gifted. My friends wouldn't like that at all. It would offend them. You mustn't tell, but I have as commissions a dress, two packages of gloves, and a large French doll, in my trunk.

The Philosopher. Yet you will be obliged to sign a paper that you have nothing dutiable and that everything you have is yours.

Refined and Gifted. If I were to declare the things, the duties would all have to come out of my own pocket. I shouldn't have the face to collect it from my friends.

The Philosopher. They expect you to fib, of course. You prefer, then, to cheat the Government rather than disappoint persons who made use of you in order to accomplish that very thing?

Refined and Gifted. You don't put it nicely at all, Mr. Philosopher. Besides, the things are mine. I paid for them with my own money; and, until I am paid back, the things belong to me. There, now, why shouldn't I sign the paper?

The Philosopher. A shallow sophistry. A merchant who acted on that theory would be sent to jail. Will a refined and gifted instructress of youth, whose mission in life it is to lead the young in the paths of virtue, evade the law by a subterfuge?

Refined and Gifted. It's an odious law. My family all believe in free trade.

The Philosopher. Very possibly. But it is the law.

Refined and Gifted (after a pause). I don't care. If I declare the things they would never forgive me, and I can't afford to pay charges on their things myself. I've only just enough money to get home, anyway. Perhaps no one will ask me to sign it. By the way, how much ought I to give the man if he passes everything nicely?

The Philosopher. Nothing. That would be bribery.

Refined and Gifted. Why, I thought all men did that.

The Philosopher. Chiefly women who try to smuggle. *(Silence of five minutes.)*

Refined and Gifted. I don't care. I shall sign it.

And she did.

Those whose office it is to utter the last word over the dead rarely yield to the temptation to raise the mantle of charity and show the man or woman in all his or her imperfections. Society prefers to err on the side of mercy and forbearance, and to consign dust to dust with beautiful generalizations of hope and congratulation, even though the subject of the obsequies be a widely known sinner. However fitting it may be to ignore the truth in the presence of death, there can be no greater peril for one in your predicament than to cherish the easy-going doctrine that you are willing to take your chance with the rest of the world. The democratic proposition that everyone is as good as his neighbor is readily amended so as to read that, if you are as good as your neighbor, everybody ought to be satisfied. A philosopher has a right to take liberties with the dead which a clergyman must deny himself. "Died at his late residence on the 5th inst., Solomon Grundy, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers." Perhaps you saw it? Very likely you knew him. If so, you may have attended the funeral and heard read over his bier the beautiful words, "I heard a voice from Heaven which said, write Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and the hymn, which the family had requested, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The officiating clergyman was not to blame. Solomon Grundy had worshipped at his church with regularity for twenty years, and had been a fairly generous contributor to foreign and domestic missions, in spite of the fact that

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he had the reputation down-town of being close as the bark of a tree. The obituary notices in the newspapers referred to him as "a leading merchant" and "a gentleman of the old school." No wonder that the Rev. Peter Tyson, who is a brave man and has been known to rear on occasions, felt that he could let himself go without injury to his conscience. Besides, even so discriminating a person as your Philosopher saw fit to attend the funeral, and remembering that the old gentleman had given him a wedding present, would probably have ordered a wreath but for the wishes of the family. And yet the facts of Solomon Grundy's life, when examined in a philosophic spirit, serve chiefly to point a moral for one who is in search of the ideal. Read the itinerary of his earthly pilgrimage and judge for yourself:

Infancy (first six years).—No reliable data except a cherubic miniature, and the family tradition that he once threw into the fire a necklace belonging to his grandmother. People who know all about such matters will tell you that during these first six years the foundations of character are laid. The miniature was always said to bear a striking resemblance to his maternal grandfather, who was a man of—nay, nay, this will never do. Those same people to whom I have just referred will tell you that we inherit everything we are, and, if I proceed on that theory, we are done with Solomon Grundy as soon as he was born. Decidedly a young man or woman in search of the ideal cannot afford to palm off on ancestors the responsibility for his or her own conduct.

Boyhood (six to sixteen).—So-called highly respectable surroundings and good educational advantages. Here we are brought face to face again with those same persons whom I have already instanced. *They* will assure you that Solomon's father and mother and his "environment" were the responsible agents during this period, and that whatever Solomon did not inherit or have settled for him before his sixth year was settled for him by them without the knowledge of said Solomon. This is rather discouraging as a study of Solomon as a conscious, active *ego*, but it affords you an opportunity, if you are not in search of the ideal, to make your parents and that comfortable phrase your "environment" bear the burden of all your shortcomings until you are sixteen, and serve as an excuse for your shortcomings in the future.

Youth (sixteen to twenty-one).—Now we at least make progress. Solomon enters college. Gets one or two conditions, but works them off and stands erect. High spirits and corresponding consequences. Becomes popular and idle. Subscribes to the faith that the object of going to college is to study human nature, and is fascinated by his own acumen. Sudden revulsion at beginning of senior year. The aims and responsibilities of life unfold themselves in absorbing panorama, and his soul is full of high resolve. The world is his oyster. Studies hard for six months and graduates somewhat higher than had been anticipated. (Curtain descends to inspiring music.) Solomon stands on the threshold of life the image of virile youth, shading his brow and looking at the promised land.

Early Manhood (twenty-one to thirty).—Solomon decides to go into business. Reasons chiefly pecuniary. No special aptitude for anything else. Is sent abroad to study more human nature, acquire breadth of view and learn French. Does so in Paris. Returns with some of his high resolve tarnished, and with only a smattering of the language in question. Goes into the employ of a wholesale dry-goods merchant, and begins at the lowest round of the ladder. Works hard and absorbedly. Very little leisure. Devotes what he has to social diversion. Develops a pleasing talent for private theatricals, in the exercise of which falls in love with a pretty but impecunious young woman. (Slow and sentimental music.) Yearns to marry, but is advised by elderly business friends that he cannot afford it. Dejected winter in bachelor apartments. Takes up with Schopenhauer. Spirits slightly restored by first rise on ladder. Eschews society and private theatricals. Forms relations, which recall Paris, with sympathetic, nomadic young person. Gets another rise on the ladder, and is spoken of among his contemporaries as doing well.

Manhood (thirty-one to forty).—Works steadily and makes several fortunate investments. Joins one or two clubs, and gains eight pounds in weight. Grows side-

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whiskers or a goatee. Gets another rise, and the following year is taken into the firm. Complains of dyspepsia, and at advice of physician buys saddle-horse. Contributes $50 to charity, joins a book-club and attends two political caucuses. Thinks of taking an active interest in politics, but is advised by elderly business friends that it would interfere with his business prospects. Owing to the death of a member of the firm, becomes second in command. Thinks of changing bachelor rooms and wonders why he shouldn't marry instead. Goes into society a little and looks about. Gains five extra pounds and makes more fortunate investments. Picks out good-looking, sensible girl eight years younger than himself, with a tidy property in her own right. Is conscious of being enraptured in her presence, and deems himself very much in love. (Orchestra plays waltz by Strauss.) Offers himself and is accepted. Burns everything in his bachelor rooms and sells out all his speculative investments. Regrets to observe that he is growing bald. Impressive ceremony and large wedding-cake.

Manhood—Middle Age (forty to fifty-five).—Conservative attitude toward domestic expenses. Works hard from what he calls "new incentive." Delights in the peacefulness of the domestic hearth. Blissful mental condition. (Religious music.) Buys pew in Rev. Peter Tyson's church. Buys baby-wagon. Increasing profits in dry-goods business. Almost bald. Gives $200 to foreign missions. Is proud of his wife's appearance and entertains in moderation. Becomes head of firm. Buys gold-headed cane and gains five more pounds. Goes to Europe for six months, with his wife, and conducts himself with propriety, visiting cathedrals and historical monuments. Shows her Paris. Foresees financial complications and turns ship accordingly. Increasing family expenses and depressing conditions in dry-goods trade. Completely bald. First attack of gout. Absorbed in business and in real-estate investments. On return of commercial prosperity, reaps the reward of foresight and sagacity. Is chosen director of two railroads and a trust company. Is elected president of his club. Gives $500 to domestic missions. Buys new house and a barouche for his wife. Gives large evening entertainment. Second attack of gout. Goes to Carlsbad for treatment. (Toccata by Galuppi.)

Old Age (fifty-five to sixty-seven).—Addresses Christian association on "How to Succeed in Life." Is appointed trustee of a hospital and an art museum. Votes conservatively on every question. Is referred to in newspapers as "Hon. Solomon Grundy." Slight attack of paralysis. Becomes somewhat venerable in appearance. Deplores degeneracy of modern ideas. Retires from active business. More venerable in appearance. Second attack of paralysis and death.

And that was the end of Solomon Grundy. A highly respectable representative of a second-class man. The term suggests an idea. We have here no first, second, and third class railway carriages, as are found in England and other countries. But it would be interesting, from a philosophical point of view, to invent such a train for the occasion, and bestow our friends and acquaintances, and, indeed, society at large, according to their qualifications. You, of course, are desirous to know who are the persons entitled to travel first-class, in order that you may be introduced to them and avoid intimacy with the others, so far as is consistent with Christian charity and the mutual obligations of social beings. But let me first dip my pen in the ink again.

II

ABRACADABRA. Presto! Behold the train. The gates are opened and the people press in. There will not be much trouble with the third-class passengers. See how they take their proper places of their own accord. Some of them deserve to ride second-class quite as much as many who will be affronted at not being allowed to go first-class. Do you see that man? He is a commercial traveller, or drummer, and, naturally, early on the ground. He doesn't hesitate or examine his tickets, but gets directly into a second-class smoking-car, settles himself, and puts on a silk cap. He knows that it is useless to ask for a first-class seat, and he

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is going to make the best of it (which is good philosophy). Very likely if you were sitting next to him he would utter some such cheery remark as, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," and tell you a pat story to illustrate the situation. Did you happen to notice, though, the longing look he cast at the first-class coaches as he went by? I feel sure that down in his heart he is ready to admit that there are such things as ideals, after all, and he is making resolutions as to what he would do if he could live his life over again.

Did you notice that stout, fashionably dressed man who stopped and looked at me with a grin? He was trying it on, so to speak. He knew just as well as Tom Johnson, the drummer, that he had no right to travel first-class, but he thought I might admit him on the score of social prestige. He is one of the kindest-hearted of fellows—just the man to whom a friend would apply in a tight place, and I rather think he would be apt to help an enemy, unless it happened that something he had eaten for supper the night before had disagreed with him. He has the digestion of an ostrich, and he needs it, for his skin is full of oil, and whiskey, and tortured goose-liver, and canvas-back ducks, and pepper-sauce, and ripe Camembert cheese, and truffles, and Burgundy, and many other rich and kindred delicacies. He could tell four different vintages of champagne apart with his eyes shut, and he has honor at his club on account of it. His name is Howard Vincent. An illustrious-sounding name, isn't it? He inherits gout from both sides of the family. He does not know Tom Johnson, the drummer. They have moved in different social strata. But they belong to the same order of human beings. There! you notice, he asks Tom for a light, and they have begun to talk together. They are laughing now, and Tom is winking. I shouldn't wonder if they were making fun of the first-class passengers. Vincent has read more or less in his day, and he rather prides himself on what he calls keeping abreast of the times in the line of thought. See, they have opened the window, and are beckoning to me. Let us hear what they have to say.

Drummer. Ah, there, philosopher! You wouldn't let us in, and I guess you know your business. We've had a good time in life, anyhow. If the religious folk are right, we shall be in it up to our necks. If they're wrong, they've been wasting a lot of valuable time.

Howard Vincent. We've ridden straight, at all events. (Vincent is an authority on sporting matters.) We haven't pretended to be something we were not. We've never cheated anybody, and we've never lied to anybody, and each, according to his light (this last qualification was for Tom's benefit), has been a gentleman. We've been men of the world, and we have found the world a reasonably satisfactory place. We're in no haste to leave it.

The Philosopher. And may I add, gentlemen, that each of you has a kind and generous heart?

Did you observe how pleased they looked when I said that? It was a little weak of me to say it, but I could not help it. Somehow, it is very difficult to be sufficiently severe to such easy-going, pleasant-natured fellows, who are content to take the world as they find it, laugh and grow fat. Moreover, Tom Johnson has for twenty years supported his old mother and invalid sister, and remained single as a consequence; and Howard Vincent has a habit of giving away delightful sums on Christmas Day without advertising the fact. How often, on the occasion of death, do we hear the aphorism that everything counts for nothing save the kindly deeds of the deceased, until one is tempted to believe that a genial commercial traveller, like our friend, with a benignant soul is more admirable and inspiring than a highly sensitive gentleman and scholar. Indisputably this is so if the gentleman and scholar lacks the humanity for which the other is conspicuous; but, nevertheless, it behooves the soul in search of the ideal to beware of the slough of mere warm-heartedness. It is an attribute which, if relied on too exclusively as a leavening force, is readily made to subserve very ordinary purposes. The two Falstaffian men in the second-class car belong there, even though you might find their kindly ways and their stories attractive up to a certain point. They are of the class of men who, more signally perhaps than any other, bar the path of

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the world's progress toward the stars by means of the argument that what has been must be, and that what is is good enough. They are of the men who shrug their shoulders when the hope is expressed that the abuse of liquor may be lessened and finally controlled; who sneer at the efforts of the police authorities to shut up all the houses of ill-repute, on the ground that prostitution has always existed and must always exist. (That it will never become "unpopular," as the drummer would tell you in his breezy way.) Assuredly, you need to be on your guard against infatuation with those big, genial and (usually) pot-bellied personages whose large hearts and abundant charity and splendid appetites allow them to discard as unworthy of a sensible man's regard everything but honesty, reading, spelling and arithmetic (add, in the case of Howard Vincent, a dash of accomplishments and agnostic philosophy), Worcestershire sauce and jests of custom-made humor. Blessed be humor. The man or woman without it is like a loaf of stale bread or a cup of brackish water. But to be content with the mere workaday world and its ways is like travelling perpetually with a grip-sack. When we open the grip-sack, what do we find? The barest necessaries of life, without a trace of anything which inspires or refines. I have no desire to betray the private affairs of any commercial traveller, or to imply that the Bible and Shakespeare are not occasionally to be found both in the kit of the travelling man and the English leather trunk of the more elegant man of fashion. I am simply cautioning you, my male correspondents, to beware of accepting as final your world as you find it. Nothing is more sure to make you a second-class person. Mere good-natured common-sense ("horse-sense," as our drummer would call it) is a useful virtue, but it would keep civilization ordinary to the crack of doom.

Ah! now we are likely to have trouble. Notice, please, the lady coming this way. How graceful and elegant she is. A delicate, refined face and bearing. See how she sidles off from the third and second class passengers with an expression of distaste for them which suggests pain. She cannot bear coarse people. She believes herself to be an intellectual woman with serious tastes. She aims to be a spiritual person and she reads many essays—by Emerson, Matthew Arnold, Pater, and others. She is fond of history and politics; not of this country, because she claims that it is vulgar and lacks picturesqueness. But she can tell you all about the governments of Europe, and who is prime minister of or in authority in each of them. Democracy does not interest her. It seems to her to concern the affairs of dirty or common people; and she cares nothing for the great social questions of the age. They appear to her to clash with personal spirituality and culture. She is very sensitive. She has made a study of music, especially Wagner. She is very particular as to what she has to eat, but the grossness of men, as she calls it, offends her seriously. She believes herself to be not very strong physically, and she is nervous on the subject of arsenic in wall-papers and germs in drinking-water. She has retained her maidenly instincts to the last.

What is that you ask, madam? A seat in a first-class carriage. Excuse me, you cannot go in there. You belong in the second-class section of the train. Mistake? There is no mistake. I understand perfectly. I'm ready to take your word for it that you have read Dante in the original, and I know that you are

> Chaste as the icicle
> That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple.

(Doubtless you recall the quotation.) But you must stay out. Your ticket reads "Personal culture and individual salvation," and it entitles you to ride in any of those second-class cars. You don't like the passengers? I am very sorry, I'm sure, but my instructions are explicit. I was told to keep out all ladies of your kind, who think that the ideal is to be attained by hugging themselves to themselves (excuse the coarseness of the metaphor, madam) all their days in a hot-house atmosphere, and playing bo-peep with their own souls. You intend to write a letter about it to the Boston *Evening* ——? Oh, very well. You will have to ride second-class, all the same.

Enter a clergyman. This seems more promising.

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Clergyman. Is this the first-class section? I think my seat must be in here.

Philosopher. First-class here, sir. Tickets, please. (*Aside to correspondent.*) A modest gentleman, forsooth.

Clergyman (*stops fumbling in his pocket for his tickets and sniffs suspiciously*). I smell tobacco. Is there a smoking-car on the first-class train?

Philosopher. There is for those who smoke.

Clergyman. An outrage, sir. An unchristian outrage. I suppose next that you will tell me that intoxicating fluids are sold there.

Philosopher. Yes, sir, to those who use them. All the first-class passengers understand the use of such things in moderation. They are not injured by them.

Clergyman. A flimsy argument, sir. Think of the example. I repeat it, sir; think of the example. I protest against it, sir, as a crime against our highest civilization. I—I will have you removed from office. You are not fit to hold your position. I will see the governor about it immediately. I—I ——

Philosopher (*to correspondent*). He fancies that he is arguing on the liquor question before a board of police commissioners. (*To clergyman.*) The gentleman will come to order.

Clergyman. I insist on having the smoking and drinking car detached, or I will not ride on the train.

Philosopher. You will not ride in the first-class portion of it, in any event. Your ticket reads "Well-intentioned but overbearing visionary enthusiast." Come, sir, pass on, or, in spite of your cloth, I shall be obliged to put you in charge of an officer for disturbing the peace.

I was interrupted here by my wife, Josephine. "Of course I understand," said she, "that he was very overbearing, and I have heard you say before that clergymen are more apt to lose their temper before committees than most other people. But the poor man was desperately in earnest. The whole thing means so much to him. He believes that the world will never be redeemed until liquor and tobacco are no longer used in it. Do you mean that you really think this will never come to pass?"

"Never is a long time, my dear," said I.

"But you were discussing the ideal."

"To be sure. Have you ever considered the matter from the moderate-drinker and smoker's point of view? Brain-weary, muscle-tired men have, from generation to generation, found a glass of wine or spirit and a cigar a refreshment and a comfort. Neither agrees with some, and many abuse the use of both. Drunkenness among the poor and tippling among the rich are, perhaps, the greatest enemies of civilization; and, consequently, there is a corps of many women and some men who cry out upon the use of alcohol as incompatible with the world's progress. This sentiment at the polls expresses itself chiefly in very small minorities, unless the voters are reasonably near to some large city or town. The failure of the movement to make important headway might be ascribed to the fact that the mass of people are still unenlightened, were there any signs that the intelligent workers of the world are disposed to side with the wearers of the white ribbon. The use of champagne, claret, brandy, and whiskey continues unabated over the civilized world, if one is to judge by economic statistics and trade circulars. They are quaffed on state and festal occasions, generally with moderation, by lords and ladies, statesmen, lawyers, doctors, bankers, soldiers, poets, artists, and often by bishops and clergymen. At ninety-nine out of every hundred formal dinner-parties in London, Paris, Berlin, or New York, alcohol is offered in some form to the guests as a stimulus to conversation, and, were it not so, there would be ninety-nine grumblers to every one man or woman who, at present, turns his or her glasses down with an ill-bred, virtuous air."

"And yet," said Josephine, "I have heard you say constantly that it would be no particular deprivation to you to give up wine."

"No more it would. In this country, with its stimulating climate, most nervous people are better for a very little if any alcohol, and many men are apt to find that it is simpler not to drink at all. But, remember, we are considering the question whether there is any reason why the man or woman in perfect health, and in search of the ideal, should be a teetotaler, and if there is any probability that the world will banish alcohol and cigars from the digni-

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fied occasions of the future. In other words, when the world has learned not to drink and smoke too much, will it cease to drink and smoke altogether? I know that the advocates of total-abstinence argue about the serenity and sane joy of a cold-water banquet, and it may be that we are a trifle hysterical in our declarations that conversation must lag until one has had a glass of champagne; but is not much of the light, masculine laughter of life associated with the fruit of the grape and the aroma of tobacco? Have you ever tried to picture to yourself a world as it would be if there were well-enforced, rigid prohibition everywhere, and the tobacco-plant were no more?"

Josephine gave a little laugh. "You say the masculine laughter of the world. I assure you that much of the masculine laughter which you associate with the fruit of the grape is associated in the feminine mind with conjugal or maternal tears. I quite understand your appeal to the imagination from the masculine point of view. That is, I suppose the words wine and tobacco bring in their train for man many pleasing and even inspiriting images; that under their influence the soldier believes himself more brave and wins battles in anticipation; that the artist gets a glimpse of his great picture, and that the tired husband and father sees evolve from the bottom of his beer-mug a transfigured reflection of his wife and children. But we women, who, as a sex, have always done without wine and tobacco, know from experience that, however lofty and delightful your visions at such times, there is always a reaction after alcohol, and that we generally get the full benefit of the reaction. If, now, inspiring visions never came to us and other total-abstainers, there would seem to be some reason why we should be willing to bear the brunt of man's inebrieties a little longer; but really, my dear philosopher, is there any reason to believe that we do not entertain visions quite as inspiring and delightful as yours? We drink only tea—too much of it for our nerves, I dare say—but we will gladly give that up if you will abjure alcohol and cigars. There certainly is no poetry in the aroma of tobacco in the curtains, next day, and we pass the morning with it when you have gone down-town. Don't you think there is a great deal of humbug in the notion that in order to laugh lightly and remember gladly men need to be titillated either by wine or tobacco? I'm glad you wouldn't allow that bumptious clergyman to ride in a first-class car, but I don't see why the world should not be just as gay, and many women twice as happy, if there were no wine or tobacco. Only think how light-hearted woman would be if the incubus of man's drunkenness, under which she has staggered for hundreds of years, should be lifted off forever! She would be so bubbling over with happiness that, even though as a consequence man were in the dumps and without visions, she would make him merry in spite of himself."

"Very likely, Josephine. I am disposed to agree with you that the jest and merriment of masculine youth would not be entirely and hopelessly repressed. But you do not take sufficiently into consideration—and in this you imitate the bumptious clergyman who was going to have me removed—the world's cravings and necessities as a world. If, pardon me, men were all women in their appetites, and life were one grand pastoral *à la* Puvis de Chavannes—if, in short, the world were not the bustling, feverish, perplexing, exhausting, crushing, cruel world, men would not crave stimulants to help them to do their work or to forget it. If there were no alcohol or cigars, would not those who now use either to excess have recourse to some other form of stimulant or fatigue and pain disguiser instead? Why should those who have learned the great lesson of life, self-control, renounce the enjoyment of being artificially strengthened or cheered because others let their appetites run away with them and make beasts of them? I have, indeed, already suggested that it is a dangerous argument to instance an existing state of affairs as a reason against change; but I beg to call your attention to the fact that the world seems to pay very little heed to the lamentations of the teetotalers, so far as total-abstinence is concerned. There has been a change of temper among all classes in the direction of moderation in the use of liquor and wine, and legislation regulating and re-

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stricting licenses is becoming popular. But if the wearers of the white ribbon were to make inquiries of the dealers in glass-ware, they would find that no fewer newly married couples, among the educated and well-to-do in every country, buy wine-glasses as a necessary table article, in order to provide wine or beer for those whom they expect to entertain. There are certainly no signs that society, in the best sense, has any intention of adopting prohibition as a cardinal virtue, but many signs that it is seriously determined to make warfare on inebriety, and no longer to proffer it the cloak of social protection when the offenders happen to be what the world used to call gentlemen. One's ideal should not be too remote from probable human conclusions, and it does not seem likely, from present indications, that man, unless he be persuaded that the moderate use of stimulants is seriously injurious to his health, will ever be willing to banish them from the markets of the world because a certain portion of the community has not the necessary intelligence or self-control to use them with discretion. As for tobacco, it is a long cry from now to the millennium, but a philosopher cannot afford, at this stage of the itinerary, to cut off the smoking-car from the first-class portion of the train, for by so doing he might confound even archbishops and other exemplary personages."

III

I WAS interrupted at this point in my letter by the loud ringing of the front-door bell. Glancing at the clock, I observed that it was eleven. Consequently, the servants must have gone to bed. Under these circumstances, a philosopher has to open the front door himself, or submit to a prolonged tintinnabulation. "Ting-a-ling-a, ling-a-ling-a-ling" went the bell again.

"It must be a telegram," said Josephine. "I wonder what has happened?"

"Or a dinner-invitation which the servant was told to deliver this morning," I answered. "One would suppose that, after turning out the gas in the hall, one could work without callers."

Having lighted up, and having unbolted the inner door, I beheld, through the glass window of the outer, a young man in a slouch hat. Evidently he was not a telegraph-messenger or a domestic. Nor did he have exactly the aspect of a mid-night marauder. Nevertheless, I opened the door merely a crack and inquired, gruffly:

"What do you wish?"

Said a blithe, friendly voice: "I saw your light, and I took the liberty of ringing. Can't you give me 3,000 words on the death of the Czar of Russia?"

Before he had finished this sentence, he had backed me, by his persuasive manner, from the vestibule into the hall, and I remembered vaguely that I had seen him somewhere.

"I'm the local correspondent of the New York *Despatch*," he said, to refresh my memory.

I recollected then that he had tried to interview me six months before, on my domestic interior, and that I had politely declined the honor. He was a lean, alert, bright-eyed man of thirty-five with a pleasant smile.

"Isn't it rather late to ring my door-bell?" I inquired, with dignity. (My mental language was, "What do you mean, you infernal young reprobate, by ringing my door-bell at this hour of the night on such an impudent errand?" But, in the presence of the press, even a philosopher is disposed to be diplomatic.)

"I needed you, badly," was the reply. "I've got to wire to New York to-night three thousand words on the death of the Czar."

"What do I know about the Czar of Russia? Why don't you go to the historians or politicians? There are several in the neighborhood. I'm a philosopher."

"I've tried them," he said, with a patient smile. "They were out or in bed. Then I thought of you. Anything you would say on the subject would be read with great interest."

"Pshaw!" I answered.

By this time he had backed me into the dining-room, and, under the influence of diplomacy, I searched for a box of cigars. I had no intention of giving him a single word on the deceased ruler of all the Russias, but I wished to let myself down easy, so to speak, and retain his good-will.

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"Ah!" he said, settling in a chair, with a Cabana, "this is the first restful moment I have had to-day." He was pensive during a few puffs, then he added: "A reporter's life is not all strawberry ice-cream. Do you suppose I enjoy rousing a man at this hour of the night? It makes me shiver whenever I do it."

"I should think it might," I answered, in spite of myself. "Some men would be apt to resent it."

"You misunderstand me. I do not shiver from physical fear, but because my sense of propriety is wounded. I dare say," he continued, looking at me narrowly, "that you think I take no interest in the ideal; that you suppose me to be a materialistic Philistine."

You will appreciate that this was startling and especially interesting to me under the circumstances. I, in my turn, examined my visitor more carefully. There were evidences in his countenance of a sensitive soul, and of refined intelligence. The thought occurred to me that here was an opportunity to obtain testimony. "I think that every thoughtful man must take an interest in the ideal," I answered, "and, in spite of the lateness of the hour, I had not set you down as an exception to the rule. Curiously enough, however, I was busy when the bell rang answering a letter from several correspondents in search of the ideal. I will read it to you, if you like, as far as I have got."

Perhaps I hoped that in submitting he would appear slightly crest-fallen. But, on the contrary, he showed obvious enthusiasm at the suggestion, and begged me to fetch my manuscript at once. Josephine met me at the top of the stairs, and whispered that she had been dying with curiosity to know who it was.

"A reporter," I whispered, in reply.

"What does he wish for?"

"Three thousand words on the death of the Czar of Russia," I said, mysteriously; then I picked up my letter and glided away with my finger on my lips. "If he stays too long, dear, you may come down, as a gentle hint."

I began to read, and, as I read, my heart warmed toward my visitor on account of the absorbed attention he paid to my philosophy. "And now," said I, when I had finished, "pray tell what is your ideal? You have told me that you were interested in one."

He shook his head sadly. "No matter about me. It's too late. I can only shiver and go on. But I'm interested in what you're trying to do, and, if you like, I'm willing to throw in a word now and then while you work it out. I'm glad," he added, "that you hit the back numbers a rap."

I told him that he was not exactly intelligible.

"I mean the old familiar aspirants; in particular the lady interested in culture and personal salvation. There was no question about the man of the world and the drummer; one might feel kindly toward them, but of course they must ride second-class, and most newspaper men would ride with them—and some of the editors would have to go third. Easy-going commonness is the curse of democracy, even if I, who am a democrat of the democrats, do say it. But what I like most—and it's the nub of the whole matter—is that you knew enough to throw out that woman; she might equally well have been a man, for there are plenty of the same sort. If you'll excuse my saying so," he said, biting his cigar fiercely, "I shouldn't have expected it of a philosopher like you, and I honor your intelligence because of it. The man or woman of to-day in search of the ideal comes plumb up against sweating, bleeding, yearning democracy, and whoever funks, or shirks the situation has no first-class soul—be he or she ever so delicate, or cultured, or learned."

I could not but feel gratified at his fervor, nor did I mind his bringing his hand down on the table with the last word by way of emphasis, for he had grasped my meaning precisely. Evidently, too, he had taken the bit between his teeth and meant to have his say, for, as he lighted another cigar, his nostrils dilated with suppressed earnestness and his eye gleamed significantly.

"I'm not a man of culture," he continued. "I have the effrontery, from the necessities of my trade, to ring at your door-bell at midnight, and I know my own limitations, but I know what culture is. When I stand on the cliff and watch the waves hurl themselves against the shore—

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when on a peaceful summer's night I view the heavens in their glory, I realize in my own behalf something of what those who have had more opportunities than I are able to feel, and I know that I am illiterate and common as compared with many. But, Mr. Philosopher, what has been the philosophy of beauty and art and intellect and elegance through all the centuries until lately? Individual seclusion, appropriation, and arrogance. The admirable soul, the admirable genius, the admirable refinement was that which gloried in its superiority to the rest of the world and claimed the right of aloofness. The monk and the nun lived apart from the common life, and were thought to walk nearer heaven because of it. That idea of the priesthood has nearly passed away, but aloofness and arrogance are still too typical of the mental and the social aristocrats. They glory in their own superiority and delicacy, lift their skirts if they're women, hold their noses if they're men, and thank heaven they are not as the masses are. They are charitable, they are sometimes generous, and invariably didactic, but they hold aloof from the common herd. They refuse to open the gates of sympathy, and sometimes it seems as though the gates will never be opened until they are broken down by the masses."

My visitor suddenly stopped, and started to rise from his chair. Turning to investigate the cause of the interruption, I encountered my wife, Josephine, armed with a tray containing a brazier and the essentials for a midnight repast.

"You will be able to talk better if you have something to eat," she exclaimed, affably.

The ceremony of introduction having been performed successfully without causing our guest to notice that we did not know his name, I begged him to continue his address.

"Yes, do," said Josephine, "while I cook the oysters. I could not help overhearing a little of your conversation, so I know the general drift."

(NOTE. — That means she had been leaning over the banisters, listening.)

"A lunch will taste very good," said the reporter.

(NOTE.—Here he ran up against one of my pet prejudices, and for a moment I almost forgot that I was doing the honors of my own house. I almost said: "Speaking of democracy and culture, my dear sir, I should like to inquire if you have any authority for your use of the word 'lunch'? As employed by the appropriating and the arrogant it has long meant a meal or a bite between breakfast and dinner; but, as used by democracy, it seems to apply to afternoon tea or late supper equally well.")

"We were speaking of the ideal," he continued, addressing my wife, "and I was just saying that only recently had the world of noblest thought and aims begun to recognize that an ideal life must necessarily include interest in and sympathy for common humanity, and that the mere aristocrat of religion, of culture, or of manners, has ceased to be the Sir Galahad of civilization."

"Indeed it must be so," said Josephine, "and the idea is rapidly gaining ground. People used to be satisfied with making charitable donations; now they investigate facts and conditions and give themselves. But it isn't always easy for those who love beauty to avoid shrinking from people and things not beautiful. There is nothing which freezes a sensitive, artistic nature more quickly than dirt and ugliness, and yet the ideal modern soul does not turn away, but seeks to sympathize and to share. Might you not, dear (Josephine was now addressing me, not the reporter), say that the key-note of the ideal life is refined sympathy?"

"It certainly is an indispensable attribute of it," I answered.

"How much easier it is," mused Josephine, as she stirred the oysters in the melting butter, "to wrap one's self in one's own æsthetic aspirations and to let the common world shift for itself. It was possible, once, to do that and believe one's self a saint, but that day has passed forever. It's very hard, though, sometimes, Mr. Reporter. Constant contact with the common world is liable to make one terribly discouraged unless one has abiding faith in the future of democracy."

"I know it; I know it," he replied, eagerly. "We're a depressing lot—many of us. Don't you suppose I understand how the sensitive soul must suffer when it has to deal with some of us? Take the

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cheap, ignorant, mercenary, city politician, such as disgraces the aldermanic chair of our large cities — there's a discouraging monster for you. There is a host of others; the shallow, self-sufficient, impertinent type of shop-girl, whose sole concern is her finery and her 'fellow'; the small dealer of a certain sort, who adulterates his wares, lies to maintain his cause, and will not hesitate to burn his stock in order to obtain the insurance money; the sordid number who seek to break the wills of their relations who have devised the property to others; the many, too, who make a mess of marriage, and leave wife or husband on the paltriest pleas. I know them well; they are the people, they are humanity, and they can no longer be ignored and loftily set aside as 'the uneducated mass' by those whose finer instincts cause them to live free from these sins. Hard? Of course it's hard, but the best hope for the improvement of society lies in the education and enlightenment of that mass; and this can be compassed only through the efforts and sympathy of the intelligent and refined."

Just then the clock struck midnight. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "every one will be in bed, and what will become of my telegram on the Czar of Russia? Instead of getting three thousand words from you, I have been giving you that number on your own topic."

"For once, then, I have got the better of a reporter," said I.

"But before I give you any supper, Mr. Reporter," said Josephine, "you must acknowledge, too, that the movement *is* gaining ground, and that the refined and educated *are* changing their point of view. Think of the hospitals, think of the museums, think of the colleges, think of the model tenements, the schools for manual training and cooking."

"I do acknowledge it; it is grand and inspiring. I have been merely calling attention to the fact that in the search for the ideal their new point of view must become permanent and extend still farther. To counterbalance your facts I could cite others. Think of the doings of the multi-millionaires, their modern palaces, their extravagant entertainments, their steam-yachts, their home-desecrating wives—a lot of third-class passengers, with no more claim to be considered first-class than the alderman and the shop-girl and the other democrats of whom we were speaking a moment ago. Nothing of the ideal there, and they had such a grand chance! Yes, yes, I do admit, madam, that the efforts and progress of the refined and intelligent during the last quarter of a century have been notable and stirring, but democracy has been neglected for so many centuries that it may prove a little ungrateful at first. And here am I, Mr. Philosopher, keeping your train in three sections waiting all this time."

"The oysters are cooked," said Josephine.

"Five minutes for lunch"! cried the reporter.

(NOTE.—Confound the man! Why should he call my supper a lunch?)

IV

THAT beatific mental condition associated by my midnight visitor, the reporter, with people of alleged cultivation and æsthetic tastes, when in the presence of the beauties or marvels of nature, like sunset, mountain scenery, ocean calm and ocean storm, is doubtless a familiar experience to you. The wonder book of nature is constantly being held up by poet and painter as the source of human ideality, and all the traditions of civilization urge you to attain that degree of artistic development under the white light of which the seals of that book become loosened, and you are able to read in the evening star and the mountain torrent lessons of inspiration and truth. Next to nature in their æsthetic potency are her hand-maids, music, sculpture, letters, and painting—briefly, the civilized arts, the medium by which mortals seek to woo and hold fast to beauty. We listen to the gorgeous anthems of the world's most famous composers, and our souls thrill and vibrate with emotion; life seems grand and everything possible. We stand before the greatest marbles and canvasses, and we seem to have truth within our grasp and nature almost subjugated. How exquisitely falls on the senses the sublimity of the lines

> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

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We catch a glimpse there of what we call heaven. Is there any more satisfactory occupation for a thirsty soul than to scan the fairness of the twilight heavens when the evening star shines alone and the saffron or purple glories of the departing day irradiate the west ?

Noi andavam per lo vespero attenti
Oltre, quanto potean gli occhi allungarsi,
Contro i raggi serotini e lucenti.

So wrote Dante in immortal verse, to portray the æsthetic value of a kindred experience.

I selected those lines of Wordsworth because he, of all the poets, suggests more ostensibly in his verse deliberate pursuit of the ideal. Shelley, indeed, reveals a bolder purpose to unmask the infinite, but his mood is oftener that of an audacious stormer of heaven than of a reverend seeker for perfect truth. We feel in Wordsworth a conscious intent to distill from the study of nature and of man a spiritual exhalation, which would enlighten him and enable him, by force of his poetic gifts, to enlighten us as to how best to live. When we think of him, we see him amid the exquisite scenery of his favorite lakes, walking in close communion with God ; discerning the manifestations of the infinite in the mountain and the wild flower, in the splendor of the storm and the faithful doings of the humblest lives.

Ever since he wrote Wordsworth has been the patron saint of introspective souls. In his poetry they have found not merely suggestion but a creed. The poet himself was at heart an enthusiast and a revolutionary, and his worship of quiet beauty and subjective refinement was the expression of a design broader and deeper in its scope than many of his followers have been willing to adopt. He revealed not merely the æsthetic significance of the contemplative life which substitutes soul analysis, with God in nature as a guide, for the grosser interests of the flesh, but also the unholiness of class distinctions and of the indifference of man to his fellow-man as distinguished from himself. The followers of Wordsworth were, for the most part, prompt to accept the first without including the second and equally fundamental tenet of his philosophy. What, a quarter of a century ago, was the ordinary practice of the cultivated and refined, who had been stirred either directly or indirectly by the teaching of the great poet to adopt contemplation as the key-note of their daily lives? Their greatest number was in beautiful, rural England ; but the spiritual atmosphere breathed by them soon found its way across the Atlantic, and served to exalt and modify the ever moral inclinations of New England.

Picture, if you will, the model country house of the English country gentleman of comfortable means and refined tastes. To begin with, the structure itself is charming; time has bestowed upon it picturesqueness, and art has made it beautiful with the simple but effective arrangement of vines and flowers. There is nothing of the vileness of earth at hand to mar or offend. The proprietor himself, an elder son, has been left with a competence ; no riches, but sufficient to enable him to pursue his literary or other refined interests without molestation from pecuniary cares. The interior is tasteful and æsthetically satisfying; the spacious, comfortable rooms contain all that is desirable in the way of upholstery, ornaments, books and pictures. The large drawing-room windows command a fair expanse of velvet lawn, flanked by stately trees. Beyond lies an undulating acreage of ancestral metes and bounds, rich in verdure and precious with associations. Here lives our gentleman the greater portion of the year ; lives aspiringly according to his Wordsworthian creed. He eschews or uses with admirable moderation the coarser pleasures and vanities of life. Unselfishness, gentleness, and nicety of thought and speech are the custom of his household. He himself finds congenial occupation in literary or scientific research, in the hope of adding some book or monograph to the world's store of art or knowledge. His wife, in co-operation with the church, plays a gracious part among their tenants or among the village sick and poor, teaching her daughters to dispense charity in the form of soup, coals, jellies, and blankets. Parents and children alike, jealously intending to attain holiness and culture, continuously take an account of their individual spiritual successes and failures, and though they hold these auditings with God in the church, they renew

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them often under the inspiring influence of nature.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

or, as Dante expressed a similar conception,

'Twas now the hour that turneth back desire
In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart
The day they've said to their sweet friends farewell,
And the new pilgrim penetrates with love,
If he doth hear from far away a bell
That seemeth to deplore the dying day.

This is the hour when the Wordsworthian spirit, refined, conscientious, aspiring, beauty and duty loving, sees through the splendor of the lucent, saffron sky, heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending. Not always is the vision so adorable. Often enough the gazer knows the bitterness of divine discontent, and finds the golden glory but a bar, shutting out God. In the favorable hour, though, comes the rapture, and the transfiguration; the exquisite, refined feelings seem to find communion with the infinite, and a voice from heaven to say :

Well done, good and faithful servant.

I have selected this experience of the cultivated English household rather than that of the purely religious life as an example, for the reason that in it the æsthetic side is represented in the soul-hunger, and that the existing conditions of earth are, to a certain extent, taken into account. In the purely religious life, the emotions of the exalted soul have, in the past at least, been prone to exclude the actual conditions of human life from consideration. The thought has been that the earthly existence is travail, and at best a discipline ; that the joys of life are vanity, and the mundane problems of life unworthy of the interested attention of the heaven-seeking soul. Modern religious theories have modified this point of view, but certainly in some sects still the æsthetic value of existence is almost contemptuously discarded by religion. I have taken the beautiful lives of the Wordsworthians as an example, also because the religious element is so manifestly cherished and cultivated in them. It is intended in them that art and God should work together, or, more accurately, the precept is that the æsthetic side of humanity is one of the noblest manifestations of the infinite within us. It is significant in this connection that though art has often reached its apogee in periods of moral decay, the ruin of the nation, thus robbed of spiritual vitality, has soon followed, in spite of the glory of its sculpture and canvasses. But that is a mere interjection. The point I wish to suggest is this : The sane soul recognizes, when face to face with truth, that what we see in the glory of the sunset, when we think we walk with God, must be, in order to be of value, an inspiration based on the conditions of mundane life. Without this, prayer and adoration become a mere nervous exhalation, reaching out for something which has no more substance than an *ignus fatuus*. The old saints who lived and died in prayer, ignoring human relations, seem to us to-day to have been wofully deluded. They yearned to be translated from a world to which they had contributed nothing but the desire to be holy. This desire is of the essence of the matter ; and so we consent to give their reverences the benison of our distinguished consideration. But aspiring souls, as evidenced by the æsthetic man and woman of culture, presently perceived the error. They recognized that aspiration, to be vital, must start with a conception of the world as it was, and seek a realization of the world as it might be, and that in this seeking lay service to God and preparation for heaven. Proceeding they fixed on unselfish human love and on beauty as the motive of their creed, and endeavored to live lives animated by these principles. This creed has been the real creed of aspiring humanity during the past century and a half, and it still seems sufficient to many. There have been diverse differences of application and administration in connection with it, according as the pendulum swung more or less near to one or the other of the two cardinal points of faith, unselfish love, or exquisite beauty. There have been some who, in their desire to make the relations of man toward those with whom he lived and whom he loved more ideal, have been disposed to ignore the claims of color and elegance ; and there have been others so

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eager in their allegiance to the cause of beauty that they have exalted sense and emotion at the expense of unselfishness and purity. Essentially, however, the ideal life of the modern centuries has sought to develop the individual soul by stimulating its faculties to cherish self-sacrificing devotion to familiar friends, æsthetic appreciation of form, color and sound, and exquisite personal refinement. The Christian life, in its highest form, from this amalgamation of human traits, has constructed an ideal for the soul founded on something tangible and substantial in human consciousness. When the Christian said, "O God, make me pure and noble," it has been no longer necessary to rhapsodize on a heaven concerning which he knew nothing, and to disclaim all interest in this earth. On the contrary, he has appreciated that conceptions of the ideal must be based on human conditions or they cease to be intelligible, and that the soul which seeks God can reach him only through faithfulness to a method of life, the aim of which is to make the best use of earth and its possibilities.

Beautiful as have been the lives which have resulted from this æsthetic spirituality, the world has been beginning to realize, during the last twenty-five years, that this is a creed partially outworn, or, rather, a creed hampered by its limitations. In taking its suggestion for the ideal from the world, noble society chose to accept economic conditions as they were, and to fashion an ideal which necessarily shut out the larger portion of humanity from the possibility of attaining it. The æsthetic satisfaction which we draw from the sunset is due to the pleasure which conscience feels in its allegiance to an ideal of its own devising, and seeing God is only another term for the solemn identification of man's aspirations. The Wordsworthian soul, as interpreted by his followers, assumed that the political conditions of society were always to remain the same, or, more accurately speaking, it accepted those conditions as permanent and continuously inevitable. In other words, it did not foresee democracy. In short, its ideal was essentially aristocratic and exclusive, and it continues so stubbornly in the present day in many circles. To be sure, it has included and continues to include in its formula the carrying of soups, jellies, coals, and blankets to the poor, and the proffering of educational advantages to the ignorant, but it never has predicated, as essential to the world's true progress, such fundamental changes in the social status of society as would involve the annihilation of class distinctions and a greater general happiness for the mass of humanity. To be sure, there have always been individual philanthropists, who insisted upon these changes as vital, but they have been ignored by the leaders of ideal thought as visionary enthusiasts, or maligned as disturbers of permanent society. It has been the struggle of democracy itself that has been the chief revealer of a new vision in the sunset, until now, at last, the soul in search of the ideal appreciates that it does not walk with God unless it sees in the saffron glory its own sympathy with these new conditions.

The development of this recognition has been tolerably swift in certain directions. New hospitals, new colleges, college settlements among the poor, are concrete evidences of the modern spirit, and equally significant, if less heralded, are the faithful, zealous labors of physicians, teachers, clergymen, and the host of workers in various lines of industry, where the earnest, self-sacrificing work done is rarely if ever paid for, in dollars and cents, commensurate with its value. The serious energy of the best humanity, instead of pluming itself in the seductive contemplation of æsthetic beauty, seems rather to be celebrating the apotheosis of dirt. It feels that the cleansing of the physical and moral filth from our slums, the relief of appalling ignorance and superstition, the combating of political dishonesty and the checking of private greed are more to be desired at this time than great marbles and a great literature. Or, rather, perhaps, it seems probable that great marbles and a great literature will not come to us until the leaven of this new ideal expresses itself in the truths of art. The sane, aspiring soul can no longer be satisfied unless it recognizes the inevitableness and the pathos of democracy and adjusts its human perspective accordingly.

The world of vested rights and wealth is still reluctant to accept this new æstheticism, and the soul in search of the ideal

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will find the allurements of aristocratic culture still insisted on as the secret of noble living. Social arrogance and the exclusive tendencies of class are slow in yielding to the hostility even of republican forms of government. In this country parents who profess to be Americans still choose to send their children to private instead of to the public schools, in order to separate them from the mass of the people. The doctrine of social caste, thus early impressed upon the youth of both sexes, serves to produce a class of citizens who are not really in sympathy with popular government. If one questions sometimes the depth of purpose of highly evolved man, and doubts the existence of God, it is because of the lavish wantonness of living of some of the very rich in the presence of the thousands of miserable and wretched creatures who still degrade our large cities. But there is this to be said in this connection: This new æsthetic ideal is at least partially the fruit of the awakening of humanity to a keener appreciation of the conditions of human life; but its progress is made certain by the coming evolution of democracy, which slowly but surely will overwhelm the aristocratic spirit forever, even though æstheticism, as realized by the arrogant and exclusive, perish in the process. The ideal life to-day is that which maintains the noblest aims of the aspiring past, cherishing unselfishness, purity, courage, truth, joy, existence, fineness of sentiment and æsthetic beauty; but cherishes these in the spirit and for the purposes of a broader humanity than the melting soul has hitherto discerned in the sunset, the ocean, or the starry heavens. There are among us men and women living in this spirit of idealism, and they, O, my correspondents! are the first-class passengers.

A RIDE INTO CUBA FOR THE RED CROSS

By Charles R. Gill, M.D.

MISS CLARA BARTON expressed to me a desire of becoming acquainted with the condition of the country, and the needs of the people in the regions beyond the city of Santiago, in order that she might relieve their distress in the most intelligent manner, place them in the way of becoming self-supporting, and diminish the congestion of idle people in the city by setting them to work in the country. It was hoped by this plan not only to remove permanently the distress of the people of Santiago province, but also to relieve the generous public of the United States from carrying indefinitely a heavy burden. She was loath to ask me to undertake such an expedition of exploration and investigation, as she well knew the journey was one not without great hardship and danger. I required no urging, however, especially from one who never hesitates herself at personal discomforts or danger; and after a few words, as we were seated upon the stairs of our busy storehouse, I set about my preparation for the expedition—the first of its kind into the interior of Cuba and the first of any size since the war began.

By the kind assistance of Drs. Hubbell and Egan and Mr. Elwell, the provisions, medicines, saddles, and horses were got together. Taking with me two Cuban physicians, a packer, a "práctico" or guide, and two Cuban officers returning to General Garcia, I started. According to Red Cross principle we were unarmed; and except as its sacred insignia should be respected, we were defenceless. The first thing that attracted my attention outside of the city was the number of small wooden forts or block-houses, some partly, some entirely burned. These were always surrounded by a trench, with the usual barbed-wire fence on the outside of the ditch. We began the ascent of the steep hills around Santiago, from the summit of one of which we had a beautiful view of the city and harbor, with the transports at anchor. Santiago could apparently be made impregnable with batteries upon these eminences, and miles of territory could be commanded. The natural defences are very strong indeed, and our army deserves a great deal of credit for having captured it so quickly.

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Passing down the other side of the mountain, we went through the ruins of a hamlet burned by the Spaniards, and a little beyond we came upon a relic of man's inhumanity—the skull of some poor woman lying in the middle of the road. Dismounting, I removed it out of the line of travel, and hid the ghastly reminder under some bushes by the wayside. The women of Cuba! what have they not suffered? They have exhibited a devotion and heroism unsurpassed by any people in the world. The poor women and children, have my profoundest pity; they suffer the greatest terrors and share in none of the so-called "glories" of war.

We came to a small river, upon the banks of which we encamped for the night. Early in the morning, we suddenly encountered, at a turn in the road, an old man. The poor, frightened old fellow would have escaped if he could, but the river on one side and a high hill on the other side of the road prevented him. We quickly got around him and tried to allay his fear. I took him by the hand, shook it warmly and told him that I was an American, that Cuba was free. He would not believe it, for he did not know that Santiago had surrendered and evidently mistook us for Spaniards trying to deceive him. He was exceedingly prudent, and we could learn nothing from him except that he was hunting land turtles. Poor, terrorized old man! he characterizes the so-called "pacifico." Spanish cruelty and deceit have made many such as he.

After awhile, we reached the western slope of the mountain. Here I caught my first glimpse of the interior of Cuba. As far as the eye can reach appears a vast plain, in reality a rolling country. Dark patches of woods contrasting with the lighter green of grass; the silvery threads of streams—the headwaters of the mighty Cauto—and the deep blue of distant mountains together with the coast-ranges to the north and south, form a landscape of rare beauty. The road here branches: the right hand one leads to St. Luis, the left hand one to Manzanillo; we took the middle one and descended into a rich valley. This region is called "Yaera Llaro," and is about six leguas, or eighteen miles, from Santiago, and was the first considerable extent of good farming land that we saw. The valley is several miles in length, with a small river running through it. The soil is a black loam, the vegetation very rank. We passed through tall grass and under majestic palm-trees, and soon reached the sugar plantation of "Atello." We could see large frame buildings down a road to our left, and met here a Cuban guard. This consisted of one rather grim-looking and very ragged fellow, mounted upon a tough little horse, and armed with an old rusty carbine. He being uncommunicative, we saluted and passed on. We met a number of country people chewing sugar-cane, who said that with fruit it was all they had to eat; and their appearance did not belie them.

Here are people starving in a land, as rich perhaps as the sun ever shines upon; such are some of the consequences of war. Telling them that we would leave provisions at the first village that we came to, we pressed onward, as the sun was becoming intensely hot and we feared to exhaust our pack animals. In a short time we arrived at the village of Concepción, a collection of thatch-roofed, dirt-floored houses on the top of a hill. The entire population, including the dogs, turned out to see us, and we were besieged, as soon as we stated that we carried medicines and provisions, by such a motley, ragged, cadaverous, and hungry-eyed crowd as perhaps could be raised nowhere to-day, outside of Cuba. Everybody complained of being ill, and each one wanted to be treated first. There were a number of Cuban soldiers suffering from unhealed wounds.

After treating these and dispensing medicines and food, we passed on to Palmas Soreano, of which Concepción appeared to be a suburb. Upon arriving there we went directly to the mayor to pay our respects, and to obtain an empty house as quarters. This individual appeared anxious to help, and immediately set out to find us what we wanted, marching ahead with his cane held very pompously. I thanked him for his kindness, inquired as to the sanitary condition of the town, and suggested sending him a large supply of food for his people, which I was subsequently told he would have promptly sold to his merchant friends. Fortunately, I learned that he was con-

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sidered a great scoundrel. He had been one of the worst guerillas of that section of country, and was most thoroughly hated by all the Cubans, who would rather have starved to death than received anything from his hands. By one of those blunders which our dear Government is frequently making in a land in which it understands neither the language nor the people, this man had been placed in authority by some process unknown to ordinary mortals.

I found here a company of United States troops, and was glad to see their honest faces and think that they were equally happy to see me, as they had been sent out on two days' rations, and had been gone nearly two weeks. They were very anxious to learn what was going on, for being completely isolated they had heard nothing since the day of the Santiago surrender. This was our advanced post, I presume. We were shortly visited by the commander of the Cuban forces, Colonel Dieguez, who was called "El Indio" (the Indian) on account of his personal appearance and his hatred of the Spaniards. He presented us with four horses and a mule, and engaged to send back our jaded ones to Santiago as soon as they had recuperated. He was very kind and attentive to our wants. We found here a great deal of distress and sickness; and we relieved as much as we could without exhausting our supplies. We could have given all of them very easily many times over; but a long and hard journey was ahead of us, and not knowing what distress we should encounter, we therefore could only relieve the most urgent cases. I promised to send them supplies to St. Luis, the end of the railroad, where they could easily obtain them. (This promise has been kept. The Red Cross has established there a large depot of supplies upon my recommendation.)

The town of Palmas Soreano consists of several hundred thatched houses, and perhaps about fifty frame, brick and stone houses, with tiled roofs. It is situated in a valley surrounded by hills. A line of forts stretches from northeast to southwest, with a line of barbed-wire fence in front of them toward the west. Standing in the lookout-box of one, I counted eleven of these small forts or block-houses, from one hundred to two hundred or more yards apart. They are all surrounded with lines of barbed-wire, through which it would be almost impossible to pick one's way without becoming terribly lacerated. Beyond this entanglement is a deep and wide ditch, crossed by a bridge leading to a covered gate-way. Inside of this the parapet rises, made of logs, stones, and gravel. It has twelve embrasures and incloses an octagonal space about one hundred feet in diameter. Here I found an old brass rifled cannon, howitzer type, marked Sevilla, July 3, 1789, in a good state of preservation. In the centre of the inclosure stands a square, double-story log building, double-walled, filled with stone, and loop-holed. The second story and the sentinel or look-out box on the very top are accessible only by ladders from the inside; a truly formidable citadel against troops without artillery.

We left Palmas Soreano at seven o'clock in the evening in order to avoid the heat of the day, and travelled until two in the morning, covering a distance of twenty-one miles, when we swung our hammocks in a dense wood, and fell asleep to the music of the rain-drops on our ponchos. At seven o'clock we started through the mud, crossed a small stream, and ascending the bank emerged upon a most beautiful and fertile plain, covered with tall grass, palms, and fruit-trees. We took breakfast at noon on the east bank of the Cauto River. As our stock of provisions had been greatly depleted at Palmas Soreano, I concluded that we must proceed more rapidly, and the journey therefore became more arduous. I had to coax some of my Cuban friends along. I think that they were also inwardly sighing for the palm-groves and friends left behind.

A heavy thunder-shower threatening, I had to work very fast to cover our provisions and to pitch the tent, and had only just finished when the rain descended in torrents. "Our Cuban allies" (the doctors) who had not assisted in the least—being too busy with gastronomic feats and smoking—very quickly sought the shelter of the tents. I felt inclined to lecture them a little, but the poor fellows certainly looked tired, and they said that they were exhausted and could proceed no farther. I was quite sure that something else

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would become exhausted if they continued their tremendous attacks upon the commissary department, and that we all should be compelled to turn back; but I said nothing, and only suggested that they could return by easy stages to Palmas Soreano and wait there for my return, to which they very readily agreed. I then requested them to make a census of the needy people there, and gather statistics of sickness.

After dividing our provisions, and giving them Nicholas Murillo, my best man, as guide and packer, I saw them off on their return journey, and bade them good-by, being really sorry to part company with them. I now turned my horse's head toward the Cauto, which my little caravan soon safely crossed. We entered an open, rolling country where our "práctico," a young Cuban soldier furnished by our good friend, Colonel Dieguez, pointed out to me the place where his father was killed—shot from a block-house on a neighboring hill. I must stop a moment to introduce "Deonesio," as he was a very worthy little fellow, and one type of Cuban soldier. Deonesio Pereia lived at "Alta Gracia" (High Grace). He was twenty years old, but did not look over eighteen, and had been three years in the war, serving without pay, very little to eat, and hardly any clothes—his toes were sticking out of his old shoes. He carried an old carbine, which would have been suicidal for him to match against a "Mauser." His mother had ten children, of which he was the oldest. His brother of eleven years tilled the ground. He said that he wished that the war would end so that his brothers and sisters could learn to read. He was a very intelligent little mulatto, with a kind, sad face, and energetic, soldierly bearing.

This region appeared to me to be particularly well adapted for cattle-raising. I have never seen such luxuriant grass anywhere, although I have crossed our continent several times. It is of the bunch-grass variety, and was as high as my head as I sat on horseback. Cattle are very fond of it and grow fat upon it. We travelled through miles of it this night; and it was certainly very beautiful, waving in the moonlight, which was so bright that I wrote notes of these things as I sat on my horse's back. We slept in an abandoned hut, near the burnt village of Baire. This hut was typical, and was constructed of poles, covered with palm-leaves, and had a hard dirt floor. Though deserted by its owner, it was still occupied by various kinds of active and numerous inhabitants, with whom we soon became well acquainted. "There was a hot time in the old hut that night." The first thing that I saw in the morning as I opened my eyes, was an army of large ants passing rapidly in single file out of my oatmeal bag, each with a grain held proudly high.

After breakfast, we saddled the horses and proceeded to Baire, where we stopped at the "Comandancia Militar, districto de Igunai," Captain José Ramos. I was offered a cup of native chocolate, made very thick and coarse, the beans being pounded in a mortar, and without milk. It was not half bad and was quite nutritious. There being some ill here with malaria and scurvy, I gave them remedies, and departed after many adioses.

We had proceeded but a short distance when I discovered a large saddle-gall on one of our pack animals, and I at once turned back to the Prefecture or "Comandancia," where I could get water to cleanse the sore. While here I was led to deliver a little missionary talk upon the social and religious needs of the people. I lamented the deplorable condition of the country, and contrasted it with the progress of the United States; told them that it was largely due to the ignorance in which they had been kept, and that they were many years behind the age, like Spain; that they must learn to read, in order to know what was going on, and what had taken place in the world; that our progress was mainly due to our education, that our laws were just, and that we were free of conscience. I urged them to study the Bible, as the only guide to conduct; to think for themselves, and said that each one was responsible to God and not to any priest or church.

These elementary but fundamental facts were listened to very intently by this appreciative audience. One of them rose and said, in a very earnest and pathetic way, as he placed his fingers upon his eyes: "We are blind; we do not and cannot know what to do." I should have liked

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to tarry longer with this simple-minded and sympathetic people.

We saw a woman and child hurrying through the tall grass ahead of us, and the guide said that they were afraid. I rode up to them, but could obtain no responses to any of my advances, and walked along to their hut, a miserable hovel, in which naked children were playing with a pig. The lord of the house I found squatted upon his haunches, where he remained the entire time during our interview, the personification of laziness. The women and children kept staring at me, and finally offered me three cigars, which I refused on the plea of not smoking. Telling them that the United States had freed Cuba, I left.

My guide told me that the hills on each side of the highway were full of people, mostly women and children. The men were in the army, but were allowed to go home occasionally to till the ground. We met no one on the road but armed Cubans, and these few and far between. The sun was very powerful. I travelled by dashes, going ahead and diving in wherever I saw an opening in the tall grass or trees, which led me to some hut. There were no houses along the road, they having been burned by the Spanish columns as they passed. My way of proceeding, while not altogether safe, was certainly very instructive and did not delay my pack train; it enabled me also to do scouting.

There were a number of battles fought here about a month ago, when the Spanish columns passed from Manzanillo to Santiago. I arrived in the afternoon at Igunai, a town surrounded by fourteen small forts built of masonry which are now in ruins. The Cubans, under General Garcia, took it after twelve days of fighting and left a small garrison in it; the Spaniards subsequently retook it and then withdrew.

The one-story houses of masonry, with broken doors and shattered windows, showing all the evidences of war and vandalism, impressed me; and proceeding, I encountered a group of pale, ragged women and naked children sitting on the sidewalk. They showed only too plainly all the signs of starvation in their poor little pinched faces and bodies, while some had the protruding abdomen and bloated appearance that mark one form of fatal cases. They all stared at me with great, lustrous, unearthly eyes. I do not think that I shall ever forget that terrible picture.

Dismounting, I questioned them for awhile and told them that the American Red Cross had brought relief to them from the sympathizing people of the United States and of the world; that we should stop with them for awhile, and to come with all their friends to us as quickly as possible. We proceeded to the "comandancia," where I found Colonel Reyes, with about forty ragged soldiers. I confess that they were not a prepossessing lot. They looked like renegade Spaniards. The Colonel was a large man with Napoleonic whiskers, a cast in one eye, and somewhat sinister-looking. He showed me my quarters, directly across the plaza from his, and said that they were the best in the town. As they contained a desk and some chairs, and I saw none of these articles in the other houses into which I happened to look, I could believe him.

We were soon besieged by the sick and starving, and were rushed for several hours. Although we had had nothing to eat since early morning, we could not stop. Fearing that some of our horses might be spirited away and killed for food, I had them tied in front of my door, where they could be constantly watched.

Our provisions being distributed, leaving only barely enough to get back on, the sick and the wounded next claimed my attention, and when my work was done, you can believe that I was tired.

We were now forced to return as quickly as possible, and I had to give up, for the present, the idea of seeing General Garcia for General O. O. Howard, who wished to effect a reconciliation between Garcia and General Shafter. I learned from Colonel Reyes that he was ninety miles to the north besieging Holguin, and my horses could not possibly have held out, as they were becoming exhausted by almost continuous travelling.

This town of Igunai, the birthplace of General Garcia, is extremely quaint. It resembles some of the towns in Palestine. A square, or "plaza," with grass and trees in the centre, is surrounded on four sides by one-story, brick stuccoed houses, with very thick walls, stone floors, large, heavy doors, flat, tiled roofs. Arcaded verandas,

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Moorish style, extending over the sidewalks, form a sheltered passage around the square. Narrow streets lead from the four corners, and are crossed at irregular distances by others. Poking along through empty houses, I discovered a very large, old-fashioned billiard-table. How it could have been carried over roads that are no more than goat-tracks now is a mystery. Perhaps it might have come four hundred years ago, when roads were better.

We were now on our homeward journey. I concluded to return by another route, forming, as it were, a loop in order to pass over new country that I might understand this region better. We also proceeded through the woods in order to meet the people hidden away there. These woods are almost impassable except along narrow trails, the dense tropical foliage, overhanging vines and clusters of orchids obscuring vision. Twisting and turning along the trails, we came suddenly upon some little hut with a thatched roof and a dirt floor, upon which pigs, chickens, and naked children were often mixed up generally. There might be a little clearing in which was growing corn, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas—sometimes sugar-cane; or the patch might be skilfully hidden away in the woods out of the way of danger; frequently the house was also difficult to locate.

At some of these houses I received a very characteristic answer to my greeting of "How do you do?" A pale, sad-faced woman would answer: "Pasando lo que Dios quiere" (Passing through that which God wishes.) The patient endurance of these poor people is remarkable and beautiful. Old men, women, and children alone are seen. Some have food, most have very little in their houses, and all are sadly in need of clothing. This commodity is practically unobtainable at present. My soldier-guide showed me his uniform which consisted of a patched-up undershirt costing one dollar; a pair of cotton trousers at the same price per yard; a straw hat, and one suspender which he did not quote. He was guiltless of shoes. The hospitality of these poor people is very great. They will share with a stranger whatever they have. If the Cuban has nothing else to offer, he will extend a cigar with rare grace.

We travelled half of the night, and were so tired that we slept upon our horses' necks. Camped at Juan Varon for a few hours' rest, but early in the morning we were on our way. We overtook two families on their way to Santiago from Manzanillo. They had two starved, worn-out horses, upon the bare backs of which clung a feeble-looking woman and a lot of small children. An old man, a woman, and a number of half-grown boys and girls were walking. They were all very ragged, thin, and tired. Dismounting I caused those on foot to mount our horses and we proceeded to Palmas. One poor woman, emaciated and almost exhausted, kept exclaiming: "Ave María, Vírgen de Caridad, cuando se acaba la guerra?" (Ave Maria, virgin of charity, when will the war end?)

We passed a herd of fine beef cattle on their way to Santiago, the first cattle of any description that I had seen. Re-entered Palmas Soreano about August 4th. The American commander told me that my Cuban doctors had left that morning because they could find no food to eat. He himself was on the shortest kind of diet. I went up to the Spanish hospital to get some iodoform for my horses that had sore backs. The American surgeon accompanied me, and very gently hinted that his men were suffering for want of certain medicines. I found the hospital well supplied with these, and inasmuch as "Uncle Sam" had confiscated them, I ordered the Spanish apothecary to hand over quickly the drugs that our American doctor asked for in English. He at first hesitated, saying that some were locked up and that he did not have the keys. Insinuating very gently that such a little thing as that need not hamper "Uncle Sam," there was no further delay. While thus engaged, up rode the Cuban doctors, having turned back, and with them came Colonel Dieguez, several officers and men. One of the Spaniards in charge wanted to know when they were going back to Spain, to which I responded that they should have gone back years ago, which seemed to please greatly the Cubans, and even some of the Spaniards smiled sadly. We were glad to meet again, and greeted each other warmly.

While thus engaged, laughing and joking with the Cubans and Spaniards, I turned to find myself face to face with a

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file of United States soldiers. I could not help but admire the grim-looking fellows, as they stood close to us ready for instant action. Upon learning of our peaceful intentions they withdrew; the Cubans also, in the opposite direction; and we proceeded to our quarters, a large brick stuccoed house on the Plaza.

Shortly afterward the American commander, Captain Lewis, paid us a visit. He asked if we had any malted milk, which fortunately we had, and I was happy to furnish him with it for his sick men. Then came General Cebreco and staff, and our good friend Colonel Dieguez; with them came a large number of sick and wounded, who were attended to promptly.

I shall never forget one poor old man, who was brought to me by his son, a Cuban officer. He was carried in a canvas sling by four men. He had long white hair and beard, and was wasted almost to a skeleton, and as he seized my hand in his dying ones and attempted to kiss it, he cried out: "Oh, Americano! Americano!" and could say no more, for the tears choked his feeble utterances. He had desired to live only long enough to see an American, one of that nation that had liberated his people. I very gently withdrew my hand from his dying clasp, and he was borne away with his hands raised in prayer to—die happy. Tell me not that Cubans have no gratitude toward Americans!

We went out to visit the sick that were too ill to come to us. I also went to the American and Spanish hospitals. After treating all the sick that we could find, we departed for St. Luis. This place is five leguas, or about fifteen miles, distant, and has a population of about seven thousand. Entering the town, we were suddenly confronted by Spanish soldiers with fixed bayonets and thought for a moment that we had fallen into a Spanish trap, but kept up a bold front, and saluting passed on. The town was full of Spanish soldiers, and it was not until we had passed through it that I saw some of our boys in their dark blue flannel shirts, and greasy and soiled dark brown canvas breeches. Poor fellows, they looked warm and dirty, but to my eyes were fine-looking, with their open countenances and frank manners, so different from the suspicious, cruel, and villainous-looking Spaniards surrounding them. The town being very dirty, and there being no place to camp in but the streets, I concluded to push on to a sugar plantation or "Hacienda," where I was informed there was a good spring of water, and plenty of grass for our horses. The place proving satisfactory, I returned to my little caravan, when I saw, from the top of a hill, that it had halted. I rode quickly up and found that a horse had fallen exhausted. It lay with its head down-hill and looked as if it was going to die. My Cuban aids looked helplessly or carelessly on and smoked their cigars. I confess that I was provoked, and said a few short sharp words to stir them up to action, and after getting a pail of water from a brook nearby and wetting the poor animal's head, I managed to shame them into assisting me in getting the horse into a more comfortable position, and to cut some green branches with their machetes to protect it from the burning sun. This is not the first time that I have found Cubans helpless in an emergency. In their defense it may be said that the city Cuban cannot be expected to be of much use in the country. The day was blisteringly hot, and they were all nearly tired out. But these were the chaps that at the start were going to ride the American down and show him a trick or two. Their respect for Americans increased with the journey. After awhile, we got the poor horse on his feet and walked him to a fine grass field where we camped.

Our daily thunder-storm coming up, I had our provisions and things covered as usual with the gum cloths, and we took refuge in a large sugar mill nearby. I found that a hospital had been established here. Sixty sick men lay in cots and in hammocks among the machinery. This was out of a command of one hundred and twenty, I was informed by the hospital steward. Some of the "well men" were pointed out to me, and these poor fellows were hardly able to stand up. They had been in the fights around Santiago, and said that it was good for them, that the city had surrendered when it did, because, in a few days, they should have been unable to have moved out of the trenches. Most had more or less diarrhœal troubles, many of them a climatic fever, and not a few typhoid. They were all

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very thin and weak and had been short of rations, but were now doing better and recuperating, especially since they had had a roof over their heads. All appeared very glad to see us, and to hear me speak "United States," as one poor fellow said. We swung our hammocks in a wing of the building, and our Cuban friends were soon sound asleep. I sat up chatting with some of the "well men," and waited upon the sick till very late, then "turned in," only to be awakened shortly by one of the guards, requesting me to go and see a sick officer, which I very gladly did, and fortunately had remedies to help him.

In the morning, leaving the remainder of our medicines with our friends of the night, and bidding them good-by, I arranged with the American commander, Colonel Bisbee, and with Mr. Rousseau, the owner of the plantation, to receive and distribute the supplies of food, medicine, and clothing that would be sent out by the American National Red Cross from Santiago to St. Luis for the relief of that region. Mr. Rousseau accompanied us to St. Luis, where a large storehouse was secured. Passing through the villages of Dos Bocas, Cristo, and Cuevitas, we arrived that evening at Santiago, safe and sound, though rather the worse for wear. We had travelled almost continuously for eight days and nights, over a large area of country, and seen many strange and pitiable sights, some of which I wish that I had never beheld. I can conscientiously say that the Cuban people are in a deplorable condition, and I think that they need all the help that the generous people of the United States can send them.

The following day we reported to our honored president, who expressed high appreciation of our labors, and gave us praise greater than we deserved.

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without making an appeal for this suffering people. The distress is there—God knows I have seen it—and I cannot rest easy in knowing it. There never was a cry from suffering humanity more urgent than this from Cuba, at our very doors. We have not relieved it. The war has intensified it for the present, and whatever may be its ultimate benefits thousands of precious lives must yet be lost before adequate relief can reach them.

WITH THE SIRDAR

By Major Edward Stuart Wortley, C.M.G.

Commanding the Arab Irregular Force

So many graphic details have been given by correspondents of great experience, descriptive of the late campaign in the Sudan, and of the great battle which resulted in the Khalifa's total defeat, that it seems difficult to add to them. However, a brief account of the formation and subsequent proceedings of the Arab Levies on the east bank may be of interest. No correspondent accompanied them, so it is possible to relate the story without fear of repetition.

The duties assigned by the Sirdar to the Arab Irregulars, were to clear the east bank of the Nile in order that a battery of howitzers might be placed in a position on that bank from whence the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house, and the principal buildings could be shelled, and the great wall be breached, which enclosed the principal part of Omdurman. The Howitzer Battery under command of Major Elmslie, R.A., with its Lyddite shell, was a new experiment in warfare, and the effect of this shell was a subject of considerable speculation. Results, however, fully justified the most sanguine expectations.

The Arabs, of whom the Irregular Force was composed, represented many of the principal tribes of the Sudan. A glance at a map will show their various localities. The most important among them was the Taalin tribe. In the year 1885 this tribe fought with great gallantry against the small British force under Sir Herbert Stewart at Aba Klea and Gubat. They remained hostile to the Egyptian Government for many years. The other tribes who sent contingents to join the Ir-

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regular Force were, the Bishariyeh, Hadendowah (both of whom fought against us about Suakim on many occasions), the Sheikriyeh (a very powerful tribe from the Gedarif country), the Batahim, Massalamieh, Hassaniyeh, Sowarab, Shagiyeh and Gimiab; the last named being commanded by a son of Zebehr Pacha, who has played such a conspicuous part in the affairs of the Sudan for very many years. All these tribes had been, up to within a few months, bitterly hostile to the Egyptian Government; but, as is invariably the case with Arabs, they were ready to go with the flowing tide. The moral effect of the great victory gained by the Sirdar at the battle of the Atbara was tremendous; foreshadowing the near approach of the end of the Khalifa's rule. It was thus that they answered to the Sirdar's summons, and joined the Irregular Force, being collected to take part in the advance on Omdurman.

The Ababdeh tribe, not yet mentioned, who inhabit the desert near Assouan, had been faithful to the Government throughout the many years of conflict with the Dervishes. Being in touch with civilization, they presented a more regular appearance; they were more or less drilled under their worthy Sheikh, Achmed Bey Khalifa; one hundred and fifteen of them being armed with Martini-Henry rifles, which they had been taught how to use.

The process of concentration of an Arab tribe at a certain place on a certain date, requires considerable patience: it is always better to fix upon a date a few days in advance of the one really necessary, for by such means it is possible that the number of men, which the Sheikhs agree to muster, may be assembled. Time is little object with an Arab; and he does not understand our ways of military precision. "Bukra" (to-morrow) is a favorite thought all over the East.

However, it was on August 24, 1898, that I first assumed command of this weird Irregular force, Lieutenant C. Wood, Northumberland Fusiliers, accompanying me as my staff officer. They were concentrated on the east bank opposite the Sirdar's advanced camp at Wad Hamed, at the foot of the sixth Cataract.

I was met by the head Sheikhs of the various tribes, who gave me a very cordial welcome. Each tribe was bivouacked separately, at some distance from one another. I ordered the whole force to be assembled under their respective Sheikhs, in order that I might have some idea of the material of which my army was composed. Then commenced the beating of drums, and weird war dances, blowing of horns and a great hubbub of voices. In about an hour's time bodies of men appeared from every direction and paraded on an open space of ground. Some were armed with Remington rifles (most of which were unserviceable), some with flintlock muskets bearing the mark of the Tower of London, some with elephant guns, while others carried spears and swords; a large number were armed only with sticks. Their costumes were of a very simple description: merely a cloth round their loins, and a belt round their waists in which to carry ammunition.

Having assembled the head Sheikhs, I explained to them the duties the Sirdar had called them together to perform; and warned them that any benefits they might receive in future from the Sirdar's hands, would be dependent on their behavior until the fall of Omdurman. Eight hundred serviceable rifles were then given to the Sheikhs for distribution. Corn for seven days was also distributed, together with a certain amount of biscuit. The commissariat arrangements for a native force are not difficult, for Arabs are content with a very little; and no transport is required. For the next two or three days men were constantly arriving in obedience to the orders of their Sheikhs, until, on August 27th, the force numbered about 2,500 men, together with a fair proportion of women and children.

On August 27th, having received orders from the Sirdar to march in conformity with his advance on the west bank, I ordered a start to be made. I rode on about two miles ahead in order to inspect the force as they marched, as I was anxious to see what formation they would assume. They adopted none whatever. Some were on camels, some on horses, others on donkeys, but most of them were on foot, their women and children straggling along behind them, carrying all their worldly goods. At intervals rifles were fired in the air, regardless of the direction in which the bullets might go. Having halted this strag-

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gling crowd, each tribe was then made to march together, and a more or less compact column was then formed. The Arabs seemed much impressed with this arrangement, each tribe forming line on a broad front, headed by their Sheikhs and mounted men. No incident of any importance occurred until August 29th. On that date, hearing that a village called Gaali was occupied by a small body of the enemy's cavalry and Tehadieh, I started with a mixed force of Ababdeh, Taalin, Batahin, and Sowarab to reconnoitre and attack the Dervishes. The village was surrounded, and the Tehadieh were killed or captured, the cavalry unfortunately escaping. The Arab mode of attack was quaint to a degree: formed in a line, each tribe advanced against a part of the village. When about five hundred yards from the mud houses they halted and commenced to dance, brandishing spears and swords in the air and firing off rifles. After a few moments they resumed the advance, dancing and firing all the while (in the air), when suddenly, with a yell, they rushed at the houses, and, having effected an entrance, they slaughtered everyone within. On this occasion there were very few dervishes, but I thought that if a village was strongly held, an attack conducted in such a fashion might meet with heavy loss. On August 30th I received definite orders from the Sirdar that the right bank of the river was to be cleared of all dervishes as early as possible on September 1st, the gunboats under Commander Keppel being ordered to assist in the work of demolishing the forts in conjunction with the Arab attack on the villages opposite the Omdurman. The howitzer battery was to be towed in barges, in order to be landed on the east bank as soon as it had been cleared.

On August 31st definite information was obtained by the means of spies that the Khalifa had sent his cousin, a Baggarah Emir named Isa Zeckariah, with about one hundred cavalry and one thousand Tehadieh, to hold the villages on the east bank between Halfiyeh and the Blue Nile. Although no actual contact occurred, the enemy's cavalry were seen retiring before the Arab advance.

On that night a violent storm took place, which rendered the low ground on the bank of the Nile almost impassable for camels, thereby obliging the column to march at a distance from the river and out of touch with the gun-boats.

On September 1st, on arrival at Halfiyeh, which was unoccupied, a halt was made in order that a place of attack should be arranged with the gun-boat flotilla. The gun-boats were to steam ahead and engage the forts, while the Irregulars were to take them in rear, and clear the villages at some distance from the bank.

While yet at a safe distance from the enemy the warlike enthusiasm of the Arabs became intense: dancing was resumed and bullets were flying in every direction except that of the enemy. To each tribe a point of attack was then apportioned, the Taalin being kept in reserve. Two tribes who belonged to the immediate locality were selected for the most important attack.

The order for the general advance was then given. When within about five hundred yards of the villages held by the enemy, the leading tribes halted; they yelled, danced, fired in the air. It was in vain their Sheikhs ordered them to advance. Time, however, being pressing, and this tardiness in attacking not tending toward the accomplishment of the object in view, the Taalin were ordered to carry out the work of clearing the villages; they advanced at a slow pace in a long column, and surrounding house after house in a gallant manner, succeeded in completely routing the Dervishes. The Emir himself was killed with three hundred and fifty of his men, their own loss being fifty and sixty killed and wounded. Meanwhile the forts, which the gun-boats had engaged and silenced, were taken in the rear and their garrisons killed. During the attack, Lieutenant Wood, Captain Buckle, R.A., and two gunners and I had dismounted owing to the swampy state of the ground which caused our camels to slip up. Accompanied by an escort of fifty Arabs, we were crossing the front of a village then held by the enemy when suddenly a party of twenty-five Baggarah cavalry charged straight at us. The Arabs fled; and had it not been for the muddy state of the ground which impeded the advance of the horses, we must have fared badly. However, we succeeded in rallying a few of the Arabs and with their help and our

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own revolvers we beat off the cavalry, killing fifteen of their number. These horsemen threw their long spears with great precision; and a sudden onslaught such as this requires steady troops to resist it.

Thus the east bank was cleared of the enemy by noon; the howitzer battery was then landed, and at 1.30 P.M. the first of the Lyddite shells fell on the dome of the Mahdi's tomb and greeted the Khalifa with a terrific explosion. In a short time all the principal buildings in Omdurman had been destroyed and a large breach made in the great wall. The effect of the great Lyddite shell is terrible. Charles Neufeld, who was a prisoner in Omdurman at the time, related how one shell bursting in the middle of a small open-air mosque, blew up one hundred men out of one hundred and eighteen who were praying in it. The moral effect of the fire of this battery must have been very great; and it is not to be wondered at that the Khalifa failed to persuade any of his followers to take up a position within the great wall. Such had been his intention, and to carry it out would have entailed house to house fighting and heavy loss of life on the Anglo-Egyptian force.

I should mention that immediately after the howitzer battery had been landed, the gun-boat flotilla embarked five hundred Taalin Arabs, with a view to clearing Tuti Island of dervishes. The gun-boats steamed slowly past all the forts on Tuti Island, Omdurman, and Khartum. These forts were constructed of mud, and were of great strength, but the embrasures were narrow and the guns were effective only over a very small radius. They were armed with seven-pounder brass guns and with a few nine-centimetre Krupp guns. The accuracy and rapidity of the fire from the quick-firing guns on board the gun-boats gave the enemy little time for aiming. One embrasure after another crumbled away until the openings were entirely blocked, while at the same time Maxim guns poured in a murderous fire on the rifle-trenches which flanked each fort.

It was found unnecessary to land the Taalin on Tuti Island, as it did not appear to be strongly held, and little opposition was shown from thence.

Two gun-boats being left as guard-ships, the remainder of the flotilla returned to the Sirdar to report the result of the day's operations.

Two hundred and fifty Arabs were now sent in pursuit of dervishes up the right bank of the Blue Nile, the remainder of the Irregulars forming a cordon round the battery and occupying the villages.

The night passed without incident, though not without discomfort, the wet ground rendering a bivouac somewhat unhealthy. Quinine was administered to the British soldiers.

At daybreak on September 2d the battery commenced firing again into Omdurman, and shortly afterward from five miles down the river on the west bank was heard the first gun, which told us the big battle had begun.

A curious incident now occurred. A deserter from Omdurman swam across the river to our side, and asked to be brought before the officer commanding. He came before me and inquired of me whether I had any means of communicating with the Sirdar of the main army on the west bank. Heliographic communication had just been established, so I told him it was possible. The deserter then said, "Tell the Sirdar that the Khalifa intends to make two attacks—the first will be made by a mass of Dervishes looked upon by the Khalifa as the riff-raff of his army. This attack he knows will be defeated. He then hopes that the Sirdar will consider that he has defeated the whole dervish force, and will order an advance into Omdurman. Meanwhile the Khalifa with the pick of his army will be concealed behind a hill" (which the deserter pointed out), "and as soon as the Sirdar advances into Omdurman, he will fall on his right flank and rear and annihilate him."

Unfortunately, heliographic communication was interrupted before this intelligence could be signalled; but the substance of it proved to be correct, the dispositions of the Khalifa being exactly as the deserter had described.

The handling of the Egyptian Division by Major-General Hunter and his Brigadiers, Colonels MacDonald, Maxwell, and Lewis, when attacked in the flank and rear, was worthy of comparison with any similar achievement in military history. The

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Egyptian and Black Battalions changed front under the most critical conditions, with a steadiness which could not be excelled even if drilling in Hyde Park. So hard was MacDonald's Brigade pressed at the moment that General Hunter sent for a British Brigade under Colonel Wauchope to cross his rear and support him.

It is not, however, within the province of this article to describe the various incidents of the big battle on September 2d: full accounts having been given by eye-witnesses.

It was with the most perfect confidence that the progress of the battle was watched from the opposite bank; and great was the enthusiasm of the Arabs when the black flag of the Khalifa, together with the red Egyptian flag of the Sirdar, was seen passing slowly between the mud houses of Omdurman toward the Khalifa's house. We knew then victory had been complete. The howitzer battery ceased fire; and our only anxiety was as to the losses sustained by our comrades on the other bank. Some troops entered the main town of Omdurman through the breach which had been made by the howitzer battery.

The following day, September 3d, the whole of the Arab Irregulars were formed upon parade, and executed a wild and enthusiastic dance in celebration of the overthrow of dervish tyranny.

The anxiety of a great number of these Arabs to cross over the river can well be imagined, for the wives and children of many of them were in Omdurman, taken their as the fruits of many raids by dervishes on villages to the north. The Taalins especially were in a fever of excitement to learn the fate of their families, who had been taken from them at Metammeh in 1897. It was, however, impossible to convey them all across; but as many as it was possible to cram on the available boats were landed in Omdurman.

On September 4th, the Sirdar decided to send as many of the Irregulars as were mounted on camels, in pursuit of the fugitive Khalifa; it was with some difficulty that they were collected together, and crossed over the river; they would have preferred to have been allowed to run loose in Omdurman; looting what was left and paying off the Dervish in his own coin. The victorious Arab or Black soldier is worse than a Dervish; he spares no one; and the wretched inhabitants might well have cried "save me from my friends."

With the despatch of these Irregulars in pursuit of the Khalifa, the story of the friendly Arabs ends: the remainder were disbanded, and returned to their several localities. It has been said that the great battle on September 2d was a wholesale slaughter, and no battle at all. It is true the Dervish loss was prodigious; but that cannot be wondered at considering the numbers of modern guns and rifles against which they hurled themselves; but it must be remembered that in fighting against fanatical savages there is no such thing as surrender: it is a case of kill or die. The comparatively small loss sustained by the Sirdar's force reflects the greater credit on his admirable conduct of the campaign.

Anyone who has not served in the Sudan cannot conceive the state of devastation and misery to which that unfortunate country has been brought under Dervish rule. Miles and miles of formerly richly cultivated country lies waste; villages are deserted; the population has disappeared. Thousands of women are without homes or families. Years must elapse before the Sudan can recover from the results of its abandonment to Dervish tyranny; but it is to be hoped and may be confidently expected, that in course of time, under just and upright government, the Sudan may be restored to prosperity; and the great battle of September will be remembered as having established peace, without which prosperity would have been impossible; and from which thousands of misguided and wretched people will reap the benefits of civilization.

Lastly: let us trust that the Government of the Sudan may be for many years under British direction, for that is a guarantee of justice; Arab Sheikhs are unanimous in attributing the rebellion which assumed a religious form, to the oppression of a succession of Egyptian Governors, whose object during their tenure of office was merely extortion; but with the feeling of right and justice which would be guaranteed by the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world, the British Empire, which rules the greatest number of Mohammedans, a future of peace and prosperity is assured.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is a slow matter to settle down again after a war, even though it was only a short one. We have had an agitating year of it, a wearing year, with its emotions and excitements; and though we won our fight, and did it with little difficulty and at wonderfully small cost, our success, such as it was, has not left us exultant, but somewhat sadder than we were, possibly wiser, and a good deal bothered by the responsibilities that victory has brought us. We have gone far enough to see how defective an instrument of reform war is, but not far enough as yet to see much good come of it. New problems have come to us, new risks, new cares, new possibilities of mistake. What do we rely on to bring us safely through this critical time of our national life? Not on war-ships or fighting men; for though we have both, and trust their efficiency, we know that they are at least as proficient at creating new problems as at solving old ones. Military success is next most embarrassing to military failure. Nor do we count implicitly on the wisdom of our statesmen; for we know that they are fallible, like statesmen elsewhere, and almost as likely to make mistakes which we must rectify as to hit upon the precise course which best accords with justice and sound policy.

New Year Responsibilities.

What we must rely upon is ourselves as the individuals who make up a nation. If we are, in the main, good people and fairly wise people—faithful, honest, industrious, and temperate—we shall win out of our perplexities and survive all our inevitable mistakes. There is no making a great nation out of inferior individuals. There is no stopping the career of a nation whose individuals are competent. What we do in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Hawaii, in the Philippines, is indeed important; but what we do at home, in our own families, and schools, and courts, and churches, and counting-houses is still of incomparably the greater moment. The war is over. The mass of us private citizens can afford now to leave the arrangement of its issues to our appointed agents in whose hands it rests. Our affair now is to go on with our old works—to seek peace and pursue it, to gain wisdom and use it, to grow in grace, to build up character, to raise up the weak, to restrain the oppressor, to determine what there is in life that is worth striving for, and to strive steadily and urgently for that. We went to war for the furtherance of peace; not to raise enmities, but to further good-will among men. If we are ultimately to accomplish those high aims, it must be because we can foster and maintain good-will in our own hearts. If greed overcomes our altruism and we use selfishly the opportunities which our victories have given us, we shall not escape either the fame or the responsibilities of such a perversion. We cannot grumble if the questioner, who asks what manner of folk are the Americans, shall choose to seek his answer not in Massachusetts or in Kansas, but in the Antilles or the Philippines. By our fruits, the fruits of our victories, we shall be known. What they shall be—not to-day or next month, but in the long run—depends upon us and what we are. If we are a people with a conscience, our conscience will be respected by those whom we appoint to act for us. We have given hostages to justice, and it becomes us more than ever before so to order our conduct at home, and from day to day, that our works that are seen abroad may be good works and our authority beneficent.

"WE talk about this being an age of specialization, and deplore this threatening tendency," said a thoughtful employer, lately, "but I find that among my employees those who can do one thing well can usually do other things just as satisfactorily. It seems to be largely a matter of common-sense and adaptability, as I see it."

"The reason why many persons are out of work," said a social reformer, on another occasion, "is not because they are unable or unwilling to work, but because they are unwilling or unable, or both, to do the work they can get to do."

The Genius of Adaptability.

Every housewife knows the story of the

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men who come to her back door; every pedestrian knows the story of the men who stop him on the streets with requests for dimes; every worker in organized reform knows the story of the applicants to his bureau. The man who asks a cup of coffee from your breakfast-table is a printer; type-setting machines have thrown hundreds of compositors out of work, hence his misfortune. The man who stops you with the plea for the price of a night's lodging is an ice-cutter; it is summer, and he is in temporary but periodical distress. The man who wants free medical assistance, or money to pay his rent or buy his children food is a telegrapher; it was recently ordered that operators in his office should typewrite messages instead of transcribing them with a pen, and he, not knowing how to use a typewriter, was face to face with starvation —or the necessity of finding another place.

Now, type machines are operated by erstwhile compositors, and among them wages are pretty generally better than before; and of the remnant that is out of work it is true that it comprises a very considerable percentage of drinking or otherwise incompetent men. And an ice-cutter should make the best of ice-handlers in summer, while, as for the telegrapher, the use of a typewriter should be but a small matter, as it exacts only a little will and patience and a very little intelligence. So much we know, but what shall we then say?

It is easy for one whose faculties have been thoroughly trained, to affirm that the average worker is too easily daunted, that he has not enough native intelligence to meet a situation and surmount it; but it is not easy to say what should be incorporated in the education of the average worker to make him less of a screw, as it were, fitted to only one small hole in the mechanism of the universe, and useless if the hole change its dimensions or find another fit before him. It is easy to say that that is not education, in any real sense, which leaves a man no further equipped for life than this; but it is not easy to say how to get behind technical education and inculcate principles of individual character as the basis for principles of individual ability.

Every year sees the multiplication of training-schools; we have schools of technology for our well-to-do youth, and manual training schools for another class, and trade-schools for still another, and for years we have been teaching Indians and negroes, even, to lay bricks and manage farms and do carpentering and plastering, and few men or boys are turned out of penal institutions now without having been taught a trade, and well taught, too, in most instances. This is promising; but what does it mean—the never-failing cry, "I am a cigar-maker, and the doctor said I must get out-door work, and I can't;" or, "I'm a scene-painter, and it's a bad season in theatricals and there's little new work doing;" or, "I'm a lithographer," or "a paper-hanger," or "a pattern-maker," or "a wood-carver?" Any of these, or hundreds, literally, of other things, but almost never, "I'm a wood-carver, but I'm pretty handy as a carpenter, too, and if you can't give me a Flemish oak hall-settle to carve, perhaps you can let me make you a cretonne-covered shoe-box, or put you up a neat set of book-shelves, or build you a window-seat?" Sometimes, it is true, a dejected and despondent plasterer will tell you that he is willing to do anything; but does he ever suggest beyond shovelling snow or putting in coal, what "anything" might be?

In other lines it is the same. What shall one call that quality which leads some on to make the most of life, and the lack of which holds others forever in the barren lands or at most but on the edge of success? Is it a sort of genius, or is it rather the expression of a type of character than the mark of a degree of mental or mechanical adaptability?

A great many people know how to do something, but not a great many people, it would seem, know what the world wants to have done, and what part of it they ought to be able to do. With ever-increasing insistence the question comes home to us—is this state of affairs inevitable or remediable? When trained workmen complain of lack of employment, is the social order wrong, are political conditions at fault, is it a matter of supply and demand for the economists to explain toward solution, or is it a moral and mental sifting process which is inseparable from the progress of the race? Must we apply sympathy, and nothing more, to those ineffectual persons who must not only be trained by society to do a certain kind of work, but must be kept, by society, with that specific kind of work to do?

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THE FIELD OF ART

MURAL PAINTINGS IN AMERICAN CITIES

MURAL paintings in America are few as yet; but they hardly fall short of the European average; and this not so much because of technical merit in draughtsmanship as in an easy adaptability, a decorative fitness, an appropriateness of the artistical subject and treatment to the surroundings and to the spot—merits which, when embodied in a draughtsmanship and in a technique not too crude, are worthy of, and are sure to receive, some present and much future admiration. The power of drawing the human figure on a very large scale is within the reach of many a man who does not yet know that he possesses it. The time-honored practice of painting easel pictures has blinded many a man to his own greater powers: and of this we have constantly recurring evidence. Moreover, the highest excellence of draughtsmanship is not always absolutely essential to a mural painting.

If the last proposition seems paradoxical, it will seem less so when we consider how this man's or that man's work is found to have a large and even noble accent in ceiling paintings of great size, when we would not commission him to paint an easel picture involving studies from the nude; how the decorative instinct of another fits his composition to the medallion, the lunette, or the concave surface of the vault and makes a success out of what is evidently deficient in science; how, finally, nobility of color and the great gift of flatness —of forming a part of the wall—is possessed by the hand which sometimes goes astray in the representation of anatomy.

We shall still do well not to relax our demand that the artist shall learn to draw. The greatest colorists miss it if they are not draughtsmen. Not even the greatest mastery of tonality or of color, or the greatest skill in suppressing the Detail in behalf of the Whole can enable the artist to dispense with drawing; for drawing is simply the act of putting the right thing in the right place. Let all this be admitted, and let us even insist upon it; the fact still remains that our artists, as we have them, and as they are growing up, have proved themselves capable of excellent work in the most important and most vital branch of the painter's art.

"The painter" has been said above; because it is assumed that our candidate has the teaching of the schools or of a good studio, and that he is fit to call himself a painter. Given that degree of native and acquired power—given so much of the stock in trade common to all painters worthy of the name—and the first abnormal or peculiar gift which the mural painter needs is the feeling and the knowledge of the proper adornment of the walls and roofs. The knowledge how to adapt his work to the hard, solid, and opaque member of the building so as to adorn it splendidly while yet it remains hard, solid, and opaque, is the most important knowledge of all. To achieve this result was the special work of those great Florentines of the fifteenth century. In this they excel their great successors, the Venetians, as much in the matter of decorative fitness as the Venetians excel the Florentines in draughtsmanship, in magnificence, in range, and in the technical skill of the painter especially so-called.

Some of us who write on questions of fine art have held that decoration in the more common sense is not within the reach of the modern world; because the artisan, the unpretending workman in his shirt-sleeves, has had no education at all fitting him to design, while the trained artist holds himself above the invention of patterns and the adornment of utensils. This position cannot be maintained as it is stated above. The experience of the past ten years in France and in Germany, to a less degree in England, and even in the United States, has shown that a new world of decorative design is forming itself, and must be reckoned with in the future.

We have held, many of us, that only the picture painted by the highly trained, school-taught painter, and the bas-relief modelled by the highly accomplished master, are worthy of a place—that only those men can properly adorn the interiors of our buildings. This is not quite true. It is well for the world that it is not quite true, and that a race of decorators is coming into being who cannot compete in the modelling or in the painting of nude figures or drapery with the masters of art. There is then hope that the world may

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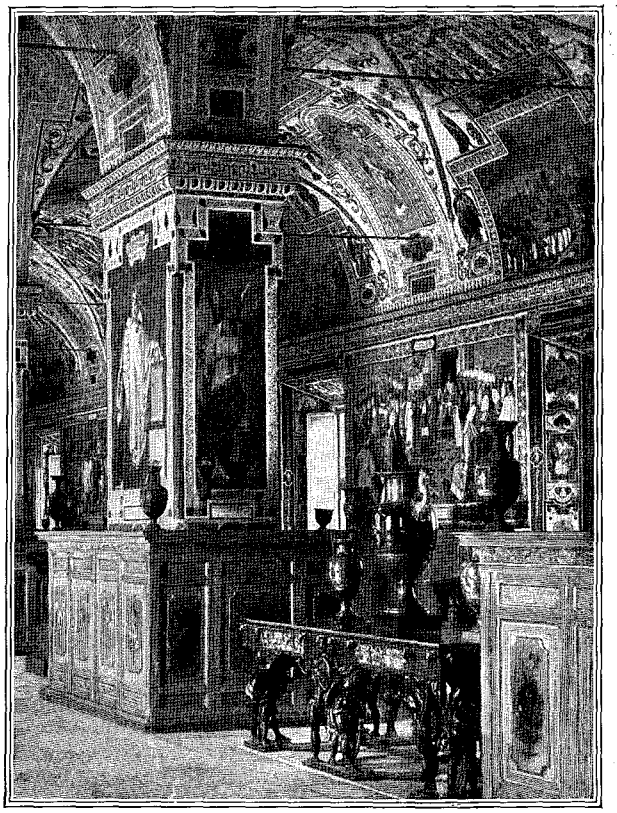

see again that combination of fully realized figure-painting with purely decorative pattern—designing that we see, for instance, on the vaults of Assisi, and on the walls of the Sistine Chapel. The lunettes and vaults of the upper Church of St. Francis deserve consideration for the frank way in which the elaborate frieze of purely non-natural foliage serves as a frame to the highly wrought figure composition within. Similar use of conventional patterns in vertical and horizontal bands, in curves and squares used as frames for paintings, is found in that beautiful hall of the Vatican which is called the *Salone* of the library; and also in the room nearly adjoining and decorated by the great lunette painting of a sacred council. These are more formal in taste, more neo-classic in the spirit which has inspired them than those of Florence or Assisi; and if the paintings are smaller in superficial dimension, they are not less important in the relative scale of the decoration, nor less pretentious as works of art. Is there fear that such a use in modern decoration of ornamental patterns to relieve and set off figure subjects would be injurious?

It might be tried. It would be well if one would take the great composition by Puvis de Chavannes in the vestibule of the Boston Public Library and design a frieze twenty inches wide to serve as a frame to it. It should be done on precisely the same lines as those laid down for the border of a very rich Persian rug. Or, if the student of the past does not wish to go to the East for suggestion, let him study the most splendid things of the kind which Europe has to show, perhaps the inlaid bands on the flanks of Florence Cathedral, especially at the four doorways, those on the Campanile near at hand, and those of Assisi aforesaid.

There would be one advantage in the search of such purely decorative appendages to the figure compositions and the landscape, namely, that it would help the painter to make his work decorative. It would remind him that he was not painting an easel picture, that he had to design the frame as well as the picture, and to put the whole into its place forever. There would be nothing to prevent him from using a somewhat different medium for his decorative frame. Relief may enter into it; and this has been shown partly by Mr. Sargent's frieze of pictures below his great lunette painting in the Boston Library. Or mosaic might be used for the frame; and this has been shown partly by the mosaic-covered vaults of the Congressional Library of Washington. For it is to be observed that the frame is not of necessity four-square, nor yet of necessity a frieze of equal width throughout. The illustration shows us a larger and several smaller lunettes in the ground floor galleries of the Congressional Library. The patterns in the mosaic of the vaults serve as frames to the figure compositions and to their landscape backgrounds, as completely and as successfully as if they were painted upon the intrados and upon the archivolt of every one of these marble arches which enclose the lunettes. The large lunette at the end of the vestibule is seen to have a frame of its own

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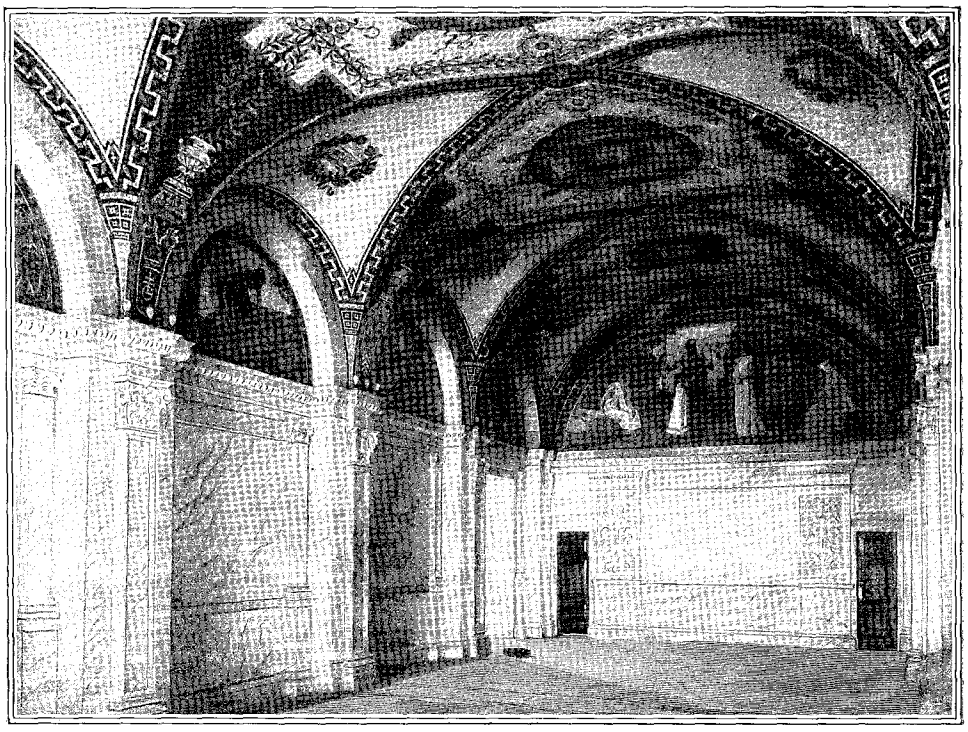
following the curve of the vault above, and adorned with a formal leaf pattern. The smaller ones have similar though less elaborate frames following the semicircular outline of each lunette. So far well; but this frame alone would not suffice for the setting off of the paintings. Were they alone in place to serve as frames, and were the vault above blank and plain, in plaster, or even diversified by the separate pieces of stone or brick making up such a vault, the pictures would still be isolated in a painful way, and would lose much of their present effect. The combination of the very elaborate pattern of the mosaic with the paintings of representation and expression is all important.

The next thing to insist upon—the fact of decorative surroundings to our mural picture being secured—the next thing to insist upon is that the painter should have control of these ornamental patterns. He will often desire to design them himself. It will not always remain true that our painters of figure subject despise flat patterns so much as to be unwilling to give a little attention to their guiding principles. Not always will our mural painters think that they have done their duty when they set a draughtsman to copying ornamental friezes used, of old, in a totally different situation, and with wholly different surroundings. The painter will often wish to design his own flat patterns, and his encouragement in that will be the greater the more of a true decorator he is. But he need not of necessity design them. There is many a good workman who can design flat patterns if he is given the chance, and a few lessons as to the obvious propriety of such work; and all that the mural painter need insist upon for himself is that he should control these patterns and their colors. The thing to avoid is that he should come into a hall already adorned with mosaic, or with wood-work and silk panels, and for which the silken hangings of the windows are already chosen, and be told to paint there ceilings or lunettes to correspond with the upholstery. That is the ruinous thing, and so far as that still remains the custom, it is merely one more evidence of that barbarism from which we are slowly emerging.

The list which follows is of some American mural paintings of figure subject, landscape, etc., excluding purely decorative designing. Even in its own way it is incomplete; moreover, new works are now in progress, and others are about to be undertaken. The paintings in the exhibition buildings of 1893 are omitted, because no longer in existence. R. S.



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EDWIN A. ABBEY.
Boston Library, delivery-room: "The Quest of the Holy Grail."
The Public Buildings, Philadelphia.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER.
Congressional Library, east vestibule, entrance-pavilion: "The Evolution of the Book."

D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.
Waldorf Hotel, New York, west room.

G. R. BARSE, JR.
Congressional Library, east corridor, entrance-hall: "Lyric Poetry, Tragedy," etc.

OTTO W. BECK.
City Hall, Cincinnati, O.

FRANK W. BENSON.
Congressional Library, south corridor, entrance-hall: "The Graces and the Seasons."

E. H. BLASHFIELD.
Lawyers' Club, New York, dining-room: "Justice."
Bank of Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Pa.: "Pittsburg Offering her Iron and Steel to the World."
Congressional Library, dome of reading-room: "Evolution of Civilization."
Astoria Hotel, New York, ball-room ceiling: "Music and the Dance."
Village Church, Foxborough, Pa, panel: Angel.
Huntington House, New York, drawing-room ceiling: "Triumph of the Dance." Over door-panels: "Music." Two alcove panels: "Archer and Nymph."

ROBERT F. BLUM.
Mendelssohn Hall, New York, east and west walls: "The Moods of Music."

KENYON COX.
Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Venice."
Congressional Library, south gallery, second story, lunettes: "The Arts," "The Sciences."

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.
Waldorf Hotel, New York, dining-room ceiling: Figure panels and general decoration.
Manhattan Hotel, New York, café: Landscape frieze with figures.
Marquand Chapel, Princeton: Angels.
And in several private houses.

HERBERT F. DENMAN.
Manhattan Hotel, New York, drawing-room.

THOMAS W. DEWING.
Imperial Hotel, New York, ground floor room, ceiling.

R. L. DODGE.
Congressional Library, southeast pavilion, second story, lunettes: "Four Elements." Ceiling: "Sun God," etc.

W. DELEFTWICH DODGE.
Congressional Library, northwest pavilion, second story, lunettes: "Poetry, Music, Science, and Art." Ceiling: "Ambition."
Pryor House, West Sixty-ninth Street, New York, drawing-room ceiling.

JOHN LA FARGE.
Trinity Church, Boston, walls and roof: Figures in decorative composition.
Church of the Ascension, New York: "The Ascension."
Church of the Incarnation, New York: "Adoration of the Magi."
St. Thomas's Church, New York, two wall paintings: "The Resurrection."
Church of the Paulist Fathers, New York.
Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Athens."
Cornelius Vanderbilt's house, New York, vaulted gallery: "The Coming of Aurora," and subsidiary pictures.
Villard-Reid House, New York, lunettes: "Music," and "The Dance."

FRANCIS LATHROP.
St. Bartholomew's Church: "Light of the World."
Metropolitan Opera House, New York, lunette over proscenium.
Equitable Building, New York, lunettes in board-room.
Huntington House, New York, music-room ceiling: Allegory.
Wickes House, dining-room frieze: "The Five Senses."
And in several other private houses.

WILL H. LOW.
Waldorf Hotel, New York, ladies' reception-room: "Homage to Woman."
Astoria Hotel, New York, ball-room, lunettes: "Music of Peace, War, the Sea, and the Wood" and "Music and the Dance." Panels in cove: Fourteen nations and their representative musical instruments.
Plaza Hotel, New York, panels: "Welcome and Parting."
Yerkes House, New York, music-room, six lunettes, fourteen panels: allegories of musical instruments.

WALTER MCEWEN.
Congressional Library, east corridor of south curtain, first story: "Greek Heroes."

WILLIAM MACKAY.
Congressional Library, east corridor, second story: "The Life of Man."

GEORGE W. MAYNARD.
Waldorf Hotel, New York, café frieze.
Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla., dining-room and vestibule: Allegorical figures.
Imperial Hotel, New York, restaurant ceiling, panels: "Day," "Morning," "Night."
Congressional Library, entrance-hall, second story, wall figures: "The Virtues." Southwest pavilion, four tympana: "Adventure, Discovery," etc. Ceiling, Allegorical figures: "Courage," "Valor," etc.
Plaza Hotel, New York, dining-room, wall figures: "Five Senses." Lunettes: "Genii with Fruits of America."
Hotel Savoy, New York, banquet-room: "Genii with Flowers."
Sherry's, New York, large ball-room: "Cupids at Play."
Bijou Opera House, Boston, panels: "Music and Dance."
St. John's Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, figures in apse: "Moses and David."
And in several private houses.

GARI MELCHERS.
Congressional Library, north gallery, second story, lunettes: "Peace and War."

F. D. MILLET.
Bank of Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Pa.: "Thesmophoria."

H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY.
N. Y. A. C., Travers Island. "Month of Roses."
Huntington House, New York, central hall: "The Muses." In corridor: "Proserpine and Ceres."

CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.
Congressional Library, entrance-pavilion, north vestibule, first story: "The Family."

ROBERT REID.
Church of the Incarnation, New York.
Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, second corridor.
Congressional Library, entrance-hall, second story, north corridor: "The Five Senses," "The Virtues."
Church of the Paulist Fathers, Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York.

JOHN S. SARGENT.
Boston Library, third story corridor: "Triumph of Religion."

ROBERT V. V. SEWALL.
George Gould House, Lakewood, N. J., frieze: "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

CHARLES M. SHEAN.
Manhattan Hotel, New York, Dutch Kneip: Landscape decoration.

WALTER SHIRLAW.
Congressional Library, entrance-hall, second story, west corridor: Sciences, etc.
D. O. Mills House, dining-room frieze.

EDWARD SIMMONS.
Metropolitan Club, New York, library ceiling.
Central Criminal Court-house, New York: "Justice, the Fates, and Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."
Congressional Library, corridor, north curtain, first story: "Nine Muses."
Astoria Hotel, New York, Astor Gallery, sixteen panels in cove: "The Months and the Seasons."
F. W. Vanderbilt's house, ceiling.

SIDNEY STAR.
Grace Church Chapel, Fourteenth Street, New York.

ABBOTT W. THAYER.
Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Florence."

CHARLES Y. TURNER.
Manhattan Hotel, New York, conversation-room: "Triumph of Manhattan."
Astoria Hotel, New York, main dining-room frieze.
Hotel Martinique, New York.
Bank of Commerce Building, New York.

W. B. VAN INGEN.
Congressional Library, northeast pavilion, second story. Entrance-hall, west corridor, second story.

ELIHU VEDDER.
Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Rome."
Congressional Library, vestibule to rotunda, first story: "Government" (five lunettes of allegorical subject).
Huntington House, New York, dining-room, large lunette, eight medallions.

HENRY OLIVER WALKER.
Congressional Library, entrance-pavilion, south vestibule, first story: "Lyric Poetry."

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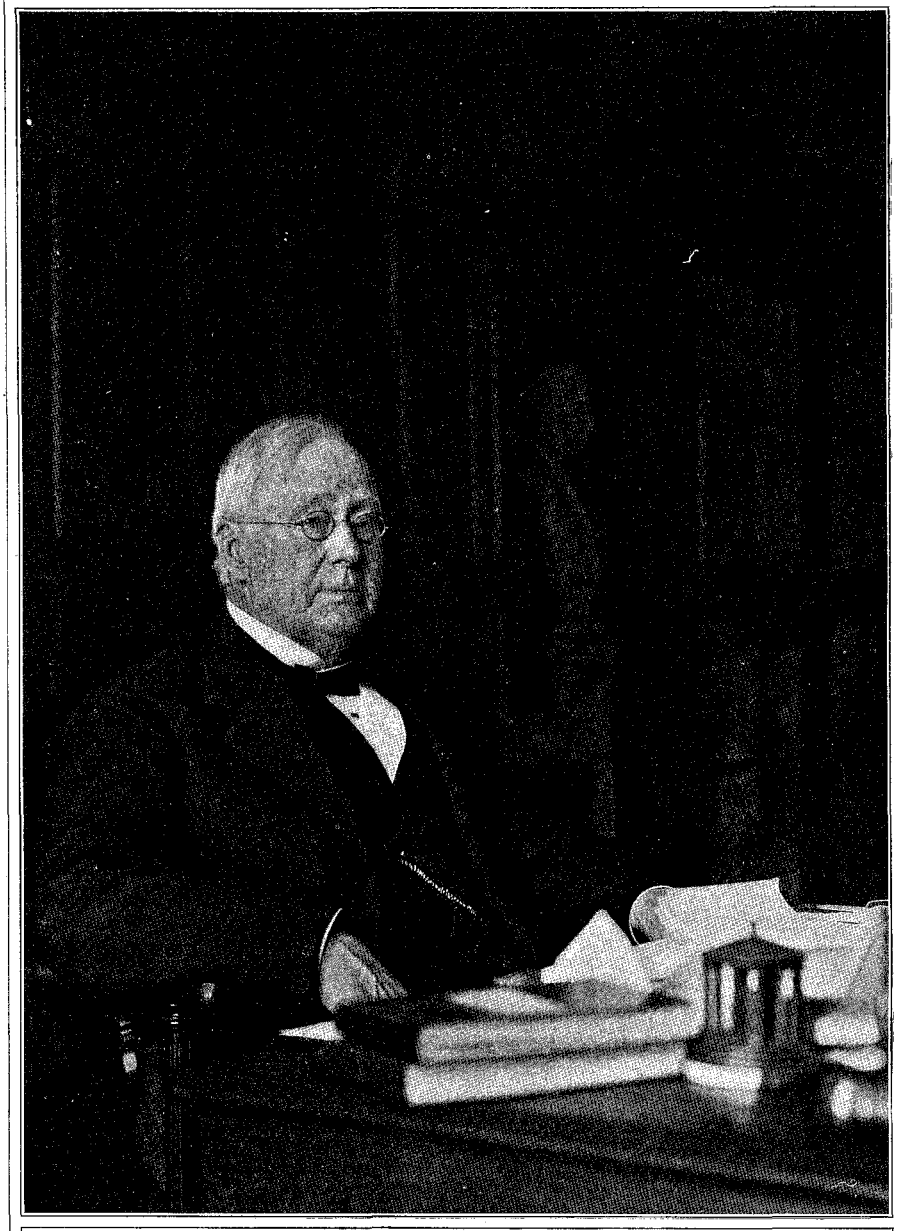

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

Taken for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in his library at Worcester, Mass., November, 1898.

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